CARICATURE

THE WIT & HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG & STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY AMERICA'S GREATEST ARTISTS

CARICATURE

WIT AND HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG AND STORY

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LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY

225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

1913

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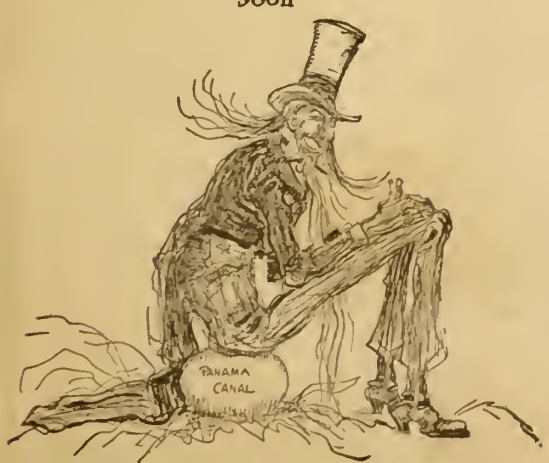
Judge's Revue of Poultry

Squabs, chickens and broilers. Drawn from life in the world's greatest poultry yard, New York

RAYMOND CRAWFORD EWER

Soon



Shoo!

EDITORIALS

Poultry

THE UNFORTUNATE and restricted city man, whose notion of poultry is embodied in the grotesque pieces, said to be parts of a chicken, he gets on his plate at the boarding house on Sundays—really the remains of some hen past the age of egg production—has little conception of the scope of the word poultry in its full significance. Such a man ought to go to the next poultry show held in his vicinity and get new ideas of the bounty of nature, as improved by man in his domestication of feathered creatures.

The standbys among such birds, of course, are known as common fowl. They are the day laborers in the interests of mankind. But there is a gayer bird, known as the guinea fowl, whose cry is apt to frighten children and is said to betoken changes in the weather. And there is the turkey, which in some respects is responsible for Christmas, New Year and Thanksgiving celebrations as they are observed in these degenerate times, and which has descended from its original high place in public esteem to become an example in a peculiar dance called a trot.

The pheasant is still an aristocratic bird and has little in common with ordinary hens. And the peacock is another, distinguished for its spread of tail and the colors thereof, and never seriously entertained at table. The chicken has of late come into the mouths of many in an endearing connection with the fair sex, though this going to fowl for sentimental patterns is no new thing. The goose has become a pattern for silliness, and the duck—ungainly as the duck may be—has long been more happily distinguished, for no young human creature of the female sex from time immemorial has objected to being called "a duck of a girl."

Brief Decisions

THE ANT may be an exemplar of industry and frugality, but the ant doesn't have to pay rent and taxes or keep up with the procession in other things.

If the plain woman who employs beautifying artifices knew the exact amount

of discount an observing man places on her appearance, she would remain plain and trust to luck.

Many a boy leaves the farm because he dislikes to milk the cows or turn the fanning mill. But the city has some jobs quite as distasteful.

The average boy or girl of twenty has arrived easily at knowledge that older persons acquire only after long experiments.

Hen Peck—What on earth shall I do? Here 's that chick hatched out, and Jane at the suffragette meeting!

Of Two Kinds

POLITICIANS are of two kinds. There are big ones and little ones. The big ones, upon opportunity, become statesmen. The little ones never glimpse an opportunity beyond the field of narrow cunning, artifice and intrigue. They are always petty in conception and parochial in practice, even when circumstances lift them above their natural atmosphere for a space.

The political whirligig is sometimes eccentric in its action and takes no note of chaff while it handles wheat. Like the cyclone, it has to do with small as well as with large objects in its path. Adjustments occur later.

The difference between a big and a small politician is much like the difference between the little cash carrier that runs on a wire in a department store and a through train on a transcontinental line of railway. The petty politician even temporarily in a high altitude still talks and acts for his little local circle He it is that always attends to the pork barrel. He cannot divorce the larger interests of a country from the narrow demands of neighborhood. And the piffle he would utter at the crossroads, before a gaping dozen of constituents, flows just the same from his tongue in halls of state.

It is sometimes a good thing to elevate the peanut politician to a high place. This elevation never makes the peanut politician dizzy, for he is not built that way; but it serves as a lesson to voters, who, although they are forgetful, have intervals of earnestness during which they restore the balance of things.

Not To Blame

THE race-suicide ghost has again risen in Paris, Dr. Bertillon's annual report showing but one birth to every thirty families. They can't blame it on woman suffrage, for there isn't a bit of it in France; while just across the water, in Norway, where the women have the complete franchise, the birth rate is almost the highest on record.

THAT EMBARRASSING MOMENT

When all conversation suddenly ceases as you are making a very personal remark to the girl at your left.

Chicken Farming

I STARTED out to raise some hens;
I first bought wire to make the pens.
You need nice pens to make hens thrive;
Mine cost me $40.25.

I bought eleven kinds of feed,
For fowls a large assortment need.
I bought cut bone and grains galore;
The bill was $19.84.

Of course hens need a chicken shed,
A place to sleep and to be fed.
Mine was a good one through and through,
And cost me $60.42.

I wonder if hen farming pays.
I've had twelve eggs in sixty days.
The bills, of course, have been immense;
The twelve eggs brought me 30 cents.

—Mrs. J. L. O'Connell.

His Point of View

A STAGGERING soldier was about to be put off a Fort Leavenworth car, because he could not pay his fare. A man sitting across the aisle handed the conductor the necessary nickel, and, after the private had profusely thanked his benefactor, the following conversation was overheard:

"You say yesterday was pay-day at the fort?"

"Yesh, shir."

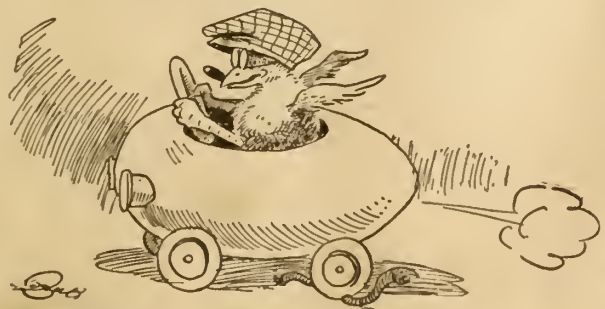
"How in the world do you feel that you can afford to spend in one day all you make in a month?" inquired the man. "Your clothing is paid for by the government, and you live in the barracks at no expense to yourself. What have you done with those thirteen dollars?"

"Well," stuttered the soldier, "I—hic—spent four dollars whiskey, and—and seven shootin' craps." Again he was nodding.

"But that's only eleven. What did you do with the other two dollars?" asked the man.

"Well, I—hic—I don't just know. Must have—must have spent that foolishly."

—Clifford B. Jones.



THE SPEED MANIAC OF CHICKVILLE ALWAYS DRIVES A TORPEDO-BODY CAR

Away from Home

JENKS was a moral man, indeed;
And Jaggs was the reverse.
Jaggs was a racing car for speed,
While Jenks was more a hearse.

To gay New York they both went down,
To stay a week or so,
And travel round and see the town,
Without their wives, you know.

And when they struck the Great White Way
And caught its spending itch,
It would have bothered you to say
Exactly which was which.

—Walter G Doty.

Too Much Hopping

New Yorker—One of our new hotels, Uncle Bill, is to contain over twenty-five hundred rooms.

Uncle Bill — Gee crackey! I'd hate to be the bellboy!

A Remedy

Secretary—A subscriber writes to ask us the best way to prevent the annoying attentions of strange men who follow her.

Correspondence editor — Tell her to turn and ask the man for a donation for the militant suffragettes.

NOT LIKE PERCY

Fannie—Now that Percy has thrown you over, I suppose you 'll be sending back his presents?
Minnie—I should say not; I don't mind losing Percy, but some of those presents are really valuable.

A Good Fairy Story

A GOOD fairy, feeling exceptionally good one day, decided to appear unto three persons and grant each one of them a wish.

The first person she visited was a middle-aged sport.

"Oh, gee!" he cried. "I wish I had all the money I've spent in buying drinks for people."

Straightway he had it.

The second person the good fairy dropped in upon was a fast young man.

"Me?" queried the fast one. "Much obliged. Why, now that you mention it, I wish to gosh I had all the money I've spent in cigarettes."

And straightway he had his also.

The third person favored by the fairy was a young girl in a tight skirt, who had a tendency to giggle.

"Tee hee!" she cried. "Why, it's awfully—tee hee!—nice of you to think of me! Land knows, I wish I had all the money I've spent in chewing gum."

And, lo! in a second she had it.

In a week the good fairy returned to see how the three were getting along and whether they had made good use of the money. She found:

(1) That the middle-aged sport had bought mining stock.

(2) That the fast young man had lost his at poker.

(3) That the giggly girl had paid hers to a man who had said he could get her a swell job on the stage.

All of them were stone-broke, just as they had been before.

"What's the use, anyway?" sighed the good fairy. "Hereafter I'll be an ogre or a hobgoblin." —*Harry Hamilton.*

Fortune-telling

Jap—You can tell what is to happen?

Clairvoyant—Always.

Jap—Well, what is going to happen to me?

Clairvoyant—In a certain contingency you are going to get what in this neck of woods is known as a whaling.

Sympathy for another's woes seldom disturbs a night's rest.

A Successful Method

Diogenes, at length convinced of the uselessness of his lantern, went on his search without it. He returned triumphant.

"Eureka!" he shouted. "I have found honest men by the score!"

"How?" questioned his cynic companions.

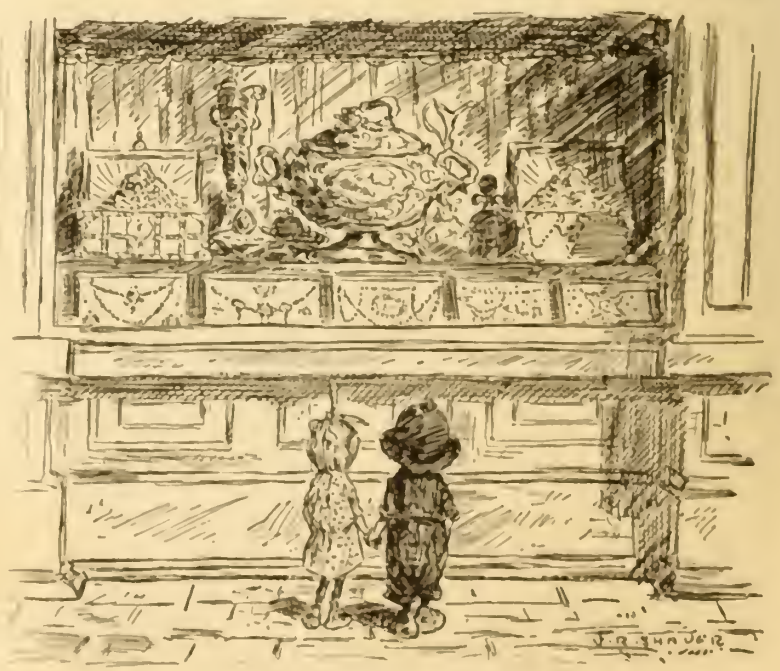
"By direct inquiry," answered the great philosopher.

An Entertainer

"My dear," said the New York man, "where did you get the new waitress?"

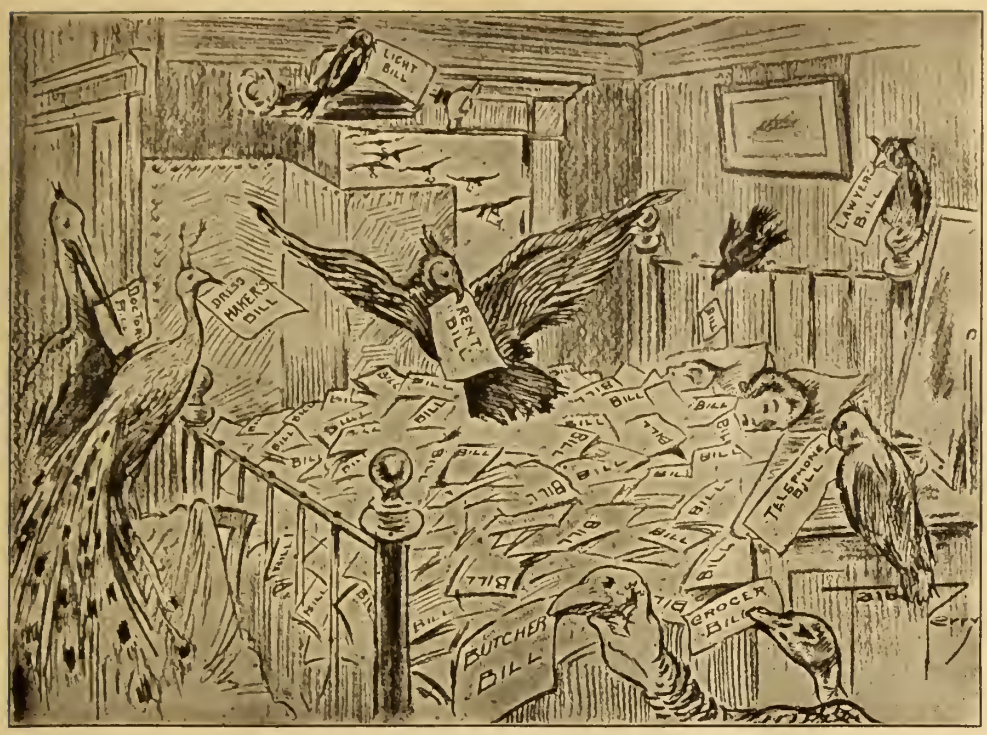
"She says she used to be in vaudeville," replied his wife.

"Good! Now we can have dinners with cabaret features."



IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BY

" Never mind, Hortense, jest you wait till I make me pile!"



THE BABES IN THE FLAT

Assisting Nature

STANDING with her husband in a shaded alcove, the young wife gazed out over the pretty stretch of landscape that presented itself to view.

"Dearest," she said, "can you think of anything that might add to the attractiveness of our vista?"

"I don't know," replied the husband; "but you might wash the windows."

Never Yet

An automobile may beget
A haughty smile, but never yet
Has it been known to change the hue
Of red blood into blood that's blue.

The Better Way

"Casey?"

"Yis, Moike."

"S'posin' I had fainted, and ye shtood beside me wid a pint av whiskey."

"'Tis not likely."

"But s'posin' it happened."

"Yis."

"Would ye press the bottle to me lips?"

"I would not."

"Ye are a heartless man, Casey!"

"I am not that. I'd press the bottle to me own lips, and ye'd be on your fate before I cud take the first shwalley."

Bankrupt!

"Everything she had went at auction."

"Public sale?"

"No; bridge."

A Charmer

OF ALL attractive girls, there's one
I often see and many know.
She lures in earnest mood or fun,
In silk or lawn or calico.

Her spell to some unique may seem;
Of lovers she has had a score,
And on each fond one she would beam,
As though but him she could adore.

Her life stern moralists might ban,
If idle rumor had its way;
But her admirers never can
Quite free themselves from her odd sway.

I've seen her with a sailor "spoon,"
And to a soldier's love respond;
In daylight or beneath the moon,
She's ever of some fellow fond.

She has been married many times,
To king and peasant, prince and churl,
And still may long for wedding chimes—
This charming motion-picture girl.

—*J. A. Waldron.*

Used to Such Whining

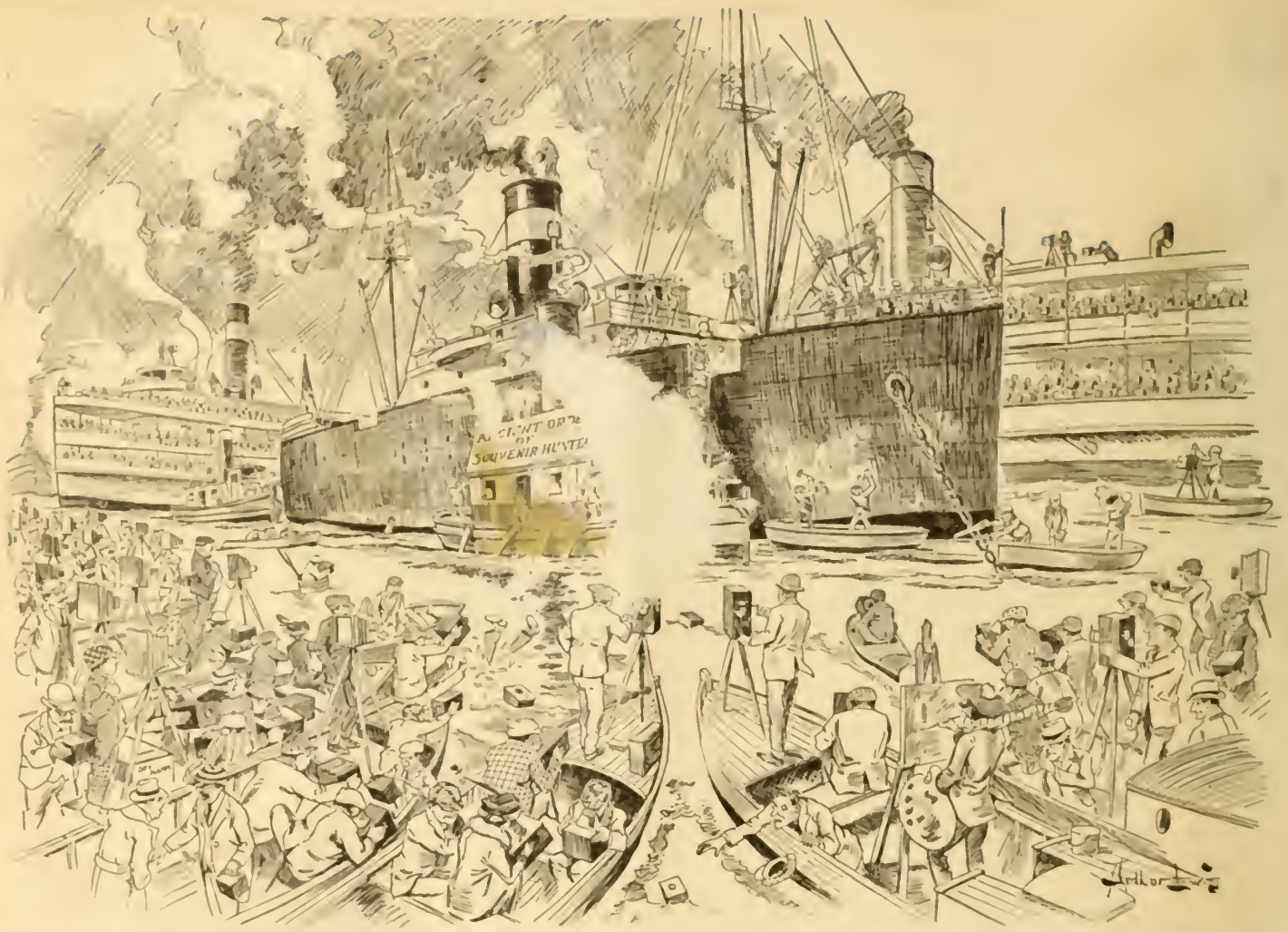
The real-estate agent, tired and peevish, arrived at his home in the suburbs.

"Oh, George," greeted his wife, "the dog has been whining all day long! What do you suppose is the matter?"

"Why," growled George, "the darn kicker probably wants his house papered!"

AN OUTRAGE

"There 's still half an hour before the polls close, and they won't let me change my vote."



THE FIRST SHIP THROUGH THE CANAL, SHOWING THE TAKING OF EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS

then he puts his face close up to mine, gimlets me with his eyes agin, an' yells, "'You're consecrated, I say! Go to sleep! Go to sleep! Obey the will o' my mind!'

"At that, your honor, I picks up a flat iron an' brains him!"

Prophecy Fulfilled

The newly married couple had just crossed the threshold of their home for the first time.

"This is our world, dear," he said softly. "In it we will accomplish great things."

His prophecy was correct.

Inside of two months they were fighting for the championship of the world.

Psychological Moment

Crawford—What's the best time for a man to get home at night?

Crabshaw—When his wife is asleep.

Billigerence

WHEN she could meet with Billy,
They played at bill and coo;
But when she met not Billy,
They played at billets-doux.

Now she has married Billy,
Her leisure time she fills
By trying to concili-
Ate Billy for her bills.—*A. Leslie.*

It Seems That Way

Hen—Landsakes, Mariar, take that benzine can away from the fire!

Mariar—What's the matter, Hen? Gettin' superstitious?

Among Those Present

Sunday-school teacher—Why was Daniel forced to enter the lions' den?

Bright pupil—Why, he'd 'a' spoilt a whole film if he didn't!

Good actions carry their warrant with them. The warrant for bad ones is carried by a policeman.

Maybe—At Last

Penrod Hackley, the non-rising young author, had intrigued his way into the private office of Gassand Slush, the austere editor of *Flip Fiction*.

"I know it is not exactly in your line," he began nervously, "but I have here a good story based on and exposing the secret handclasps of various fraternal orders."

"Give it here!" commanded the editor eagerly. "Maybe at last we can truthfully announce a story of gripping interest."

Why

'Tis not because she is devout
That Annabelle is kneeling;
Her stick-up, if she straightens out,
Is sure to sweep the ceiling.

Now She 's Much Younger

Wilfred—Do you know Miss Cutey, too?

Ernie—Yes. We used to be the same age when we were growing up.

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

Getting Late

"Permettez-moi de retirer, cher ami: j'entends mon auto en bas."
"Vous vous trompez—c'est la baronne qui ronfle!"

"Allow me to retire, dear friend; I hear my auto downstairs."

"You are mistaken. It's the baroness snoring!"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

Luck

Captive (to the public at large)—Jest my luck! 'Ad my 'air cut only yesterday—a sheer waste o' thrippence!—*London Opinion.*

The Probationer

Jim—An' don't yer have to tike the dorg out, too?

The mother's help—Oh, no! She won't trust me with anything but the kid yet. —*Bulletin* (Sydney, Australia).

Not Exactly Religious Zeal

"I am glad to see you come so regularly to our evening services, Mrs. Brown."

"Yus. Yer see, me 'usband 'ates me goin' hout of a hevening, so I does it to spite 'im."—*Punch* (London).

The Facetious Driver

"Fahren Sie mich in die Neue Gasse. Bei Nummer siebzehn halten Sie an."
"Sie wohl ooch?"

"Drive me to New Street. Stop at number seventeen."

"You will stop there, too, I suppose." —*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Noblesse

"Mein Kind, ich fuhle mich moralisch verpflichtet, für Dich zu forgen. Ich werde Dir den 'Generalanzeiger' Kaufen, dann Kannst Du Dir eine Stellung heraussuchen."

"My child, I feel morally bound to provide for you. I shall buy you the *General Advertiser.* Then you will be able to select a situation for yourself."—*Jugend* (Munich).

Those Terrible Children!

"Unkel, wie sieht eine römische Nase aus?"
"Wie die meinige."
"Also rot."

"Uncle, how does a Roman nose look?"

"Just like mine."

"Oh! red!"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Conditional

"Schön, ich will Sie als Köchin aufnehmen. Aber unter einer Bedingung: Wir haben nur ein Dienstbotenzimmer—Sie müssen unsern Diener heiraten."

"Very well, I will engage you as cook under one condition. We have only one room for the help. You will have to marry the waiter." —*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

A SERIOUS MATTER

Boss—What are you handing in your resignation for?

Messenger—Well, boss, you called me down twice dis week, so I thought I 'd better git out before I 'm tempted to make things unpleasant for de firm.

Strength Going To Waste

"FATHER," said little Herbert, "why doesn't mother travel with the circus?"

"What could she do in a circus?"

"She might be the strong woman. I heard her tellin' grandma, this morning, that she could wind you around her little finger."

Time-saving

Dorcas—Won't your meeting be very late if all the members are going to take part in the debate?

Mrs. Dorcas—Why, no, dear! We'll all speak at once.

The First Monopolist

Old Noah ran a pleasure boat,
And it was safe and sound;
And soon it did monopolize
The beasts for miles around.

A CURE PROMISED

Lawyer—The judge says you'll get your hearing to-morrow.

Pat—Phwat? The saints be praised! An' me deaf fer fifteen year!

A Cubist Sunset

THE SUN, a narrow purple line,
Sank in a yellow sea;
The clouds, great triangles of blue,
Welled up in majesty.

The mountains, orange hemispheres,
Stood in their lonely peace;
The wavelets danced quite playfully,
In spots of bright cerise.

The shore, a group of trapezoids,
In rank on rank serene,
Stood out in vari-colored shades
Of red, blue, white and green.

And, as I stood upon the shore,
I saw this, I avow;
But I won't see it any more—
I'm on the wagon now.—*Kent Miller.*

To Expand the Currency

He had just given her a check for her first monthly allowance.

"I think," she said coyly, "I shall have this check photographed."

"To preserve as a memento?" he asked.

"No; so I can have it enlarged."

The Aftermath

"Daughter and her beau must have had a terrible quarrel!"

"Why so, ma?"

"Five pounds of candy, a bunch of roses and two matinee tickets have just arrived."

The Make-up Pieces

"Did you ever help put a puzzle together?"

"No; my wife always assembles herself alone."

No, Clarence, a vice-president is not the executive officer of a disorderly society. He is a highly respected old gent.

AVIATOR'S-EYE VIEW OF A BOULEVARD IF SOUND WAVES WERE VISIBLE

"LUCKY LITTLE BEGGARS!"

Waiting

SHE had some neat hose put away,
In keeping for a rainy day;
So said this belle.
But lately she was heard to say
That possibly a windy day
Would do as well.

Many There Who Could Do It

"It is said that the devil never takes a vacation."

"Well, if he doesn't, it isn't because he can't find anybody to run the place in his absence."

The Important Question

"I can't live without your daughter!"

"Well, can you live without her father?"

Egg View Note

Ambrose Crosslots says: "A lot of jobs are like olives. A feller has got to learn to like 'em."

The Usual Climax

"Children, children, what in the world is the matter?"

"We is playin' comic supplement, and Joey won't stand up so 'at I kin hit him on the head with the cuspidor."

The Hat and the Feather

LAST spring the feather stuck up straight,
Just like this:

Last winter, in a slanting state,
'Twas just like this:

But now it sticks right out behind:

Pray, what new scheme can Fashion find
Next fall, except a hat designed
Just like this?

—*Grace McKinstry.*

In Grandfather's Time

"YOUR grandfather is pretty old, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's an old chap. He can remember the time when the New York evening papers were published in the afternoon."

Why It May Fail

Civicus—Good scheme, this administration no-wine dinner rule at Washington. And they'll be able to put it over.

Criticus—Umph! Doubt it. Somehow, lacks the punch.

The Principal's Jest

School teacher—This new little boy who's crying so hard says his name is Mose.

Principal—Evidently an abbreviation of lachrymose.

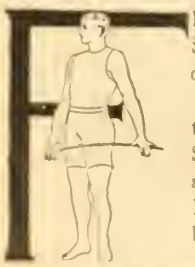
A bluff may pass for the goods for a time, but there is always the inventory.

A HINT

Have you a side car? If so, fit it up with all the comforts of home, and be independent of the country hotels.

The Three Wills

By ROBSON BLACK



FIRST, the will of John Smith, sea captain, dated 1850:

I devise and bequeath to my only son, John Smith, the brig *Marie* and sloop *Jennie*, both of Boston, and whatever balance may be left in the First National Bank after the payment of all my just debts. I likewise bequeath to my son, the said John Smith, an unsullied family record, that he may perpetuate it unto his children free of offense. I bequeath him a manly physique, tested by many rigors on sea and land, and fitted to earn him the respect of his fellows and whatever recompense his ambition may desire. I bequeath him a clean mind, a courageous and kindly heart, wherewith to pilot the aforesaid physique and add to the sum of the world's happiness. John Smith, 1850.

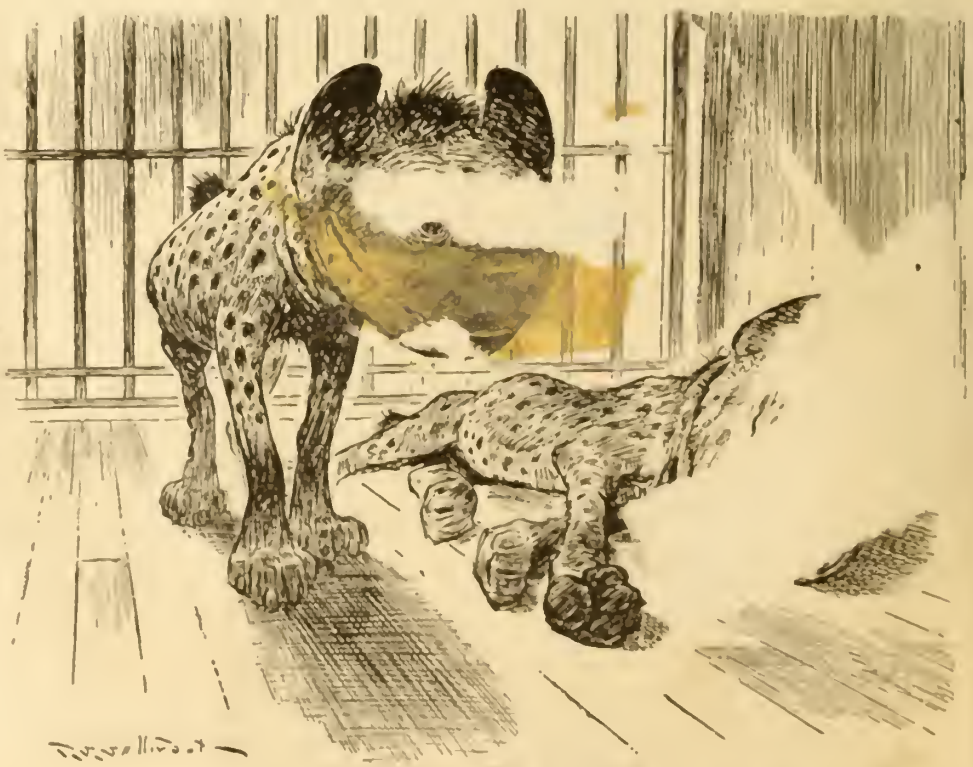
Second, will of John Smith, Jr., "the Boston steamship king," dated 1913:

I devise and bequeath to my only son, John Smith, the sum of seventeen million dollars, representing two-thirds of the capital stock of the Smith Maritime Corporation. John Smith, 1913.

Third, will of John Smith, only son of the steamship king, dated 1930:

I devise and bequeath to my son, John Smith, one hundred and seventy-two dollars, representing my remaining equity in one six-cylindered limousine, now at Blank's garage. Also the portrait of my revered grandfather, master of the brig *Marie*. May God have mercy on my soul!

John Smith, 1930.



HUNGERING FOR TROUBLE

"Say, old chap, I 'm sick of doing time. Let 's go on a hunger strike."

VERY INCONSIDERATE

Mabelle—What makes the leading lady so grouchy?
Estelle—She had counted on making a big hit with her divorce case this season, and just as she was about to bring proceedings her husband had to go and die.
Mabelle (indignantly)—Now isn't that just like a man!

The Game

I'M A LIQUID, soft-eyed cheater;
I'm a treasury depleter,
I'm a gambler, and I've learned to stack the pack.
I'm a saccharine blackmailer, a policeman and a jailer;
I'm a cultivated mental jumping jack.
I'm a parlor entertainer, I'm a very shrewd campaigner;
When it's worth my while—a monkey on a stick.
I'm a listener, pumper, talker, dancer, sitter, runner, walker—
I'm a just-this-side-the-border lunatic.
If the law could only reach me, it would grab me and impeach me;
But it can't, for I'm a licensed charlatan.
Lord! It takes some discipline, for it's a life job that I'm in for—
I'm a woman, and I'm married to a man!

—*Jane Burr.*

A Few

You can lead some girls to the ballroom, but you can't make 'em turkey trot.

Opportune Observations

OPPORTUNITY may knock once for every person, but, in this day of complex living, how is that person to know at which door?

However great the pleasure of embracing Opportunity may be, the acute individual indulges not at all; if but allowed to come close enough for an embrace, that wise person immediately and without ceremony gets her down and sets foot upon her neck, until she accedes to all demands.

As a matter of fact, the persons who really get along in the world do not wait for Opportunity to knock; they are away up the highroad, themselves knocking right and left stragglers, slowpokes and loafers, in a fierce effort to meet Opportunity more than half way—and, above all, to meet her first.

Thus we come to the conclusion that, while Opportunity may not always need to knock once, the successful person must keep knocking.

—*Charles Campbell Jones.*

The Social Reformer

In this wicked age there are many things
He is sure should under the ban go;
And so he would cut out the sport of kings,
The turkey trot and the tango.

Dangerous Sacrifice of Profits

"Why don't you think Staffer's health-food venture will be a financial success?"

"He sells his preparation in cartons that weigh less than their contents."

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER

Advantage of Not Knowing

THE EXPERT said, "It can't be done,"
And gave the reasons weighty—
Conclusive reasons, every one—
Some seventy or eighty.

The novice gave the job a glance,
And saw no hindrance to it;
And, aided by his ignorance,
What did he do but do it?

—*Walter G. Doty.*

Following Orders

At eleven o'clock her father put his head within the door. "Come, young man, light out!" he said.

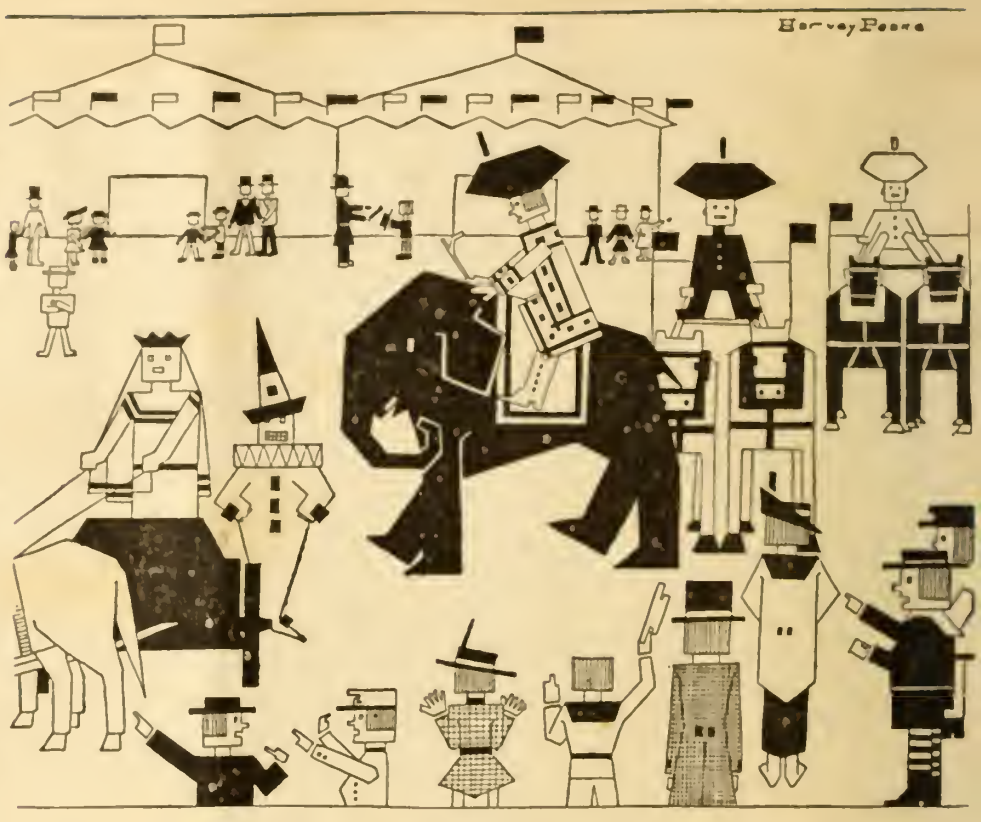
The words were pleasant enough, but the young man knew that they must be obeyed.

So he reached up and turned out the light.

Probably Not

Mrs. Hoyle—How did your husband get along running the ranch while you were away?

Mrs. Doyle—Well, I don't think he will advertise for a position as housekeeper on the strength of the record he made.



ON THE LEVEL

The grocer's son—Which one of them circus fellers would you rather be?
The preacher's son—Neither one. Pa says there ain't one of them that you could call actually square.

TEMPERAMENT

Little girl—There 's somethin' about music that always makes me insides feel kind o' wabbly.

Bound To Have His Joke

"JOKES about the slowness of trains, especially here in the South," says an Atlanta railway man, "also tire me a bit by their ancientness; but I heard a new and good one not long ago.

"It seems that trains are always slow and far between on a branch line in Mississippi. Nobody knows this better than the people at the junction, except the people on the line itself. One day the newsdealer came to me grinning.

"'A fellow from the other end of the line just said a funny thing,' he remarked. 'He had missed his train and there wasn't another for two hours. He came to my stall to buy some reading matter to while away the time. He asked for a jokebook, and I didn't have any. Then he poked around for a while and said,

"'"Well, I guess I'll take a time table instead."'"

Probably Her Honeybee

Clara's sister (at boarding school)—Must be an insect Clara married instead of a man.

Girl chum—How so?

Clara's sister—Why, in her letter to me, written right after the honeymoon, she says she got stung.

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

At the Literary Cafe

"Wo steckt denn Dein Bräutigam so lang?"
"Der ist gleich wieder hier. Er musz nur erst mit seinen Freunden da am Ecktisch die bestehende Gesellschaftsordnung über den Haufen werfen!"

"What keeps your fiance so long?"

"He will soon be here. He and his friends over there at the corner table have only to overthrow the existing order of society."—*Jugend* (Munich).

Frugality.

"Ich weiss absolut nicht, was ich meiner Köchin zur Hochzeit schenken soll— —"
"Dann geben Sie Ihr doch einfach Geld!"
"Ach nein, soviel darf es nicht kosten!"

"I absolutely don't know what to give my cook for a wedding present."

"Then simply give her money."

"Oh, no! It mustn't cost as much as that."—*Ulk* (Berlin).

Spring!

—*Sketch* (London).

The Tuppenny Tip

The Five Shilling Tip

—*London Opinion.*

Sweet Pain

"Stehe ich auf deinem Fusz, Liebchen?"
"Ach ja—aber bleib nur stehen, Artur!"

"Am I standing on your foot, darling?"

"Oh, yes—but please remain there, Arthur!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

At Least an Excuse

Er (zu seiner Gattin, die sich seit einiger Zeit nicht wohl fühlt daher einen Arzt consultierte)—Nun, was hat der Doctor gesagt?

Sie—Er meint, es sei nicht schlimm. Aber weiszt Du, Männe, man cann nicht wissen. Ich werde für alle Fälle nach Ostende fahren.

He (to his wife, who has not been feeling well and who has consulted a physician)—Well, what did the doctor say?

She—He thinks it is not very serious; but, do you know, dearest, one can never tell! At all events, I shall go to Ostende.
—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

The Starting Point

"Irr' ich mich—oder waren Gnädigste voriges Jahr in Ostende?"
"Ich—in Ostende? Nein."
"Wie sich das trifft! Ich auch nicht."

"Am I mistaken, or were you, madam, in Ostende last year?"

"I—in Ostende? No."

"What a coincidence! Neither was I!"
—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

Sophomore and Ohsowise

ONCE upon a time there was a handsome but eccentric young prince, named Ohsowise, who started out in quest of a wife whose matchless beauty should be exceeded only by her education and refinement.

After journeying through many countries and meeting only with disheartening failures, he finally reached the United Kingdom of America.

The young prince was delighted with the reception that had been arranged for him by the rulers of this rich and powerful monarchy. He was entertained by steel kings, coal barons, lords of the forest, land thieves and all the other crowned heads; and when the matrons of the empire learned the real object of his visit, they fairly tumbled over themselves in their eagerness to help Ohsowise find a bride that measured up to his particular requirements.

"I am afraid," ventured his host one morning, when Ohsowise was looking particularly blue and discouraged, "that your highness is too critical. We spend millions annually on the higher education of women, and as for beauty, why, we make a specialty of peaches—do you understand?—peaches!"

"Your women are charming," replied the prince politely, but with a puzzled expression. "I can testify to their beauty and intelligence; but their culture (pardon me) is so thin that I can see right through it, and then, no matter how attractive the girl is, I am dreadfully bored."

DRAWING FROM THE NUDE

His companion meditated for some time in silence.

"I have her!" he cried at last, springing to his feet and pacing the floor excitedly. "Of course, the very one! What a chump not to have thought of her before! You must meet her at once."

"Meet whom?" asked the prince, suppressing a yawn. He was getting tired of clews that led only to bitter disappointments.

"The Princess Sophomore!"

One night, a few weeks later, the moon, while leisurely scanning the deck of a steamship, spied the happy couple, and, being full, deliberately closed one eye.

"Gee!" said the Princess Ohsowise, nee Sophomore, impetuously squeezing her husband's hand under the steamer rug, "but isn't this a perfectly dandy night?"

"Dandy?" repeated Prince Ohsowise musingly. "Ah, yes, I remember! Tell me, darling," he continued reverently, for the richness and beauty of her vocabulary filled him with admiration and awe, "is dandy the odd but singularly felicitous and expressive adjective which you employed a few moments ago at dinner, when you were describing the salad? Or was it the oysters that were 'dandy' and the salad 'bum'?"

"No, dearest," she murmured; "it was the cocktail that was 'dandy.' The salad was 'punk.'"

And so ends the strange story of Sophomore and Ohsowise, who were thus united in holy wedlock and lived happily ever after. —*W. F. Rae*

The matrimonial sea is wide and deep.

"THE LIGHT THAT LIES IN WOMAN'S EYES"

O, Te· ora, O Mores!

IN THE e· of gs, when man becomes· ıse· r, he probably will:

Dischar· use she cannot make swe·

THE ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH

Fry dahlia bulbs for sweet potatoes.

Cook rice in the corn popper.

Let the furnace fire go out four times a week.

Forget the tap and waste all the soft water.

Split kindling wood—for the first time in his life.

Spoil the shape of the baby's mouth with a pacifier.

Kick because his wife stopped to see a man and is ten minutes late to dinner.

Cry when he is abused for not making apple dumplings like his father made.

Go home to mother when wife, the brute! says the soup is burned—and it isn't, so there!

But let us hope that he will be glad to come back to his own vine and fig tree when his anger has subsided, for somebody has to beat the beefsteak and can cherries, while mother hustles for money with whi·h to buy baby shoes. —*Byro· Williams.*

Anomalous

"Marriage is odd; you add one to one and make one!"

"How singular!"

In the Bride's Kitchen

A NEW cook is known by her potato peelings.

If the garbage man told all he knew,
I'd pity some brides! Wouldn't you?
What's a cookbook without a mother?

All brides' cooking is flavored with ambrosia. Let only gods and young husbands partake!

Jill sweetened the potatoes,
And put salt in the tea;
But Jack was kind and very blind,
And not a word said he!

Shifting the Responsibility

Miss Rocksey—Oh, papa, why do you wish me to marry the kind of man who can get money out of the other fellow?

Old Rocksey—Because, dear, then he won't be trying to get it out of me.

A bride and her delusions are soon parted.

The Little Rift within the Lute

THERE was a little bride,
And she wore a little veil,
Above a little countenance,
A little wan and pale;
While the minister was reading
The wedding service sweet,
She winced, as if she really couldn't
Stand upon her feet.
The little bride was happy—
A love match 'twas, all right;
But, oh! her little wedding shoes
Were awful small and tight!

—*Margaret G. Hays.*

The Crucial Point

Bride's mother—Were you nervous during the ceremony?

Bride—Well, I lost my self-possession when papa gave me away to Charley!

Repenting at Leisure

Shimmerpate—I understand Beanbrough fell in love with his wife at first sight.

Hemmandhaw—Yes; and now he is sorry he didn't take a second look.

A FRIGID RECEPTION

Percy Spenderbilt brings home his new chorus girl wife.

"Please, mister, will you give my sister a ride? She 's got the automobeel bug bad."

For Luck!

Something old and something new,
Something borrowed, something blue!

The Bride

FOR "something old," the veil of lace
Which hid her mother's bridal face.
For "something new," the long-trained dress—
A dream of satin loveliness!
Her "something borrowed" was the gay
Silk scarf that tied her shower bouquet.
But when they searched for "something blue,"
She cried, "I think my eyes will do!"

The Bridegroom

For "something old," the bridegroom chap
His pipe hid 'neath a pocket flap.
For "something new" to grace the day,
His coat of black and trousers gray.
His "something borrowed" chanced to be
The money for the preacher's fee.
Nor lacked he yet for "something blue,"
In thoughts of bills soon falling due!

—*Lida Keck Wiggins.*

Advice

Go to the aunt, thou new wife—consider her pies and be wise!

Suggested for the Bride's Bouquet

	By
The bridegroom,	Love-in-a-mist.
Her father,	Thrift.
Her mother,	Marigold.
Her brother,	Bachelors' buttons.
Her little sister,	Catch fly.
Marjorie Daw,	Bed straw.
Her coiffeuse,	Ladies' tresses.
Her lady's maid,	Ladies' slippers.
The English butler,	London pride.
Her elderly rival,	Henbane.
Her schoolmates,	Wild thyme.
A trifler,	Cockscomb.
An old admirer,	Forget-me-not.
A flatterer,	Venus's looking glass.
Previous aspirant,	Balm.
A favorite cousin,	Rue.
A rejected suitor,	Love-lies-bleeding.
Her duenna,	Snapdragon.
A cynic,	Loose-strife.
The bride herself,	Maize.—*Geo. B. Merrewood.*

Her Marriage Vow

Her dearest friend—Do you really obey Charley?

Mrs. Newlywed—Certainly. He tells me to please myself, and I always do.

Bridal Tourists

THE BRIDE looked on the mountains,
The river's golden strand;
Italian garden fountains
Were tinkling near at hand.
She spake with cooing kindness:
"How fair these vistas are!"
The bridegroom, in his blindness,
Bowed down beneath the car.

From thence did he deliver
Some words about a chain—
Such words as made her shiver
With an astonished pain.
Then to the balmy breezes
She hummed these lines, and smiled:
"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is riled."—*Frederick Moron.*

A Pertinent Question

"Well, I see Skeezicks married that heiress, after all," said Binks.

"Yes," said Slithers. "Wonder where they went for their moneymoon?"

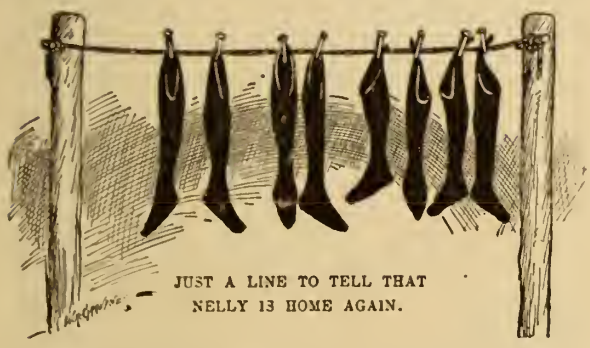
?

A bride remains a bride by hook or crook!
But what's a bride without her picture took?

A Change of Sentiment

TWO OR three grains of rice clinging to the lace on her hat were in themselves proof of the fact that she and the spruce young man by her side in the parlor car constituted a bridal couple. But she affected a great desire to conceal what was a palpable fact when she said,

"Now, Ted, we don't want to advertise the fact that we have just been married, do we, dear? I have always said that when I was a bride on my bridal tour no one should know from my actions that such was the case. So let's act like old married folks to fool people."



JUST A LINE TO TELL THAT NELLY IS HOME AGAIN.

"All right," said the bridegroom. "Let's begin by changing seats, so that I can get out of this hot sunshine and you sit here. Or I'll tell you what—I'll take the pillow and curl up on the other seat in our section and go to sleep for three or four hours, and you can look out of the window. Come to think of it, I guess I'll go out into the smoking-room and take off my coat and be comfortable, and sit and smoke and spin yarns with the other men for three or four hours, until we get to Chicago, while you"——

"Ted, you are just horrid! You sit right where you are and keep on holding my hand, if you *will* insist on making us both ridiculous!" —*M. W.*

To Arcadie!

The pompous ceremonial o'er,
My bride and I walk to the door.

The organ thunders Mendelssohn.
We heed it not, for now, alone,

We twain at last away shall fare—
Sans preacher, kinsfolk, friends and care!

"Where to?" the chauffeur calls to me.
I, reckless, answer, "Arcadie!"

A Woman of Experience

He—If I am detained downtown late to-night, don't wait up for me.

She—I sha'n't; I shall come down for you!

The widow's wiles will usually win out against the maiden's smiles.

The Main Attraction

All the people wait to spy her

Journey slow along the aisle.
Up in front the D. D. "tier"
Now is waiting, with a smile.
Every detail's set to grace her.

By the gods! she's wondrous fair!
Roses' glory can't efface her,
In the eyes of watchers there.
Don't you think that you can place her?
Ever see her anywhere?—*Charles C. Jones.*

The Main Thing

Ted—Cheer up, old man! Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder.

Ned—What's worrying me is that I'm not just sure that it's having the same effect on the girl.

A Nice Distinction

Lawyer—Do you mean to tell me the plaintiff was drunk!

Witness—Well, no; but you couldn't call him ostentatiously sober.

Her Sire's Consent

"Yes, though it grieves me," he began,
"I cannot pay her bills, young man.
This lifts the load, to some extent.
Take her—you have my full consent."

The Old Bachelor

As honeymooners now appear
He hies him to his den,
The while he drops a silent tear
To think what might have been.

A BEECHNUT

The Unknown Quantity

"I'LL BET she will"—began the rash youth.

"Don't!" interrupted his older and wiser companion. "Don't bet that she will ever do *anything*. You can never tell what a woman will do."

"But," protested the young man, "I was going to bet that she would do the unexpected."

"Don't!" repeated the elder earnestly. "Even that is no safe bet."

He (on the honeymoon)—Will you love me forever?

Modern wife—No; but I'll make it a year, with the privilege of renewal

THE WIDOW RECEIVES A PROPOSAL

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE!"

June Weddings

As Seen by the Society Reporter

By KATE MASTERSON

MY WORD! How tired I get of this job when the June wedding rush sets in! They talk about business depression and the rise in the price of diamonds, but it doesn't seem to have any effect on the matrimonial microbe. Maybe the men are marrying to economize.

I often think I'll resign and go back to my old job editing the Woman's Page. In the first place, it's more womanly, and, in the second, it's less work. I was dragged into this society whirl. The *Omelet* decided to run the Woman's Page and the Society Department as one, and I was sent out to get human-interest stories.

It really was the foreman of the composing-room who mixed things up. He's a socialist and hates the rich, and it gave him great joy to set up the heading, "With the Four Hundred," and fill in the column with recipes for removing warts, corns and red noses, ending up with a musicale. Believe me, I almost fainted one morning when I opened the paper and saw a suicide under the head, "The Smart Set Leaving Town"!

I went right to the managing editor and asked him what he thought of it, with a cut-paper pattern of a kimono on one side of it and a new lobster Newburgh on the other. He smiled in a chilly, sad sort of way and said that was the best place for it. How those men hang together!

Then they stopped the Woman's Page, and the circulation fell off about ten thousand a week. I was put on the human-interest thing. There isn't any human interest in weddings, take it from me. They're all dress and show and presents and lilies, and no one acts natural. Of course you can write them with one hand in the dark. And you'd think each bride was the only original female of the species that was ever married.

After you've been doing weddings in a rush season like this, three or four in the morning and ten or a dozen in the afternoon or evening, you get to think life is a grand, sweet song—all smiles and music and new clothes. Your hats are full of rice and confetti, and you go about in your joy duds and try and look like a ray of sunshine when you get back to the office.

There's something about me—I can't just say what—but I'm always taken for one of the guests and led up the middle aisle to sit with the relatives. Funny, isn't it? Last week I sat with an awfully nice boy during the breakfast, and I told him all about father's new flying machine, and how I was off on a yachting trip next week. When I heard later he was central office detective watching the presents, I almost passed away.

June brides are the prettiest of all. Bridegrooms? They look alike at all seasons—like head waiters. The best men are always much more attractive, don't you think? The other day I went down in the country to do one of these spring matches at a place where the servants were all powdered and wore knee breeches and silk stockings.

I was feeling awfully luxurious, sitting in a pergola overlooking the Sound, when a florist in his shirt sleeves stepped out of the smilax and called my attention to the neat work he'd done on the chandeliers.

I told him I wasn't interested in the decorations, and he said I'd better get interested in them right off, as he knew our managing editor and would have me fired if I spelt his name wrong again.

Fancy! But the worst of it is, writing this wedding slush doesn't give you any chance. It ruins your style. And it costs such a lot to dress the part! I think I'll write fiction for a while.

The Honeymooners

It's plain to see they're newly married,
As bride and groom the pair you spot;
They try so hard to look unharried
And make believe that they are not.

—*J. J. O'Connell.*

Many a "good fellow" is so stingy with his family that he'll stand between his wife and a show window.

THE BRIDE GOING TO THE ALTAR

WE FEEL sorry for the young man who to-day takes his girl out driving on Sunday evening and tries to tell her that she is the smartest, sweetest, dearest girl in all the world. It simply can't be done in an automobile.

The automobile isn't any place to sigh in. If the young man takes his hand off the wheel and puts it over his heart to help out a sigh, he will suddenly find himself sitting by the side of the road, with the car in his lap. The old-fashioned buggy borrowed from father on Sunday evening is the best for sighing purposes. It is more thoughtful of the young man, for it never wants to get on top of him when he has his Sunday clothes on.

Not any horse will do, by any means. It takes an old horse that hasn't shied since the rye winter-killed. It takes an old gray horse that will turn out at the proper time.

We want nothing to do with a horse that switches its tail and has a way of stopping and hunting down a fly. After such a horse has stopped to send a fly on its way, it gives a jerk that flops the young man's head against the back of the seat. Once old Mack stopped dead still, and just as we bent over to imprint a kiss on the girl's great red lips, Mack started up with such a jerk that we did the printing on the seat's plush back.

In our day we had to use our father's buggy. It was always so muddy that we would have to spend all of Sunday morning cleaning it up and cutting the grease out of the axles.

One time we took a girl to church whose father was hale and hearty. We had understood that he was a heavy sleeper, but this was a mistake. It was two miles from church to the girl's home, but we found a road that made it twelve.

We had been driving the horse at as rapid a pace as we could—with the lines tied around the whip. Sometimes we would pull up on the lines and let the horse stop for half an hour, to turn the problems of the day over in his mind.

At last we got back to the house of the prettiest, fairest, most beautiful girl in all the world. We still sat out in the buggy, telling her about her dimple.

While we were telling her this with both our arms, we heard the gate click; but we did not think anything about it. We wished in a few moments that we had spent more thought on it.

We noticed that the horse stood his ears up, but still suspicion did not enter our mind, for we believed that her father was a heavy sleeper. Suddenly a large, stalwart figure appeared by the side of the front wheel, and we noticed that it had a board in its hand. Then the unpleasant-looking figure lifted the gifted driver of the rig out of his seat, and then it was seen what the board was for.

I got up in a few moments to deliberate with him, but he treated me the same way again. I got up again, and once more he forgot himself. This soon grew old to me. I did not want to do all the getting up, but it fell to my lot to do so.

So I started home afoot. Her father went with me as far as the first hill, but there I left him. He was a bit inclined to be stout.

By feeling of my nose and hunting around for my ear, I surmised that her father did not care to have me discuss What Is Love? again with his daughter.

Still, we have never had a father come out to welcome us with a board that we afterward regretted. We would rather take a girl home in a single-horse buggy and have the father waiting at the front gate than take a girl out in an automobile where it took both hands to keep the machine from climbing a cottonwood.

Bargains in Stock Exchange Seats

SEATS on the New York Stock Exchange are now quoted as low as $40,000—and last week we ordered a new suit. We have never seen a Stock Exchange seat. We don't know whether they are covered with leather, with feet of eagle claws holding glass balls in their talons, or whether they are made like a dentist chair, with lots of plush. Anyway, it takes a lot of plush to get into one. That's a poor pun, isn't it? It ought to be sat on. Even though Stock Exchange seats are going at the ridiculously low figure of $40,000, we shall not buy. At that sum, we couldn't order a camp stool at a barbecue. Until seats come down quite a bit, we will have to stand.

Bill's Luck

"Hi've just 'ad a letter from Cousin Bill, and 'e's the luckiest cove in the world."

"How's that?"

"W'y, 'e's been livin' on strike-benefit funds hall these years, till now hit's come time for 'im to get an old-age pension."

MIXED DETAIL

"I want a small, narrow comb, about so long, for a slightly bald man, with celluloid teeth."

SMILES FROM OVERTHESEA

On the Side of the Anglers

Tommy (explaining his late arrival at Sunday school)—I wanted to go fishin', but father wouldn't let me.

Minister—I'm delighted to hear you have a parent with such excellent principles regarding the Sabbath. Did your father explain his reasons?

Tommy—Yessir. 'E said there wasn't enough bait for two.—*Sketch* (London).

A Glimpse of the Underworld

Maid (in hoarse whisper)—Excuse me, mum! Cook ses she's very sorry, but she's trod on the pudding.—*Punch* (London).

The Modern Flirt

"Oh! moi, mademoiselle, il me suffirait de cinq minutes pour connaître vos pensées les plus intimes!"
"Comme cela serait gênant pour vous!"

"Oh, mademoiselle, it would take me but five minutes to know your most intimate thoughts!"

"How unpleasant that would be for you!"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

Under the Windmill

"Hol maradtál ennyi ideig, kislányom?"
"Jaj, öregapám, nem birtam ovvel a két szamárral. Az egyiket még csak túlajrom az eszemmel, de a másik még talán kigyelmednél is okosabb."

"Why did you stay away so long, my little girl?"

"Well, grandfather, I could not get ahead with these two donkeys. One of them I could fool easily enough, but the other must be even smarter than you."—*Borszem Janko* (Budapest).

The Bad Landlord

"C'est honteux de me donner congé avec un homme tombé en enfance!"
"Justement, l'propriétaire veut pas d'enfant dans la maison!"

"It is a shame to give me notice to move when I have a man in his second childhood."

"That's just it; the landlord does not want children in the house."—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

As Others See Us

Mrs. Wayback—'Ere, Bill, for 'eaven's sake git behind me an' see if my noo dress looks like that! If yer say it does, I'll go straight 'ome at once.—*Bulletin* (Sydney).

Mr. Casey's Rejoinder

Mrs. Casey (sitting up in bed)—Moike, did yez put out the cat?

Mr. Casey—Oi did.

Mrs. Casey—Oi don't belave it.

Mr. Casey—Well, if yez think Oi'm a liar, get up and put 'er out yerself.—*Sketch* (London).

His Sad Loss

"I am sorry to hear of your sad loss, Mr. Brown. How you must miss your poor wife!"

"Miss her? I should think I do! I shouldn't be doing this 'ere if she was about, I can tell 'ee."—*London Opinion.*

Latest News from Hogwallow, Ky.

FRISBY HANCOCK fell in with an agent for a patent separator while over on Musket Ridge this week, but could not get interested in buying one, as he and his wife have already done so.

One of the merchants at Tickville is getting ready to hold his regular monthly Closing-out-at-cost Sale.

The large yellow horse driven by Ellick Hellwanger got frightened the other morning and ran away, throwing Ellick to the ground. The horse doctor from Thunderation was called, and it was several minutes before he could get Ellick's watch to ticking again.

Some miscreant has stolen Poke Eazley's last chair. But he has his bed to fall back on.

Frisby Hancock went to hear the Hog Ford preacher last Sunday. The sermon was so long, both of his feet went to sleep.

Raz Barlow went hunting Thursday. He killed a rabbit and two cows.

The Excelsior Fiddling Band has been putting in good time practicing this week and have tromped down about two acres of turnips trying to learn to play a march.

The Hogwallow postmaster reports that he did not rest so well last night, after having eaten some cheese for supper. He says every time he eats cheese he dreams of rats. —*George Bingham.*

Honesty, like beauty, is often only skin deep.

The Drama in New York

HE PRANCED up to the window of the box office.

"Gimme ticket to the show."

"Sorry, sir," responded the urbane ticket dispenser. "No tickets being sold for this performance."

"Huh?"

"No tickets sold for this particular performance."

"How's that?"

"This performance is being given for the district attorney. There is, however, a good show across the street."

"Been over there," snapped the man, "and they were playing exclusively to the grand jury. This is a fine town! Where's them waxworks exhibiting nowadays? Maybe I kin git a view of them without intruding on the coroner."

And he pranced out.

Happy Thought!

It looked like the end of effort in rhyme—
He'd been stuck for an hour for a jingle with "month";
Then he slapped in a lassie who lisped all the time,
And he chuckled, "I've beaten N. Webster for onth."

The Newcomer

"What's that poddy little figure with a stethoscope for a bow and a quiver full of clinical thermometers? Æsculapius?"

"No, indeed! That is the Cupid of the eugenic marriage."

To Be Safe

The prima donna was reading the rough draft of her new contract.

When she came to the paragraph providing that she should have transportation for herself, maid, dog and Signor Gazibeani, her husband, she drew a line through the signor's name.

"Just put that husband," she ordered.

"Yes, madam," assented the manager. "But why, if I may ask?"

The diva blushed and coyly tucked her head. "I may wish to make a change," she answered.

His Utility

"THERE is my nephew, Le Roy, who is home from a fresh-water college, where he has been accumulating knowledge at my expense," a bit grimly said the Old Codger. "He has acquired an entirely new accent and three bushels of pipes, and knows all about pragmatism and who subsisted on the Diet of Worms and what's the latest razzle in neckwear and how to perform the duties of an usher at a church wedding and what a split infinitive is and which knub on his head to wear his hat, and so on and so forth. While as a tiller and toiler Le Roy don't amount to a hoot in heck, as a repository of non-essential flapdoodle I reckon he is without a peer in this vicinity."

Bright, I Say!

Albert—Algey makes very sure of himself before he does any boasting.

Edgar—A safe blower, eh?

Charity

The Charity that begins at home and remains there is anemic. An occasional outing will do it good.

EXPERT

Ettie—That girl absolutely threw herself at Bob.

Nettie—Oh, well, I guess she knew he was a good catcher.

BETWEEN FRIENDS

Cynthia—Dear me! I 'm growing old. Just think! twenty-one to-day.
Muriel—Oh. don't bother. You 'll be younger next year

A Ballade of June-time

By KATE MASTERSON

WE SING you to the March of Lohengrin,
Jewel of months, rarest and fairest June;
We bring you wreaths to wrap your beauty in.
Deep in the orchard old Pan pipes a tune,
While flower bells faintly chime the year's high noon,
And Love among the blossoms lies adream.
Muse, let us also loll and loon!
Oh, Brides and Roses—Strawberries and Cream!

'Tis song-time—swimming-time, when lads begin
Scurrying streamward from the wood unhewn—
Barefooted satyrs, freckled as to skin,
But joyous as young goats, to woe immune,
Whistling and answering the forest croon,
Mocking the blue jay and the catbird's scream.
Come on—the water's fine! Oh, boyhood's boon!
Oh, Brides and Roses—Strawberries and Cream!

Butterfly Fates, be kind and softly spin
Love's silken threads into that old cocoon,
The Future! May these divers deftly win
Life's prizes; send them swiftly, sure and soon.
Lead them to Arcady, where lovers spoon
Now and forever in that lambent beam,
Where orange buds bloom 'neath the honeymoon!
Oh, Brides and Roses—Strawberries and Cream!

Hail to the bride—with Wagner's lilting rune!
Hail to the June-time! Hail the all-supreme
That sends this treasury of gifts triune!
Oh, Brides and Roses—Strawberries and Cream!

The Modern Way

"Sakes alive!" ejaculated the Stork, upon meeting the little God of Love crying bitterly. "What is the matter, Dan?"

"The m-mum-matter," sobbed Cupid, "is that Cupidity is making twice as many matches as I am! Uh-wah! hah! ha-a-a-ah!"

His Opinion

"IT SEEMS to me," ventured skimpy little Mr. Hennypeck, "that Professor Peekhead's article, advising men to be very careful in their choice of wives, lacks—er—well, verisimilitude, or—ah!—some such word. As far as I have ever known, the man had no more to do with choosing his wife than he has with getting his photograph taken—he just keeps still, looks as pleasant as he can, and accepts whatever is given him."

A Compromise

Jack Spratt could eat no fats,
His wife could eat no leans;
Now, if they both could vote, perhaps
They'd compromise on beans!

Conclusive Evidence

Crawford—How do you know our daughter and her young man haven't made up their quarrel yet?

Mrs. Crawford—Because the gas has been turned up high all the evening.

Surprised

Robins—Joque found a surprise awaiting him when he got home last night.

Dyer—What was it?

Robins—His wife was asleep.

AFTER A REPRIMAND

"Oh, grandma! I wish you could have seen the funny way your chin went up and down while you were talking!"

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR
If they had played baseball in Nero's day.

The Good Old Ways

By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY

"MY DEAR," said Mr. Youngby, putting aside his pipe and motioning er to come and sit on his lap, "I have been converted. I am ready at last to have you stand beside me, my equal—no more, no less."

"Oh, John, I'm so glad!" She wound her arm around his neck and laid her soft cheek against his. "I knew you would see the light some day."

"The first time I saw you," he mused reminiscently, "I wondered if you could be mortal! Your radiant beauty, sweetness and purity seemed almost divine."

Her warm, red lips covered his mouth for an instant.

"When you promised to marry me," he aid softly, "I felt that, with you to in-

IT ire me, I should be a cleaner, stronger, ore efficient man. And I have been."

seat A tender squeeze indicated that she ly th s listening raptly.

"Al "Even marriage seemed not to bring u down to my level. To this day I fonc ve continued to look up to you as a thin er, sweeter, higher being than myself. ly, wasn't it?" he said dryly.

Mrs. Youngby sat up precipitately.

"After we were married, I worked overtime that you might keep a maid and hire your sewing. I couldn't bear to have these"—he took her white, dimpled hand and touched its pink satin palm—"become calloused and grimed by housework. And it wasn't fair to you," he said self-accusingly.

"Wh-what do you mean?" she asked.

"All the time," he replied, "you were just a faulty human being and wanted to be treated as such. Well, strong and capable, you wished to help earn the living, or, at least, to contribute in household duties your half toward the copartnership which we had formed."

Mrs. Youngby gasped, but said nothing.

"I have consistently acted as if you were too weak and silly to be a real helpmate to me, or even to take care of yourself. When we went out together, I knelt at your feet and put your rubbers on. I carried the umbrella or sunshade over you. I helped you across the slick places and carried you over the muddy ones. If there was only one vacant seat in the car, *I* hung to a strap every time, not half the time. Oh, I can see now that I was constantly humiliating, shaming you."

Her paralyzed tongue still refused to work.

"During the panic, when every day for weeks I expected to lose my position, I selfishly refused to let you share my sleepless nights and anxious days, as it was your right and privilege to do."

"Why—John"—she quavered, then choked and stopped.

"Don't cry," said Youngby, but without a trace of the usual tenderness in his tones. "That is all past now. I'll quit petting, coddling and making a weakling of you. Hereafter we'll just be chums, equal in every way. You may knock about for yourself and be as sturdy and independent as you please. If you prefer to keep the maid and work downtown, I'll help you get a position, and"——

"Oh, John," she sobbed, burying her face in his waistcoat, "I don't want to be your equal!" She hugged him convulsively. "I want to be your sweetheart, your angel! Put me back upon my pedestal, and I'll stay there forever and ever!"

Some Examples of Carelessness

DROPPING an acquaintance.
Cracking a joke.
Breaking the current of one's thoughts.
Treading on other people's toes.
Tripping upstairs.
Tearing along.
Letting fall a hint.
Allowing a secret to escape.
Letting a suggestion slip out.
Losing a chance.
Failing to catch a sentence.
Missing the point.
Falling over ourselves.
Stumbling over an apology.
Running against a stone wall.
Kicking up a dust.
Slopping over.
Making a blot on the record.
Forgetting old friends.
Getting caught in the tide of adversity.

—*Geo. B. Morewood.*

HER FUTURE

Fond father—I wonder if she'll be president some day?

A Marine View

APPROPRIATE colors for an artist to use in painting a storm at sea would be for the waves rose and the winds blew.

Open Season for Cupid

THE summer girl is planning now
Her subtle summer arts,
And Cupid's working overtime
At sharpening his darts.

And by and by, at each resort,
According to her plan,
There'll be a Johnnie slain each day,
Mistaken for a man.

Practice

"How did you develop such a wonderful batting eye?" asked the major-league magnate admiringly.

"Acting as health commissioner of Piwattomie, Kan.," replied the recruit modestly. "I got so that I could swat a fly every time."

"How did he raise the wind?"

"Well, he had a fine air to start with, so he just blustered a bit and blew about his prospects."

An Open Letter

Guyascutus Lodge, Maine, June 12th, 1913.

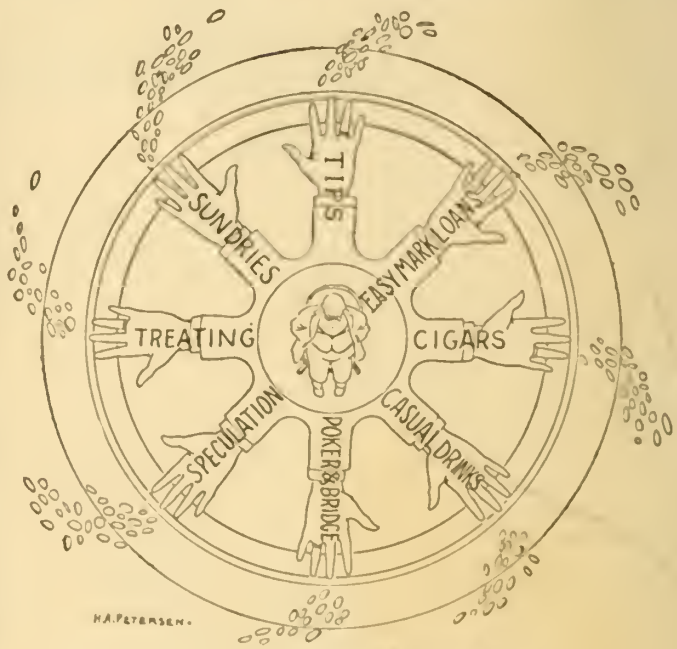
My dear Mr. Editor—In a recent issue of JUDGE I find this admirable little sketch, by Mr. Petersen:

HUBBY'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

Admirably drawn; but, in the interests of truth, is not the accompanying diagram a leetle bit closer to the facts of life as we are trying to live it in these extravagant days?

It occurs to me that, in the unlikely event of your publishing this letter, some of your readers will quietly scoff and say, "Oh, that's merely the rave of some woman who finds that the cap fits!" To meet this criticism, I inclose herewith an affidavit, duly sworn to before a notary public, that I am, and have been since my twenty-first birthday, a man and a hubby.

Very truly yours,
Wilkins Micawber McGillicuddy



MR. MCGILLICUDDY'S DIAGRAM

[AFFIDAVIT]

Binks County, State of Maine.

Wilkins Micawber McGillicuddy, a resident and taxpayer of Binks County, personally known to me, solemnly swears that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, he is a male human being, and has been so since birth; and deponent further swears that, since the thirteenth day of November, 1901, he has been what is unpopularly known in some quarters as a husband, having upon that date entered into the holy bonds of padlock with Marietta Maginnis Hopkins, of Slathersville, Pennsylvania, to all of which I, the undersigned notary public in said Binks County, State of Maine, do add my own sworn testimony as to the truth of the deposition as above of the said Wilkins Micawber McGillicuddy. (Signed)

Witness my hand and seal this twelfth day of June, 19 3. } Hiram Johnson Pikestaff, Notary Public.

My commission expires February 30th, 1941. [SEAL]

S WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

In Doubt?

"Du hast also Deinem Bräutigam erklärt, dasz Du nichts mitbekommst?"
"Gewiss!"
"Was hat er denn dazu gesagt?"
"Er hat geschworen, dasz ihm das gleichgültig ist."
"Und wie verhält er sich seitdem?"
"Ich weiss nicht—er ist nimmer gekommen."

"Then you have explained to your fiance that you will bring no dowry?"

"Certainly."

"What did he say to that?"

"He swore that it was a matter of indifference to him."

"And how has he conducted himself since then?"

"I don't know. He has never come back."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

The Age of Luxury

What we are coming to—Employing a performing dog to amuse your dog.—*Punch* (London).

The Professor Unbends

"Das Vergnügen am Tanze finden wir auch bei den unkultiviertesten Völkern. Ich selbst riskiere manchkmal auch noch recht gern ein Tänzchen!"

"We find that even the worst uncivilized races take pleasure in dancing—I myself at times still gladly take a little turn!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

The Heavy Attack

"Wenn sie nun so klein wär' wie ich, und ich so grost wie sie, und wenn statt Sonnenschein Regen wär' und sie statt dem grossen Hut keinen Schirm hätt', dann wusst' ich gleich, wie ich sie anreden sollt'!"

"If she only were as small as I am, and I as tall as she is, and if, instead of sunshine, it were raining, and she had no umbrella instead of her large hat, then I would soon know how to address her."—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

Disconcerting

Model—It's a horrid shame! You know as well as I do that my figure isn't so sinfully distorted as that!

Impressionist—Ah, my child, when will you understand that it is your soul that I paint, and not your figure?—*Bystander* (London).

Logical

"Hein! quand je vous disais que c'etait un regime merveilleux? Vous n'etes plus le meme homme, maintenant!"

"Vous serez bien aimable d'envoyer votre note a l'autre."

"Well, didn't I tell you that we had here a marvelous treatment? You are not the same man any more!"

"Then be kind enough to send your bill to the other."—*Le Rire* (Paris).

Heavens! Another Newport scandal!

Certainly not! Neauvow's gardener has merely been washing a lawn statue.

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM

"Why, Pa!"

"NO, SIR! In my young days young fellers wa'n't the rapscallions they are nowadays," said old Abner Twitter across the table at the grange supper. "I tell you, we had to walk mighty straight and tumble into bed soon after candlelight, because"——

"Why, pa, how you talk!" interrupted the gentle-appearing little wife of his bosom. "When you used to come to see me, I thought sometimes you never *would* go, and now and then you didn't until my pa yelled downstairs that if you didn't he'd help start you off and"——

"Oh, of course, when a feller was doing his courtin', it was different; but the rule was that he had to be at home reasonably early and walk straight once he was there. There was none of the high jinks young chaps play nowadays with their"——

"Why, pa, I guess you've forgot how you come to have that scar on your left temple! I have heard you tell many a time that you got it at midnight once when you an' a lot of the other boys was stealing old Eben Dodd's early June apples, and he come out after you with his gun loaded with beans, and you fell from the top rail of a ten-rail fence and cut your head on a dry twig, and it left that scar; and you said you give your leg such a wrench you limped for a week, and"——

"Well, of course, we *did* now and then play a prank or two; but it was mighty seldom we broke away from the leadin' strings of our parents, and when they spoke we never answered back, but just toed the mark and"——

"Why, pa, I've heard your ma tell how you was such a contrary little tike your pa had to keep a hick'ry hangin' by a string on a nail in some handy place, just for your benefit, and that he had to use it twice a day sometimes, and once you was shut up and fed on bread and water for three days for sassin' the minister; and I've heard your pa say that ev'ry time you got a lickin' at school he give you another one when you got home, and"——

"I don't pertend to say that boys was perfect in my young days, but I do say that they had to mind their ps and qs as they don't now, and you never heard of such a thing as a 'boy gang' goin' round cuttin' up the didoes these 'gangs' cut up now when they"——

"Why, pa, I guess you forget how you and six or eight other boys used to meet at that old cave up there in the river bluffs and sally forth at night cuttin' up your tricks! You used to rob hen roosts and watermelon patches and kick on doors, and then run off in the darkness, whoopin' and yellin' like a passel o' Ute Injuns. La, no, you never cut up no capers when you was a boy! What did you call 'em?"

"Well, natchrelly, we had a little fun now and then; but when it come to the devilment boys git into nowadays, we wa'n't in it with 'em, and we"——

"Why, pa, I should call it devilment if a lot of boys dressed up as wild Injuns and went around in the night givin' war whoops and blowin' on tin horns and settin' fire to brush heaps and breakin' into folks' cellars to git cider and done all the things I've heerd you and a lot more o' little tikes done years ago, when you"——

"Pass me that pie, will you, please, Brother Hadley? Got your corn all in yet, an' how many potaters you mean to plant this year?" —*Max Merryman.*

Delayed

"Guess Brown will be getting married now that he's bought the house he's been saving up for so long."

"Not yet; he got a house so far out in the suburbs that he has to save up for an auto."

The Day After

May—I hear that Marie Pauvre threw over young Stocksand Bonds and then accepted him the next day.

Fay—Oh, yes! She believes in the referendum and recall. The day after she refused him she looked up his rating in Bradstreet's and changed her mind.

Proverb

Discretion is the better part of virtue.

THE SENSE OF SIGHT

Harry—Ma, can the new maid see in the dark?
Mother—No, why?
Harry—Because I heard her tell pa in the hall last night he hadn't shaved.

Antiquated

"MY DEAR" said the proud father, "I cannot understand your objection to young Prudely as a suitor for your hand. I am sure that he is a model young man."

"There is no question about his being a model," replied the bewitching beauty; "but, father, dear, the trouble is that he is a 1912 model."

Her Craving

Sentimental he—As we sit here, gazing on the beautiful ocean, your eyes seem to speak an unsatisfied longing. Tell me, darling. What is it you crave?

Temperamental she—I just *love* lobsters!

Why Women Couldn't, but Now Can, Get the Vote

A. D. 1613	A. D. 1913
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;	Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever.	Men *now* deceive you never.
One foot on sea, the other on shore,	Discovered on sea, found out on shore,
Constant to one thing never!	Constant to *all* of you ever!
as he wrote then.	*and would write now.*
SHAKESPEARE	—*Curtis Dunham.*

A Born Diplomat

"THAT son Hen o' mine is a born dipplemat," said Uncle Ab Tansy, with a chuckle, when he and Uncle Ti Dodge met at a wayside spring to let their horses drink from the watering trough.

"How's that?" asked Uncle Ti.

THE REMARKABLE CHANGE A FEW YEARS HAVE MADE IN MRS. JONES'S SHAPE.

"Wal, sir, if you could o' been over to our place yistiday, when Hen was sellin' his little roan two-year-old colt to old Sim Peters, you'd have no need to ask why I say Hen is a born dipplemat. Fust thing he done when old Sim got theer was to ask him to come into the house, an' then he brung up a couple o' quarts o' cider an' a pan o' apples, without sayin' a word about havin' a colt to sell. Then he smelled his ma a-fryin' doughnuts, an' he goes out an' brings in a plate of 'em hot from the fat; an' after Si had et five of 'em, he played him five or six tunes on his phonygraph, an' when one o' them big op'ry singers had sung a piece, if Hen didn't up an' say that he didn't think that her voice could compare to Si's daughter Lyddy's voice—an' so it couldn't, for Lyddy's voice is a sort o' a cross between a hyener at bay an' an old Susan Beane callin' home her keows. Well, sir, if Hen didn't do all that an' two or three other little things before he so much as said the word 'colt,' an' blamed if he didn't sell that critter for twenty-five dollars more'n it was wuth an' that much more than you or me could of got for it. Next time Pres'dent Wooderow Wilson is lookin' for a dipplemat, he better send for Hen, for if he ain't a born one I can't say it!"

—*Ellis Evans.*

BETWEEN FRIENDS

Mrs. Smythe—What do you suppose made Jack say the color in my cheeks reminded him of strawberries?

Mrs. Browne—Probably because they both come in boxes!

Then Friendship Snapped

Edna—What sort of game shall we play on those college fellows? Romantic love or just plain flirtation?

Doris—Let's divide up. I'll be romantic and you be the plain flirt.

GLAD OF IT

Wife—You are a different sort of man than my first husband.
Husband—Yes, thank goodness! I am alive.

Hank, the Half-back

ONCE upon a time, an Eastern college had a very famous half-back named Hank Hawkins.

For a time this Hank was so famous that no newspaper could possibly go to press with its sporting page if no mention of the great warrior figured in its columns. As for pictures—my! the papers were full of them—Hank punting, Hank making a forward pass, Hank spinning a man on his ear by means of a dare-devil tackle. Hank's face was as familiar to newspaper readers as the maker of a certain celebrated shoe. He was a national character, a national hero at twenty-two.

And then the crash came. Hank graduated and left the dear old college. The rest of his life was a tragedy. Used as he was to columns and columns of newspaper publicity, with one-, two- and three-column portraits of himself, Hank expected as much notice in other lines of endeavor as he got during the four years he played 'varsity football. He felt peeved and hurt when it came not his way. As a result, he was peeved most of the time.

To summarize the sad story of his subsequent life, let us say that Hank's name appeared in the newspapers exactly five times in twenty years—once in his marriage notice (he paid for that), twice when he was "among those present," once when he was called to serve on the grand jury, and once when he died. It was believed by those who knew him that the prospect of some slight publicity in the death notice did much to hasten Hank's demise.

From which we should learn: That it is better not to be famous at all than to be famous too soon.—*Harry Hamilton.*

Modern Conditions

"I'd like to get that son of mine to spade up the yard."

"Well, why don't you direct him to do it?"

"I don't know if I have a right to, without consulting his scout commissioner."

The Higher Education

"YOUR homily"—I started off
To compliment the sweet girl grad.,
Of charming ways, much learned in books.
She cut me with her eyes, and said,
"Please hold your tongue about my looks!"

Ladies' Day

"Curious how changes come with time, eh?"

"What, for instance?"

"Oh, once men used to take a club to their women; now they take their women to a club."

Prize Poem

A lynx-eyed old sleuth up in Ottawa
Arrested a rogue, who soon gottawa.
The sleuth drew a Bolivar
Of a great big revolivar,
But, alas! every load had been shottawa.

Disinterested Devotion

"She evidently loves her husband for himself alone."

"Why so?"

"She takes in washing to support him."

ALL THERE

Cityman (irritably, at the close of an unsuccessful day)—Did anybody ever catch anything in this pond?
Rustique—Not that I ever heern tell on, mister.
Cityman—Then what did you mean by telling me this morning that the pond was full of fish?
Rustique—That 's why it ought to be full—there ain't none on 'em ever been caught!

SPOILING HER PLEASURE

Wife (reading telegram from hubby)—Cook has left, so has cat; canary getting dissatisfied. Wire instructions

The Difference

A VISION rare, Priscilla fair!
What pretty grace! What soft brown hair!
In dainty gown, with sash and bow
And silks and lace of long ago—
A vision bright!

But Caroline has got her beat,
With slitted skirt and hobbled feet;
In filmy hose that bear a clocking,
And other things by far too shocking—
For she's a *sight!*

—*Prentice Abbot.*

Which One Was He?

Miss Peachey—And so you are one of a pair of twins, Mr. Spry. Are you the right one or the left one?

Mr. Spry—That, my dear young lady, all depends upon you.

Viewpoints

"You shouldn't be dissatisfied," said the Optimist. "Look at all you have."

"Yes," assented the Pessimist; "but look at all I haven't."

Not Particular

That June's the month for weddings
Is known to all, of course;
But almost any month will do
For getting a divorce.

Obvious

Madge—You girls didn't try to play baseball in your hobbles, did you?

Marjorie—Gracious, no! They'd have got onto our curves.

Lost Labor

It is a waste of time for some men to collect their thoughts.

Why

I LOVED her not because she was
A heart-disturbing beauty. No,
I did not lose my heart to her
Because her voice was sweet and low.

If you must know the reason why,
To give the answer, here I pause:
She never piped that stereotyped,
That non-committal "Just because."

—*Will Herbert.*

GREAT EVENTS

Husband—Let me see, How many years is it since the San Francisco earthquake?

Wife—It happened on the eighteenth of April, ninteen hundred and six, the day after Willie cut his first tooth.

How It Was Done

She of the chorus—How did you persuade the manager to give you more salary?

She of the ballet—Oh, I simply put up an exceptionally good kick.

If

Many a good fellow would be batting .400 in the game of life if there was any way to cash Kelly Pool enthusiasm.

The Popular Miss

There was a young woman
Who lived in a stew;
She had so many sweethearts,
She didn't know what to do.
So, to treat them with kindness
And be partial to none,
She kissed them all soundly
And hugged every one.

Fate

Life is a moving picture, and the film often breaks just at the interesting place.

PLEASED

Freddy Littleboy—Madam, I hope you will pardon me for so rudely colliding with you. I did not see you.

Miss Fattenfurty—Flatterer!

The Coming Maude

By TOM W. JACKSON

MAUDE MULLER, one day, eating fudge,
Looked up and saw the county judge.

Maude was a pretty girl, all right;
His honor fell in love at sight.

And, when about a month had fled,
Maude promised that the judge she'd wed.

Then o'er the judge's pathway came
A wealthy, proud and stately dame.

The judge, then, for ambition's sake,
Poor little Maude resolved to shake.

An ardent suffragette was Maude,
Chairwoman of the county board.

"I'll get square," Maude said, "without fail."
So told her party her sad tale.

Judge had elected been in fall;
In spring they voted his recall.

The haughty dame refused to wed.
"You are no longer judge," she said.

This lesson sad he learned, you bet:
"Don't monkey with a suffragette!"

The man who earns every penny of a dollar knows what a dollar means.

An Exaggerated Report

Lindstrom—I hear that Billums turned all his property into bonds, disinherited his son, who married a chambermaid, and left everything to a college.

Janiver—Oh, he wasn't so mean as that! Under the terms of the will, the college will have to employ the son, at a salary of seven dollars a week, to cut off its coupons.

Showing His Joy

A dark Filipino, in Jolo,
Said, "I'm glad Uncle Sam won at polo;
For my love's deep, you see,
For the folks 'cross the sea."
Then he whetted the edge of his bolo.

"What is your wife doing?"

"Well, she's either dressing or undressing for the ball, I can't tell which."

Not Thinking of Wilhelm

THERE may have been a time when there would have been those to contend that the Brooklyn schoolboy in question did not return an entirely incorrect answer to a certain question put to him. As it was, however, it must be confessed that the boy got his history and physical geography somewhat mixed.

"What is the Kaiser?" asked the teacher.

"The Kaiser," said the boy, "is a stream of hot water that spouts up and disturbs the earth."

Naturally

"I should like to get an engagement with my circus of trained fleas," remarked the vaudevillian.

"You'll have to try it on the dog first," replied the booking agent.

PROMISING

Polydore—I see Carnegie thinks the prospects very bright for universal peace.

Coriolanus—Well, if the countries that are already fighting can be persuaded to stop, and those that are preparing for war can be induced to change their minds, the outlook will be very promising.

WATCHING OUR FUNNY WORLD GO BY

By HOMER CROY

Entertaining a Strange Dentist

A CHICAGO dentist has a new plan for producing unconsciousness in his customers. Before extracting a tooth, he whirls the patient around and around in a revolving chair until the ailing man has lost consciousness; then he proceeds to bring out the troublesome tooth.

"WITH BOTH HANDS HE DIVED INTO THE PLACE."

As inviting as this sounds, it doesn't make us quiver with eagerness to be whirled around and around in his single-row merry-go-around. We never went to a dentist but once to have any excavation or concrete work done, but we remember it as though it was this morning. He was a large, florid man, with a kindly face, who looked as though he loved animals. He may have, but he didn't have any use for us.

Smiling pleasantly, he asked us to open our mouth. We opened it to the best of our ability; suddenly the pleasant expression slid off his face like a blanket, and his real character came out. With both hands he dived into the place we had just made for him and began making himself at home. He didn't find just what suited him at first, and so he rolled up his sleeves and climbed in to his elbows. We felt that this was no way for a stranger to act on so short acquaintance, but we couldn't say anything—anyway, not until he crawled out. He had his elbows on our tongue, and this kept us from saying just what we thought.

He seemed to be enjoying himself so much that we hated to ask him to come out and tell us what he had seen, so we could laugh, too. So we waited until he saw fit to return; but he kept finding more and more points of interest, climbing into crevices and looking into dark corners where no explorer had ever before set foot. We could feel him scaling one side of our mouth, leisurely prospecting here and there, later to find him trying to get under one of our teeth.

When he grew tired of our mouth and tried to crawl farther back into our affairs, we decided that it was time to call a halt. We didn't care if he was a sensitive man and that it might hurt his feelings—he had no right to intrude on our privacy that way. He kept crawling and crawling. He seemed to think that we were built on the European plan and was hunting the dining-room. So we waved our hands to attract his attention, to explain that we hadn't cleaned up that day and weren't expecting visitors. We didn't know where he was going, and we thought we would explain to him that, if we had been expecting him to drop in, we would have fixed things up a bit better. But the man was ingulfed by his work and paid no heed to our signals. We tried to explain to him that he had passed our teeth long ago, but, when we tried to speak, we found that he was sitting on our tongue. So we reached in, got him by the ankle, and pulled him out.

"I have found what is the matter!" said the dentist enthusiastically, hunting through his tools until he came across something the plumber had forgotten. "You have a sore tooth!"

"Yes," we agreed. "We've thought as much for a week, but you are the first outsider that has noticed it."

We have never tried being whirled around and around in a revolving chair until we became unconscious, but, if this Chicago dentist doesn't make any personal tours of inspection, we would like to have his name and street number, in case our tooth has a relapse.

A Bejeweled Hen

A FEW days ago a boy in Hammonton, N. J., was eating a hard-boiled egg, when he bit something hard. He investigated, and it turned out to be a ruby weighing half a carat.

We could never understand before why anybody wanted to eat hard-boiled eggs, but we're getting warm, all right. If we could get a guaranteed hen, we might be tempted to try them a few mornings ourself. But if the hen was intermittent in her work and we had to go a couple of mornings without setting our teeth on something hard, we would be sorry that we had ever placed trust and confidence in the feathered mine and would turn her out of house and home, with hot, stinging words. We would call her a deceiver and an adventuress and lose all faith in her sex. We know that a person is not a gentleman who will speak unfeelingly to a hen, but we would so lose control of ourself for having been duped into eating hard-boiled eggs that we would fly into a passion and tell the hen never to show her face in our yard again. Then it would be just our luck, the next morning after we had broken her heart, for her to rise to the occasion with an emerald, and in a couple of mornings develop an ambition along the tiara line.

First Stop on the Honeymoon Express

ARCHEOLOGISTS sent out by the French government have just uncovered a very interesting city near the Euphrates. This city is far older than Babylon itself. Its name is the City of Kiss. We don't know how the city got its name, but we have a pretty good idea. There may have been an early settler there by the name of Kiss, but we hardly think so. It is more likely a young man and girl there were surprised in a hammock by a heartless stranger who had influence in naming the village.

"THE PLACE SOUNDS ATTRACTIVE TO US."

We hope the city will be restored. If there is good bathing near, so that the place can be fixed up as a summer resort, with a lot of pretty girls in brilliantly colored bathing suits walking up and down the beach, there is no reason why the city should not become immensely popular. Some way or other, the place sounds attractive to us, and, if it is going to be revived, we think we'll look up the fare.

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

Really! Really!

Tramp (to the elderly spinster)—Gimme a pair o' boots, lidy.

Spinster—I haven't any to give away.

Tramp—Then arst yer 'usbin' if 'e ain't got an ole pair o' trowsers to spare.

Spinster (not wishing to betray her unwedded state)—My husband—er—never wears such things.—*Sketch* (London).

The Wonderful Child

Mutter—Nun, Karlchen, wollen wir 'mal der Tante zeigen, wie schön Du schon Deine Geographie kannst. Sag' mir 'mal: Was hat Berge und Täler und ist rund wie eine Kugel?

Karlchen (nach reiflicher Uberlegung)—Die Tante.

Mother—Now, Charley, let us show auntie how well you know your geography. Tell us what has mountains and valleys and is round like a ball?

Charley (after mature consideration)—Auntie.—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Nature's Inspiration

Monsieur Gamboge de Terre-Verte, the celebrated landscape painter, even when in town always works direct from nature. —*Bystander* (London).

The Invalid

"Wollt ihr Malefizlausbuben wohl diesen Lärm unterlassen, ihr wißt doch, daß ich krank bin!"

"Will you little devils stop this racket? You know I am sick!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Statistics

"Il naît plus de garçons que de filles."
Quand j'te dis qu'une femme a droit à au moins un homme et demi."

"There are born more boys than girls."

"Didn't I tell you that a woman is entitled to at least one man and a half?"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

A Prodigy.

Vater (stolz)—Ein musikalischer Bengel ist's doch, mein Willi. Uls ich ihn soeben vor dem Klavier zwischen den Knien hielt, um ihn durchzuprügeln, hat er hinter mir die Begleitung dazu gespielt.

Proud father—My Willie is a musical rascal. Just now, as I held him over my knees in front of the piano and gave him a beating, he reached out and played an accompaniment."—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

HE WHO RUNS MAY READ

The Day We Celebrate

"THIS is the day we celebrate—
Look out, son! You will shock
Aunt Kate!

"There's something doing everywhere"—
Bang! "Gee! That was an awful scare!

"That boy of ours can make more noise"—
Bang! bang! — "than fourteen common boys!

"He has enough explosives to
Destroy a battleship or two.

"Gee whiz! I wish he hadn't got
Hold of that old tin coffee pot!

"He puts a cannon cracker in,
And then it makes an awful din!

"I shouldn't care, did I not know
That ere long he'll be his own foe.

"There! Just as I expected, he
Holds up a mangled hand to me!

"I guess peace must be hard to get—
It seems the war's not ended yet!"

-Charles H. Meiers.

The Future Butterfly

Mrs. Gadsby—How are you spending your vacation?

Mrs. Grubb—Sewing for Madam Modeest.

Mrs. Gadsby—Oh, my dear!

Mrs. Grubb—I had to have the money. I'm sending my husband abroad this year.

YOUR SPECIAL VACATION NOTICE

PLEASE REMEMBER when you go on your vacation, that the Post Office Department will not forward your JUDGE from your residence to your new vacation address, unless you notify the postmaster, at your place of residence, that you desire to have your papers sent temporarily to your new address and leave the postage with him so that he can forward your publications.

If your vacation should be for A MONTH OR MORE advise us of your old and new address and we will forward your papers directly from this office, and it will be unnecessary to advise your postmaster, but bear in mind that it takes from ten days to two weeks for us to make a change of address so that it will be necessary during that time to have the postmaster look after your papers.

Be particular to send us your old as well as your new address. By carefully complying with these requests you will save yourself a lot of trouble and insure the prompt and regular delivery of the publications for which you have subscribed. LESLIE-JUDGE CO., 225 Fifth Ave., New York

The Mortgage

SI JENKINS bought a house and lot,
On easy terms, one day;
A little down in cash was all
He was required to pay.
The smiling agent gladly took
A mortgage for the rest.
"It's fine," said Si, "in real estate
Your savings to invest!"

He saved and slaved from year to year
The interest to meet;
He hadn't clothes upon his back,
Nor shoes upon his feet.
And when an earthquake came at last,
And, like a hungry bear,
Just gobbled up the house and lot,
The mortgage still was there!

—Minna Irving.

Pellets of Pessimism

Philanthropy is the most effective form of advertising.

The innocent bystander soon loses his innocence or ceases to bystand.

If you treat a woman well, she will immediately suspect you of treating some other woman better.

The quiet fifth of July is greatly appreciated after the noisy fourth.

1776 THE TYRANTS 1913

If a Lad Love

IF A LAD love and a lass never care,
Now tell me, come tell me, what shall a lad do?
Sit down with his trouble and dine off despair,
While other lads sit with their sweethearts and woo?
No, no! Let me tell you, that never would do!
No, never would do!

There's only one thing I can think on to do—
Only one thing, and I'd do it, I swear!
Although, it is true, 'tis old as 'tis new—
Just kiss her and kiss her, however she flare,
And take ye no care whatever she swear,
Whatever she swear, sir, or do.

For women be women, and care not a hair
For the man who don't dare, however he woo;
And they who would win 'em, foul weather or fair,
Must fly them, not follow, and they will pursue:
And that is the way, let me tell you, to woo!
The way, sir, to woo!—*Madison Cawein.*

Would Can the Peaches

JONES was showing his wife and her friend, Mrs. Brown, around the new offices. He left them in the waiting-room for a few minutes, while he answered a telephone call, and the conversation between the two women drifted to household matters.

"And have you put up much fruit this year, Mrs. Jones?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Not very much so far," answered Mrs. Jones; "but," as her gaze wandered across the room, where several pretty stenographers were working, "I intend to can a few peaches very soon."

The Bright Side

"It is said that more than one person has been killed by kissing."

"Yes; but isn't it great stuff if you live through it?"

The Happy Man

He—They say Sally Simpson is married—at last.

She—Who's the happy man?

He—Her father, of course.

The Waning of the Moon

HIS LINEN is immaculate;
His nails are neatly manicured.
Her powdered nose no freckle shows,
Her hair has lately been coiffured.
They sit in a secluded nook,
And surreptitiously they spoon;
And we who see them smile, because
We know they're on their honeymoon.

Upon the bosom of his shirt
A stain of egg is evident;
Round him and his apparel clings
A very strong tobacco scent.
She, in a state of negligee,
Toys carelessly with knife and spoon.
Alas! She can't or won't avert
The waning of the honeymoon.

Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil.

In Washington

Eastern applicant—They talk about public office bein' a public trust——

Western office-seeker—And then they hang the "No Trust" sign all over this town.

A Real Sleeper

Attorney for the defendant—Isn't your husband subject to insomnia?

Prosecuting wife—Insomnia? Well, I guess not! That man couldn't be kept awake if his pajamas were lined with mustard plasters!

He Got His

Grouch—There goes a man who robbed me of a large fortune.

Gink—He robbed you of a fortune, and still he is enjoying his liberty!

Grouch—Not by a darned sight! He married the rich widow I was after.

Taken Out Too Soon

Mrs. Newlywed—These hen's eggs seem very small this morning.

Farmer—Can't help it, lady.

Mrs. Newlywed—Well, let my next ones stay in the nests a little longer.

IN UTAH

Client—Judge, what is the penalty for bigamy?

Judge—Plural mothers-in-law.

Summer Nights

Little tender squeezes,
Now and then a kiss,
Fill a summer evening
Brimming full of bliss.

Lead and Follow

Affable city hostess—You do not seem to be having a good time. Don't you like our social leaders?

Uncle Eben—You bet I do! It's your durned unsocial followers that I don't like.

AMIABILITY

Matron (insisting upon the unfashionableness of equestrianism)—I think a woman looks a fright on a horse. I long ago gave it up for motoring. *The Svelte One*—But I'm still slender enough to look well on horseback, you know.

POP

By JANE VIVIAN

MILDRED BURNHAM drove her own car—for a few miles—aided by an infant sister, aged six. The infant was composed of a very short blue dress, bare brown legs, sandals and a large black bow tied on the top of her head.

Mildred looked exactly like the infant, grown up.

Their father was a banker and their mother a most charming woman. The parents left their home in care of a housekeeper and started for Panama. The elder daughter waited until they were without the three-mile limit; then, followed by the infant, she went to the garage.

"I would like my car, please." Mildred had a determined look in her eyes, which the man whom she addressed noted. He turned the matter over to the superintendent.

"Miss Burnham, your car is laid up."

"Wot laid it up?" queried the infant.

"Your father. He discharged the chauffeur before he left and had the car dismantled."

"Well, mantle it up, please. Sister and I are going to use it."

The man looked at "sister."

"Yes, I am going to learn to run it this afternoon."

"Oh, very well. I will send a chauffeur with you."

"No, thank you. I prefer to learn by myself." Miss Burnham's manner showed plainly that, as far as she was concerned, the incident was closed. But it wasn't, because the superintendent had an active mind. He went behind the scenes.

"Put about a pint of gasoline in that car and roll it out."

Presently a seven-passenger touring car, manned with a pint of gas, appeared. The Misses Burnham got in, the older with much confidence, the younger with much delight. They went through the doors some way without removing either of them and turned the corner without turtling. Fortunately the road was long and straight. Thanks to the forethought of the superintendent, the gas gave out before the road did, and the car stopped.

Dwight Ellis was driving his car, coming from the opposite direction. When he saw the young ladies stalled by the roadside, he alighted and walked up to them.

"What can I do for you?" he asked cheerfully.

"I'm sure I don't know. Do you?" replied the older girl.

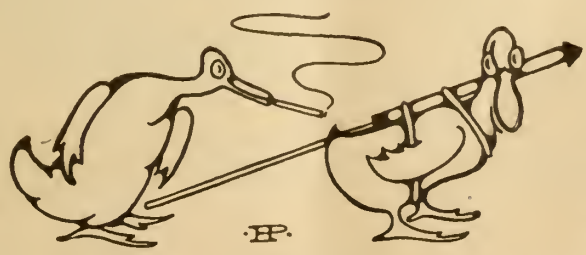
"I rather think you have no gas. If this child will get out, I will see."

"Hold out your arms like pop does, an' I'll jump."

He obeyed, and she fulfilled her part of the contract with such force that he nearly lost his balance. "A pretty burden," he thought, as the child slipped from his grasp.

"That isn't the way pop catches me. He don't wabble!"

"Pardon me!" he said. "My awkwardness was due to over-anxiety. Next time I will make a left-handed running catch of you that will get my picture on the sporting page!"



AMBITION

"Just touch her off, old man. I'll show some of those other birds that they have nothing on me when it comes to flying."

I SHOULD SMILE

Chlorinda—How can you dream of marrying a man who writes such stupid love letters?
Marigold—But just think, dear—he can write the most beautiful checks, and that's the main thing after one is married.

"That's where they always put pop's picture."

"Why, Doris, father never had his picture in the paper!"

The child looked at Mr. Ellis defiantly.

"Well, anyway, he's going to!"

"Because of your loyalty and your eyelashes, my child, much will be forgiven you!" said the man, to whom the infant already appealed.

"Pop says my lashes are long enough to braid." She closed one eye for a sample and looked at him meditatively out of the other, but he turned his attention from beauty to gasoline.

"It is just as I suspected. You haven't an atom of gas."

"No? Well, just turn a few of those buttons down there, then perhaps the thing will go."

"There's something the matter with the clock," piped the infant. "That won't go, either. I guess if that would go, the car would go, too."

Dwight Ellis began to feel as though life were worth living. "What you two know about motor cars could be typewritten on a postage stamp. Evidently the pleasure of getting you to the village is forced upon me."

"But we don't know you," said the older girl.

"That's my misfortune. Yours is lack of gas. Seriously, now, how were you proposing to get home?"

"Why, I was going to run the car in, as soon as I got it turned around."

"Shades of Pierce, Peerless and Packard! As soon as you got it turned around! How were you going to do that, may I ask?"

"I don't know—exactly. Some of those things underneath are what father turns it with."

"Excuse me," he said, "but does your father conduct his operas with or without a score?"

"Pop isn't a conductor! He keeps a bank!" said the infant, with great disdain.

"Oh, I thought he was a musician. He runs his car like one!"

"Did you mean is pop a trolley-car conductor? 'Cause he ain't."

"'Ain't,'" thought the man. "I wonder who in her family says 'ain't'!"

The man sat down on the ground, and the child sat down beside him. She leaned toward him in the most confiding manner. "Sister said she could bluff it through, but she can't, can she?"

The ingratiating sweetness of the infant effaced the memory of the almost fatal "ain't," and, with a manner as confiding as her own, he whispered that he did not think she could.

The elder sister was entirely unmoved by the stress of the automobile storm. "You crank up for me, please, and I will go."

"Crank up for you! Fair stranger, were you ever in an auto before?"

"Yes, thousands of times; but I never paid any attention to running it, though I picked up a little by listening to what father said when he was working under the car."

"If your father used the standard-gauge language for under-car service, what you picked up won't be of material use to you!"

"Mother said his language wasn't fit to use anywhere—except under a car!"

"I'd like to meet your father! Perhaps I can, if you will allow me to take you home. We can tie your sister onto my suit-case rack"——

"I don't want to be tied onto your suit-case rack. I want to ride in front, where I can push the hands of the clock round and round with my toes."

The man looked at the clock on the stalled car and saw that considerable damage had been done to its face by this young person's feet.

"I was going to say, a long time ago," said the elder sister, "that father isn't to blame because I know nothing about the technique of a car. I was always on the back seat"——

BREAKING UP THE GAME

"Confound you! The bases were full, with slugger Mike at the bat, and you had to go and wake me up!"

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

The End of Suspense

He (about to depart after rejection)—This, then, is your final decision?

She (firmly)—It is.

He—Then I shall post those satin suspenders to you; or will you have them now?—*Sketch* (London).

The Wonders of Natural History

This dog, not having a tail to wag to show his joy at his master's return, has developed a remarkable power of facial expression.—*Punch* (London).

The Cheerful Liar

Frau—Wie kommen denn die vielen Damen hier an den Tisch?

Gatte—Ach, du weiszt ja, wie kurzsichtig ich bin; ich dachte immer, du wärst es und winkte ihnen.

Wife—How does it happen that all these ladies are at your table?

Husband—Well, you know how short-sighted I am! I thought in each case it was you, and beckoned to them.—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

A Ready Excuse

Mutter—Uber, Herr Müller, wie kommen Sie dazu, meine Tochter in der Klavierstunde zu küssen!

Musiklehrer—Ach, sehen Sie, hier steht halt andante con amore!

Mother—But, Mr. Miller, how do you come to kiss my daughter during the piano lesson?

Music teacher—Well, you see, it says here andante con amore!—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Sport Enthusiasts

"Hermann, fahr' nich so schnell, wer weist, ob sie hier nich ooch Draht gespannt haben!"

"Don't drive so fast, Herman! Who knows but what they have stretched a wire across here, too."—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

Corrected

Benevolent lady (at Whitsuntide school treat)—Well, Lizzie, and who's your little friend?

Lizzie—"Little friend," Miss Smiff? That ain't me "little friend"; that's me feller!—*Punch* (London).

In the Zoo

"Uber, Mama, warum sagst Du immer zum Papa Kamel.—er sieht doch gar nicht so aus?!"

"But, mamma, why do you always call papa a camel? He doesn't look at all like one."—*Jugend* (Munich).

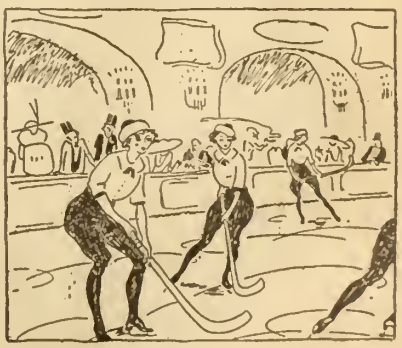
Youth at the Barber's

"Eh bien, garçon! Qu'est-ce que vous attendez pour me raser?"

"J'attends—que ça pousse!"

"Well, boy, what are you waiting for? To shave me?"

"I am waiting—for something to grow."—*Le Rire* (Paris).



Criticism

"Schau nur, wie sich die Elfriede wieder stellt. Das graziöseste an ihr ist noch das Schlagholz."

"Just see what a position Elfrida takes! The most graceful part of her is the hockey stick!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

EVOLUTION OF A RACCOON

A Watch To Waste

By HOMER CROY

A KANSAS burglar broke into a stranger's house the other day and stole a three-dollar watch. After keeping it a few days, he slipped back and returned it. The people of Kansas think this is very queer, but to me it does not seem strange.

I once had a three-dollar watch.

It was just after they were put on the market, and I often carried it. Sometimes I wouldn't carry it more than a couple of blocks. Then I would leave it and come back the next morning, while I was feeling fresh, and get it. I was not afraid of anybody stealing it, unless he brought a conveyance. It would not pay a light-fingered person to hire a rig just to purloin a three-dollar watch. I can see in my mind's eye the look of surprise and chagrin that would come over the thief's face should he chance to come across my watch in some doorway late at night and try to pick it up. He would soon have to retire, baffled.

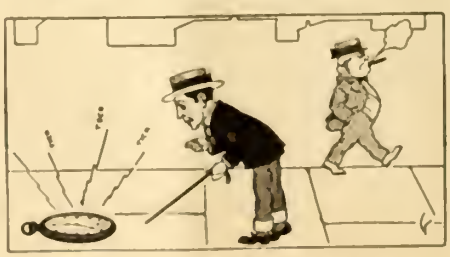
It was a large watch, as watches go. Only mine rarely went. One time I stepped on a banana peel and mashed over two innocent, bright-eyed children and a man with burnsides. I did not know that he had burnsides until a patrolman got him out of the asphalt, or I would have tried harder to spare the children.

No gentleman could wind that watch. I have tried it time and time and again. He might think he was a gentleman until he got into its throes, but the neighbors on his block wouldn't let their children play outside after dusk.

To wind it, I had to throw it prone on its face and cow it with a stove lifter. Then I would reach into its better self, blushing to my collar at the liberties I was taking, as a gentleman of breeding well might, and grope around until I came across one of the more prominent handlebars. Taking advantage of my sex, I would twist and turn the machinery until I was thoroughly ashamed of myself. Stepping out, I would get the watch over on its flank, and, summoning up courage, look down into its open, frank face. Its look of pain and mortification at my familiarity would make me miserable the rest of the afternoon. Stifling my sense of shame, I would examine it carefully, to find that I had merely been whirling the second hand around.

Not caring a whit for the plaudits or the contumely of the world, I would get under the watch and get it over on its face again. Then I would show more partiality in selecting a lever; I wouldn't take the first one I came across, but look over the whole selection and finally choose one in some out-of-the-way corner. I would try, as best I could, to select a lever that I believed to be intimately associated with the daily conduct of the watch. I would twist this around until I felt that I had done all that was expected of me, and then take another look at the face of the watch. Then I would find that I had set it ahead eleven hours and twenty minutes.

With a dogged, determined air so characteristic of successful men, I would tell my family good-by and return to the front. After my eyes had become accustomed to the dark, I would come across the part that tightened the mainspring. Bracing my feet against some of the stronger joists, I would twist the winding part until I felt that none could point a finger at me and say that I had not lived a life of usefulness. Then I would withdraw. I would get the timepiece upon my knees, and finally work it into my pocket. By noon it would be run down again.



"I WAS NOT AFRAID OF ANYBODY STEALING IT."

But when it chose to run, it went at it vigorously. It ticked so awfully loud that my more immediate relatives moved far over to the West Side, and it jarred so there was always a large bruised spot under my watch pocket. A younger brother borrowed it to go fishing, and when he came back he said that it had rocked the boat and jarred the guide so that he had to go three miles down the bend to spend the night. If this was not my brother, I would think it was an exaggeration; but our family is not prone to exaggeration.

I could not lose this instrument to save me. One time I put it in a bag with six kittens and took it down to the river's brink. I tossed it into the angry waters and returned to my abode, a light-hearted man. But peace and joy were not mine for long. The six humiliated creatures beat me home, only slightly wet behind the ears. The watch had shaken the bag to pieces and worked its way to shore. The next day two boys brought it to me, on a stick between them, and demanded a reward. I told them they had shown splendid honesty and that they might keep the watch. Then I shut the door. The next day, as I was going through a vacant lot, somebody hit me with a rock, much to the chagrin of a favorite rib; but I have never found out who the guilty parties were.

The watch was later found by an Italian groceryman in his basement. He had been receiving threatening letters, and so the watch was wheeled to the bureau of combustibles, where an assistant was maimed in the thigh when the mainspring slipped.

The people in Kansas may think it queer that the burglar returned the timepiece, but it is no mystery to me. The burglar probably loved his family devotedly and could not bear to see his innocent babes playing with the weapon.

Bang! bang! He let go both barrels, but the bird was just out of range

Cubisti..ally Speaking

HE CLASPED her slender cubiform
In his rectangular embrace;
He gazed on her rhomboidal charm
With passionate, prismatic face.

He stroked her rectilinear locks;
Then, with a sound like prying strips
From off a trapezoidal box,
He kissed her squarely on the lips.

—*Frederick Moxon.*

Interested

Husband (at police station)—They say you have caught the fellow who robbed our house night before last.

Sergeant—Yes. Do you want to see him?

Husband—Sure! I'd like to talk to him. I want to know how he got in without waking my wife. I've been trying to do that for the last twenty years.

Wrong Kind

Mrs. Benham—You said that, after we were married, life would be one grand, sweet song.

Benham—But I didn't refer to chin music.

A Feminine Perquisite

Crawford—So you're going away to the country? Have you your trunk packed yet?

Crabshaw—No; my wife saved me the trouble. She filled it with all her own things.

Felicitations

"Come on; take a ride!" the motorist cried,
To his best girl, Nancy Lee.
Ten miles from town the old thing broke down—
"Come on; take a *walk!*" quoth she.—*R. J. Walsh.*

Homemade

Little Catharine had heard a great deal said about homemade things. One day, when her mother asked her how she would like a little brother or sister, she replied, "It would be all right if it was homemade."

Hope's paper is good only when indorsed by Ability and Labor.

The Way It Goes

WHEN Bobby went swinging along up the street
He was good to behold, from his hat to his feet;
And many a maiden he happened to meet
Half turned to look after the youth going by,
And the bolder ones strove for a glance from his eye.
But he kept to his way, looking natty and trim,
Unconscious that any were looking at him.

When Freddy went tripping along through the crowd,
He looked well enough, though his garments were loud;
But he fancied his smile would make any girl proud,
So he ogled the girls as he strutted along,
And was certain there wasn't a girl in the throng
Who wasn't dead crazy about him in sooth,
Though very few troubled to glance at the youth.

—*Walter G. Doty.*

And He Did

Waiter—Here is your soft-boiled egg, sir. Is there anything else I can do for you?

Patron—Yes; beat it.

There is a reason even for the kick of a mule.

RAILROAD TERM—LONG AND SHORT HAUL

A WEDDING A LA TANGO

Apostrophe to a Fly

OH, FLY! oh, pesky fly, with eye full keen,
Thou art enough to cause one suicide,
As thou doth every means to thwart thee quite deride
And laughest at the swatter and the screen.
Oh, fly, bowed down with cholera and the pip,
Thy buzz does bring distraction to our ears
And to our eyes the brine and salty tears.
Is there no way to get thee on the hip
And do thee and thy progeny up brown?
Oh, fly! thou curse of weather that is hot,
In vain we sputter, fume and chase and swat!

Bad and Worse

Mack—I have three daughters on my hands.

Wyld—That's nothing. I have three sons-in-law on mine.

Ah, Me!

The water wagon has been completely abandoned in Brooklyn. Three of them, which cost $650 each, were sold under the hammer for $67.73 each. Still, it is a good town to live in.

Critical

He—Why does an actor, to portray deep emotion, clutch at his head, and an actress at her heart?

She—Each feels it most in the weakest point.

Pride

Jones—What a puff ball Burlson's got to be since he bought that farm up-State! Why, every day the grinning nut comes to the office wearing a raw potato for a watch charm.

Smith—Yes; he explained about that potato to me. It was his share of last year's crop.

Numerically Speaking

"Did he kiss you good-by?" I asked her.
She nodded her pretty head.
"How singular!" I was sarcastic.
"No; plural," was all that she said.

A Free Translation

"Say, pop, what's a 'raconteur'?"
"French for a bore.

THE OASIS

AFTER A SUMMER'S FLIRTATIONS

Of a Kindly Nature

"How should you define eugenics?"

"Oh, it's good nature systematized, or the science of being well bred."

Flubdub—What do you consider the most delicate form of flattery?

Cynicus—Telling a married man he doesn't look it.

An Alphabet of Midsummer

Auto[illegible]s affording air.
[illegible]decking beaches.
[illegible]s crowded.
[illegible]disappearing dizzily.
[illegible]ings exquisitely enchanting.
[illegible]s fluttering flirtatiously.
[illegible]rls glittering gorgeously.
[illegible]mmocks harboring humans.
Ice-inviting intimacy.
Juleps joyously juggled.
Kool konditions kontrived.
Lanterns lighting lawns.
Matrons manipulating matrimony.
Negligees necessarily numerous.
Openwork occasionally observed.
Parks pleasantly populated.
Quill-drivers quaffing quenchers.
Roof-gardens re-echoing ragtime.
Seasides swarming with swimmers.
Tourists traveling by thousands.
Urban utilities utilized.
Vacationists vacillating variously.
Widows winking winsomely.
'Xcursions 'xciting 'xpectations.
Yankees yearning for yachts.
Zanies zigzagging zealously.

—*Harvey Peake.*

The Foolish Man

A MAN and a woman were walking along a country road on their way to call on a neighbor. Presently they heard a honk back of them and quickly stepped aside to let an automobile pass. As they were getting the dust out of their throats and clothing, the woman spoke.

"Henry," she said, "why don't you ride in a thing like that instead of walking as you do?"

"Because, Mary," he replied, with no sign of shame, "I haven't money enough to pay the cost of it."

"Why haven't you the money, Henry?" she persisted.

"Because, Mary, I have not been able to get it since I married you."

If there were any insinuation in that, she ignored it.

"Well, why didn't you get it before you married me?" she asked.

"Because, Mary, there were reasons."

"Could you have got it?"

"I am quite sure that I could have done so."

"Then, in heaven's name, Henry, why didn't you?"

"Because, Mary, I preferred you, as poor as we both were, to a millionaire lady who wanted me in spite of my poverty."

She stopped dusting herself and looked at him.

"Henry," she said severely, "I knew you were foolish about me, but I didn't think you were that foolish!" And she kissed him, dust and all, right there in the public highway.

He angered her, there's no dispute;
She thought he was a boob.
He asked her if her bathing suit,
This year, would be a tube.

PLAINT OF THE PESSIMISTIC TOURIST

"My usual luck! Wet days I get wet towns, dry days "dry" towns."

Nothing To Fear

"YOU UNDERSTAND that I cannot allow any cooking or laundry work in my rooms," said the landlady to the applicant who had just engaged a ten-by-twelve back room at three dollars a week.

"Oh, certainly, to be sure! I never try to do any cooking or laundry work in my room, for I take my meals out and send my things to the laundry. Of course I may now and then wash out a few handkerchiefs in my room, or possibly a pair of stockings or a strip of lace or ribbon or something of that kind; but as for really doing any washing, I wouldn't think of such a thing. When it comes to cooking, I have a little one burner oil stove that I might now and then use to make a little tea or boil an egg or make an omelet when it was bad weather or I didn't feel quite like going out. Then I have a very nice chafing dish, in which I now and then get myself up a little luncheon or even a little dinner, for one can do so many things with a chafing dish when one knows how. A friend of mine has a dinner menu, every course of which can be prepared with a chafing dish. Just for the jollity of it, I might want to ask a friend or two in to dine with me some evening and give them a chafing dish menu. Or I might want to get my luncheon in my room on a hot day to save going out in the heat; but as for really doing any washing or cooking in my room, you need give yourself no concern on that account. I wonder if I could have a couple of shelves put in the closet, for dishes and an iron or two and things of that sort. Such things come handy, even when one is taking one's meals out, you know."

—*Max Merryman.*

X

THE difference 'twixt a maid and wife's extensive—
A maid is pensive, and a wife ex-pensive!
A maid conceals her thorns beneath the roses;
That is, she poses, while a wife ex-poses.
Then wedlock much increases her alertness—
A maid shows pertness, and a wife ex-pertness.
Again, one often finds a maiden acting;
A wife, some claim, is often found ex-acting.
Thus X, the unknown quantity, perplexes
The man who fain would study what "the sex" is!

—*Geo. B. Morewood.*

DOMESTICITY

She—You don't speak to me as affectionately as you used to. Don't you love me any more?

He—There you go again! Why, I love you more than life itself. Now shut up and let me read my paper!

PAPA'S COMMENT

Son—Father, Sally has promised at last to marry me.

Father—Well, you needn't come to me for sympathy. I told you that you'd get into trouble if you didn't keep away from that girl

Dangerous

"What a glorious moon!" cried Gracie Gush. "Do you not love such nights as this?"

"I do not," replied Mr. Bachelder bitterly. "It was just such a night as this that got me into a breach-of-promise suit."

Bits of Wisdom

Fortune is to desire as fuel to fire, for it both feeds it and perishes by it.

Seeker for Happiness, go as a pilgrim and find these: A child who is not curious, a man who is not greedy, and a woman who is not vain. When thou shalt find these, thou wilt find Happiness in their company.

His Penance

HE loved to dive, and he loved to swim,
And he loved in the tide to play;
Then what in the world was the matter with him
That he sat on the sands all day?

He sat by a girl whose bathing suit,
Whose cap and whose shoes were dry;
And she would have thought him a perfect brute
If he hadn't—so *that* was why!

—*M. S. Bridges*

His Kind

Mr. Undersize—I wish I could have known you in my salad days.

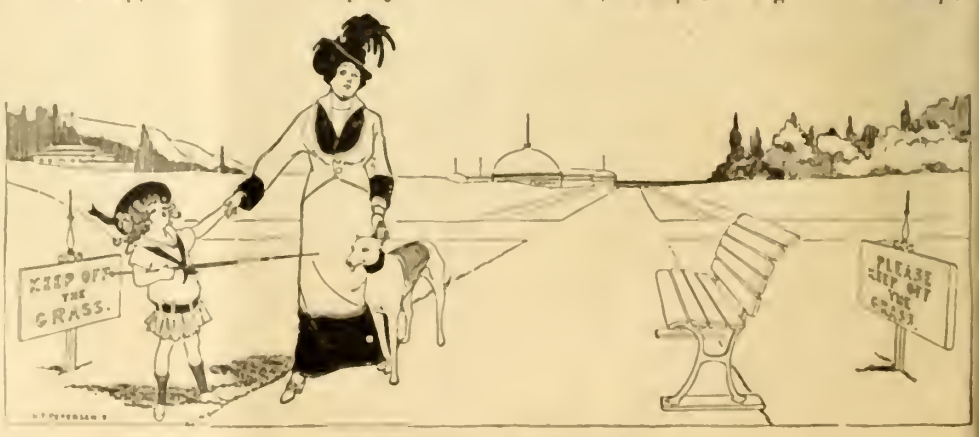
Miss Pert—I don't. I never cared for shrimp salad.

Well Quznobile

"Did you hear [illegible] Bathers be[illegible]re. who lost both his [illegible] Cool casin[illegible]ne accident intends to [illegible] Drinks [illegible] to politics?

"No. How can [illegible] Even [illegible] without a le[illegible] stand on?"

"Oh, he expects to go on the stump!"



POLITENESS EFFECTIVE

Mamma—Why do you persist in walking on the grass plot on this side? You never walk on the other side.

Muriel—But, mamma, on the other side the sign says "Please!"

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

An Uurehearsed Incident

Cinema actor (to exceedingly startled old gentleman)—Out of the way, you blockhead! You'll spoil the film!—*Bystander* (London).

Simplified

Bauer—Was, ich soll das Bier erst in das Glas laufen lassen—da halt' ich lieber gleich 's Maul drunt rl

Farmer—Why should I first let the beer run into the glass? I'd rather hold my mouth right under the faucet.—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Getting Even; or, the Robber Robbed
—*Tokyo Puck.*

A Polygamous Proposition

Suitor (in German East Africa)—So each of your ten daughters will receive thirty thousand marks as dowry? H'm! Suppose I marry the eight youngest of 'em?—*Heitere Welt.*

Absentminded

"Ulso, liebe Mina, da willst Du Dir statt des alten Sanitätsrates einen andern Hausarzt nehmen?"
"Jawohl, er ist mir zu zerstreut. Neulich untersuchte er mich mit dem Stethoskop—wie er so horchte, rief er plötzlich 'Hallo, Wer dort?'"

"Then, Minnie, you are going to get another physician instead of the old health inspector?"

"Yes; he is too absentminded. Recently, as he examined me with the stethoscope, he suddenly called out, 'Hello! Who is it?'"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Domesticated Ragtime
—*Punch* (London).

What He Was Like

Lady—What's the new curate like, John?

John—The queerest figure o' a little man you ever saw. They tells me as 'ow the only wearin' apparel 'e can buy ready-made is his umberelly.—*Sketch* (London).

Or His Hair?

Le Monsieur—J'entends quelques murmures derrière, de quoi se plaignent-ils?
L'Ouvreuse—C'est le chapeau de Madame qui les empeche de voir.

Gentleman—I hear some murmurs behind us. What are they complaining about?

Lady usher—It is the lady's hat that prevents them from seeing.—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

WATCHING OUR FUNNY WORLD GO BY

By HOMER CROY

Why Things Are Slow at Newport This Season

THE LATEST and newest fad among society people at Newport is taking a pig out riding in the automobile, instead of a lapdog.

This is going to hold things back at Newport. We wish it distinctly understood that we do not favor this new fashion. Newport cannot count on our support.

If anybody should invite us to spend a week-end in Newport this summer, we shall have to hurt somebody's feelings by not complying with the latest fashion. It makes no difference how well brought up the pig is, what its parentage may be, or how blue its blood may be, we feel that it will never have a very warm place in our heart. There are always chords in our heart that a pig cannot touch. We don't doubt that a pig with a pink ribbon around its throat and its nose sticking out of a blue-tinted bag looks cute, but, still, we will never pine away for a pig to take out in our auto.* This is all because of something that happened to us when we were younger.

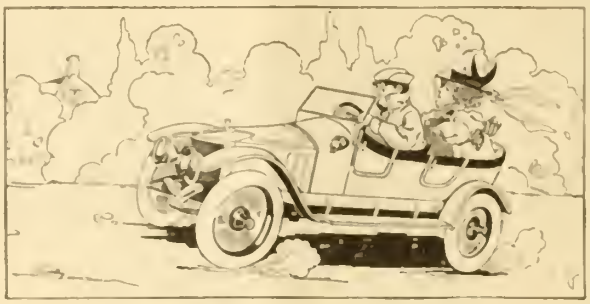
One day we slipped out into the lot, where a large, rotund mother pig lay dozing in the bosom of her family. We picked up one of her offspring by the tail, as some one had told us that if you picked up a pig by its tail it would sound no tocsin of warning. This is a falsehood. This offspring had a particularly good tocsin and turned it on full blast. With that, the mother pig leaped to her feet and made at us. We started on. The mother pig accelerated her speed, and we did also. Our accelerator was in good working order. The mother pig took a nip out of our calf. We did not stop to reprove her—we kept on accelerating.

We made for a tree and started up it. The mother pig struck at us and got a large dorsal tooth caught in the seat of our trousers. We kept right on. Again she struck at us, and again she got her teeth tangled in our trousers. We kept right on toward the top. We got one foot over a limb and looked down at her in hurt surprise. But she did not stop to interpret the look in our eyes and kept walking around and around the tree, mumbling under her breath.

All afternoon she stayed beneath that tree, while we remained on that limb. We got a good chance to study her profile. We spoke to the mother pig, asking her like a gentleman to retire; but her finer feelings were gone. Often she stood upon her hind feet, with her fore feet against the tree, trying to reach us; but she could not comfort us.

Finally, through the gloaming, came the owner and looked at us in surprise. He threw the mother pig some corn, which she began to eat with a loud relish. The manners she set for her offspring were not all that a cultivated mind could desire. The owner asked why we were so bent on sticking to that limb. We explained that bent wasn't any name for it; we had no desire to become sustenance for the mother pig—especially when she had such bad table manners.

The owner helped us down and led us away without one vain regret. We could see no beauty in the domestic scene before us. From that day on, none of the swine family has had any attraction for us. We will have to disappoint Newport. It will have to get along the best way it can without us—we flatly refuse to bow to this new foible of fashion.



"THE NEWEST FAD IS TAKING A PIG OUT RIDING"

They've passed a law in Clayton, Mo., a suburb of St. Louis, imposing a fine for swearing on the streets. The fine is from $1 to $100. If anybody has to go to jail because he can't pay up, our sympathy is with him—we've been in Clayton.

Strange Doings, What?

A MAN in Jersey City is suing a concern because it is using his face as a bologna advertisement. Probably a member of the firm came across the Jersey City man and said, "We must use this man's face—I never saw such a face!"

That's a pretty poor pun, isn't it? Yes, we had to butcher the King's English to make it.

Forgive us this one time, and we'll never, never do so again.

Random Notions

The latest fad among the women of Paris is to carry their own spoons when they go to an afternoon tea. We trust that the women, on leaving the tea shop, won't wipe the spoons under their arms. Real ladies would never be guilty of that. A real lady would lightly cleanse the spoon on her underskirt and replace the utensil in her bag. By watching Paris women at a fashionable tea, you can soon tell which are the real ladies and which are only social climbers.

An Englishman said the other day, on the street in Chicago, that the Irish were no good and would never have home rule in Ireland. He is still on a diet of mutton broth, but the head physician says that he will be able to go out in a wheel chair in a couple of weeks.

A genius has invented an alarm clock that sounds like ripping cloth. No doubt, on hearing it, a person just tears out.

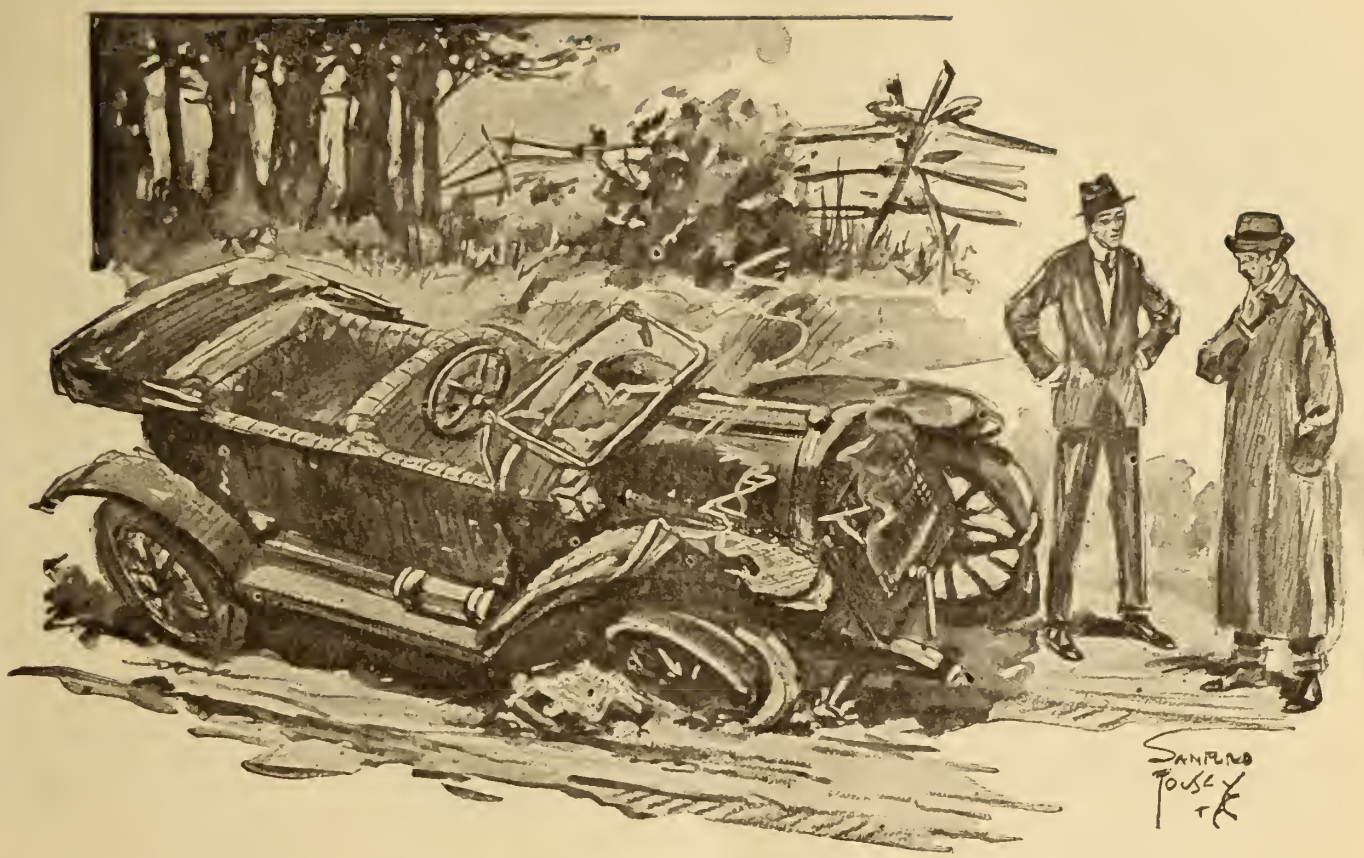
We could have said, "Well, anyway, it should make a ripping good alarm"; but that would have been cheap and tawdry. There is nothing worse than a pun that goes flat.

Yes, a pun should always be pungent.

Now that women are going to have pistol pockets on their hips, a lot of people are worrying that some of the suffragettes will take to gun packing. But we think there is a mistake of one letter. Our bet is that they are more apt to take to gum packing.

Or, again, speaking in military terms, powder puffs.

* In confidence: We really haven't any auto; but we like to throw out our chest once in a while.



E A S I E R

Owner—Well, the only thing to do is to get it to the nearest garage as soon as possible.
Passenger friend—Wouldn't it be easier to bring a garage here?

Perfecting the Weather

IT IS now proposed that we establish weather observatories near the North and South Poles. The idea is that the observers there can send by wireless the daily data as to winds and other things, and from this more accurate predictions may be formulated.

Having established these polar observatories, we may expect a few words of cheer along in July and August; but, aside from them, we cannot anticipate much.

Once they get to working the weather, men will probably tell us that we will have to set up an observatory on the moon, so that the interplanetary waves can be charted.

Meantime, the weather will go right ahead weathering in the way it has followed since Adam went out without his overcoat just after the fall.

Aye, money talks, as you can see;
I heard it on the fly.
The only thing it said to me
Was simply, "Sir, good-by!"

The Man with the Conundrum

"A RATHER neat little idea' as just occurred to me," says the man with the serrated whiskers and the dilatory ears, sidling up to the desk of the pale hireling with the spluttery fountain pen.

"Yes, yes! Go on! You interest me strangely," growls the pale hireling.

"It is in the nature of a conundrum, so to speak."

"So to ask, you mean," humphs the other.

"Er—well, yes, perhaps. It is this: What is the difference between a small steel tool with a claw on the end and a crooked politician who extorts money from law-breakers because of his influence with the powers that be?"

"All right. Just to make conversation, what is the difference?"

"One pulls the tacks and the other taxes the pull."

And the man with the serrated whiskers glides joyfully from the room, while the pale hireling splutters ink all over himself as he jabs fiercely at the desk with his fountain pen.

Wits are sometimes sharpened on dull minds.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

Smith Surprised

SOON after entering his office, the manufacturer rang the bell under his desk, and Smith, the industrious one, stepped into the office.

"Smith," said the manufacturer in his gravest tone, as he removed his glasses, "I have been observing your industry for the past few months. Your ability for work has astounded me; no detail seems too small for you, and you are as honest as the day is long. No task seems too great for you to handle. You are the first to arrive in the morning and the last to pass out of the door in the evening"——

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," replied the industrious one, visions of a fat increase in his weekly stipend passing before him. "I have always tried my best."

"Therefore," continued his employer, "I want you to clear out of this concern at the end of this week, and clear out for good. It's just men of your stamp who worm out all the business secrets of a concern, and then go and obtain employment with a rival show around the corner. So beat it, and beat it fast."

Adjustable

The summer girl knows how to drape,
And here and there she'll pin it;
But her bathing suit has little shape
Until her shape gets in it.

Proper Self-poise

IT REQUIRES a great deal in the way of excitement to deprive the true Bostonian of his self-poise and a proper regard for the proprieties of life. This was illustrated when a middle-aged and quite correctly clad Bostonian got in the way of a runaway pair of horses. He was knocked down, dragged fifty feet in the mud, banged against an ash can, which upset and covered him with ashes. His nose was bleeding and three front teeth were missing when two policemen lifted him to his feet. Nevertheless, his first words following a bloody smile were,

"Pleasant day, isn't it, gentlemen?"

Revenge

"Hello, Jack! How are you and Nan getting on?"

"She played me a mean trick, and I quit her."

"How's that?"

"She married another fellow."

GETTING INTO DEEP WATER

SHE BELIEVES IN LEAP-YEAR

Edward—What's so rare as a day in June?

Minnie—I should say a day in February.

Stew versus Roast

I'M GLAD I married Jim instead
Of John—though Johnny's got the coin.
When me and John went out, we fed
Like swells—along the Tenderloin,

On chicken, roast, chops, steak or squab,
With frosty bottles on the side;
But eatin' now's a sort of job—
I guess I've kinder lost my stride.

For poor old Jimmy leads me to
A side-street, paper-napkin dump,
Where soupy smells of mutton stew
Remind me I'm an awful chump.

We pick our teeth, and Jim'll say,
"Old girl, come on! You're lookin' glum.
Let's float along the Great White Way
And get some beers—that's goin' some!"

And when we pass the good hotels,
Take it from me, I never stop;
Them crispy, roasty, toasty smells
Give me the solar-plexus flop.

It's Johnny's world! I fill my chest
And dream of pocketbooks and him—
But, say, I bet you never guessed
I'd rather smell the stew with Jim.

—*Jane Burr.*

HIP, HIP, HURRAH!

Daughter—Three cheers, everybody! I've just seen the piano tuner go into the house next door!

From the Bush and Back

BILL BUNDY set the "bush" on fire, so wondrous was his play, and messages by mail and wire came to him every day. The big-league scouts camped on his trail, each with a mighty spiel and promises of fame and kale if he would sign and seal. A check for fifteen thousand plunks was made to turn the trick, and, as Bill Bundy packed his trunks, the beaten scouts looked sick. And those who saw the lad in games with no-account colleagues predicted he would change the names of stars in the big leagues.

While playing in the bushes, Bill the umps would josh and pan; and they, awed by his wondrous skill, him were afraid to can. Besides, he'd rather scrap than eat and had chased out a few, and minor umps are too discreet to lose their mutton stew. In any field Bill was a scream; at short he was an ace, at catching he was just a dream, a bear on any base. When going up to bat he struck each pitcher with despair. He swung four bats—three were for luck—and he could hit for fair.

With such a reputation Bill was called the season's find, and he could hardly wait until the bush he'd left behind. He now was with a team of champs, with fancy grub to eat, and it was thought in rival camps he'd help them to repeat. "The Great Bill Bundy" was his name on every fanning tongue, and everywhere they knew the game his praises loud were sung. And this before he'd caught a ball or swung his lusty bat where big-league umpires have the call and magnates take on fat.

"For goodness sake, Albert, wake up and move over! You 're crowding me out of the picture!"

Bill was kept on the bench until his heart it almost broke, though practicing he mauled the pill and filled all fields with "smoke." But fortune favored him one day. The shortstop broke a thumb, and Bill went in his field to play and looked no longer glum. He threw and fielded like a star, and truly got in fat, but seemed to get an awful jar when he marched up to bat. The umpire simply called a strike, but Bill gave him a wrench and yelled and swore before he'd hike back to the blooming bench.

And thus it was from time to time when Bill was let to play. With umpires he would never chime and always stood at bay. No cards or teacup need one scan Bill's fortune to forecast, for to the bushes back he ran; and he'll not be the last.

—*J. A. Waldron.*

"THE LION AND THE MOUSE"

The fair animal trainer is quite at ease in a cage of snarling beasts, ——

—— but let an innocent little mouse appear in her apartment and she is panic stricken.

Capitalizing Chloe

I WROTE a sonnet to her eyes;
I called them "wells of sweet surprise."
I said they were the bluest eyes,
The bluest and the truest eyes
That ever maid possessed.
I said—but what's the use? You know
The sort of rot I wrote, and so
I needn't quote the rest.
Suffice to state some editor
Accepted—yes, and paid me for
That rhyme of rhapsodies.
And so I went with right good-will
And settled up the grocer's bill
With "Chloe's Eyes."

I wrote a ballad to her mouth;
I called it "flower of the south."
I said it was the dearest mouth,
The dearest and sincerest mouth
That ever shaped a smile.
I said, in Love's complete eclipse,
I longed to plunge her perfect lips,
And raved along this style.
(I had to stretch her mouth until
The stanzas matched the milkman's bill
Who threatened bovine drouth.)
No sooner was it published than
I reimbursed the dairyman
Through "Chloe's Mouth."

Oh, Chloe is a wondrous maid!
The baker and the cook were paid
From proceeds of the fairest brow,
The fairest and the rarest brow
That ever graced a girl.
The butcher bandit got a check
I minted from her snowy neck,
Augmented by a curl.
I paid the iceman with her arm
And tipped a waiter with a charm
That phrased a rhythmic line.
Ah, Chloe's all the world to me!
More of a *mine* she could not be
If she were mine!—*Ella Bentley Arthur.*

From the stone age to the iron age is a long cry, but the gar-age is more talked of.

Taking No Chances

"POPSY, dear, I might win a rich husband if you let me go to the seashore this summer."

"But, my daughter, you have been going to a different place each year. Remember, a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"I know, popsy; but this time I am going to a place where I will be the only pebble on the beach."

Choosing the Place

To wade through pamphlets without end
Is now his occupation,
While searching for the place to spend
His two weeks of vacation.

An Ill-timed Query

"Ravenyelp doesn't call on that Roxmore girl any more."

"How did they happen to fall out?"

"The last time he went to see her, he asked her if she had the cartoon-collecting mania."

"Where was the wrong in that?"

"He didn't intend any, but he happened to be looking at the family photograph album at the time."

Certainly Had

Hewitt — Opportunity knocks once at every man's door.

Jewett — And it ought to have enough sense to ring the bell.

LETS HIM OUT

Farmer—Say, can't you read? *Boy*—Sure.
Farmer—Well, do ye see that sign? *Boy*—Yep, but I can't swim.

FOR THE PURPOSE OF AN ALIBI

"Boohoo! If you 're goin' to blame me fer everything 'at happens, what 's th' use o' keepin' a cat?"

Moderation

A DIFFERENT language, so they say,
will make a different man.
The sailor lives in sweet accord with
this elastic plan.
One wife in every foreign land still
leaves him conscience-free,
For changing language changes self—
each time he puts to sea!
So do not blame the sailor lad because
he's not as you,
But praise him if, in every
port, he doesn't wed with
two! —*Key Cammack.*

The Lost Classics

Teacher—What can you say of Damon and Pythias?

Pupil—I only pay attention to those in the big league.

Restricted Talent

Clown—De Bolieux is a wonderful juggler, isn't he?

Acrobat—Yes; but I called on him at his flat when he was keeping bachelor's hall last winter, and he couldn't flop a griddle cake to save his life.

Viewpoints

Mrs. Gramercy—When I married you, I thought you'd sown your wild oats.

Gramercy—With all your money, my dear, it would have been a shame not to start another crop.

Riches often take wings when they are invested in flying machines.

NOWADAYS

Mr. Puffy—Where can I find the book, "Man, Ruler of the World?"
Suffragette Librarian—In the fiction department.

Frequently the Way

HE started out to s-peculate,
But, as his cash supply grew less,
In order to keep up the gait,
He found he had to drop the "s."

Her Blame

Mrs. Crabshaw—Why didn't you tell me before I married you that you were never home before midnight?

Crabshaw—I thought you knew it, my dear. I used to be around to your place as late as that nearly every night.

The Rich Girl

No more a bluff will guarantee,
The game is hard to beat;
For now her pa will ask to see
Your income-tax receipt.

Proof Positive

Crawford—Do you believe that a mule really kicks as much as they say?

Crabshaw—Well, I notice that they never hitch one up to a dynamite wagon.

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

A Poor Attorney

Mutter—Wie, der Lehrer hat dich bestraft, obgleich Papa wegen der Sache mit ihm Rücksprache genommen hat?

Söhnchen—Ach, wenn mann von Papa verteidigt wird.

Mother—What! The teacher punished you, even after papa has had a talk with him?

Son—Oh, when one is defended by papa!—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

So Selfish

"You know, my dear, men are quite impossible. If I accept Jack's proposal, he will expect me to marry him; and if I refuse it, he will expect to be allowed to marry some one else."—*Bystander* (London).

Special Request

"Please, teacher, mother says can Albert David sit by 'isself this mornin', 'cos 'e's got a touch o' the measles?"—*Punch* (London).

Forgetful

"Heute sind wir vier Wochen verheiratet. Ich wundere mich, Eduard, dass du gar nicht neugierig bist, was du mir dazu schenkst!"

"To-day it is four weeks since we are married. I am surprised, Edward, that you are not anxious to know what present to make me on such an occasion!"—*Ulk* (Berlin).

Hints to Climbers: How To Attract Notice

Invent (if possible) a sillier and more undignified dance than has ever been danced before.—*Punch* (London).

The Only New Thing

"Ach, Frau Meyer, wie geht es Ihnen? Es ist ja eine Ewigkeit her, seitdem ich Sie gesehen! Was gibt es denn Neues bei Ihnen?"

"Nichts Besonderes—nur meinen Mann."

"Oh, Mrs. Meyer, how do you do? It's an age since I've seen you! Anything new with you?"

"Only my husband."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Too Much Scotch

Mrs. McTavish (enticingly) — Cor awa' over tae this side, Donal', an' ge tae yer bed.

Donal'—I'll dae nothin o' the kind It's takin' me all ma time tae stay whau I am.—*Sketch* (London).

An Unkind Cut

Artist—I paint only for pleasure.

Fair critic—And only for your own, presume.—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Forbidden Fruits

"Nicht wahr, Heinrich, wenn wir verheiratet sind nehmen wir uns eine Wohnung mit sehr grosse Zimmern?"

"Wozu denn?"

"Zum Schiebetanz!"

"When we are married, we are goin to take a house with very large rooms aren't we, Henry?"

"For what purpose?"

"So that we can do the glide dances. —*Jugend* (Munich).

VICARIOUS PUNISHMENT

"Now see what ye git fer playin' ball on Sunday! Come pretty near puttin' th' pastor's eye out!"

Breaking the Ice

"NOW, Miss Imogene," argues the young man who has been receiving the frigid stares and the monosyllabic replies of the fair young thing who chose to become offended at him at the dinner and continued to accumulate indignation at the opera, "it's perfectly useless for you to attempt to act like an iceberg. Science tells us that only one-eighth of an iceberg is visible, and you"——

Considering the fact that she was wearing an evening gown, he really might have exercised a bit more tact.

All are not squabs that appear on the menu of a bohemian table d'hote.

REASON FOR THE PREFERENCE

Gladys—Mrs. Wouldbesmart cares more for her dogs than for her children.
Muriel—Certainly; they have a pedigree.

Useless for Furnishings

THE weather bureau.
The river bed.
The wood tick.
The college spread.
The mantle of charity.
The witness stand.
The baseball pitcher.
The bowl on the alley.

A Rare Treat

I love to listen to the song
Of joyous little birds,
Because I know there's nothing wrong
Or vulgar in the words.

Ingenuous Child

Elderly widower—If I were your papa, Bobby, what is the first thing you would ask of me?

Eligible widow's little boy—I'd ask you what makes you dye your hair.

The Best Policy

IF AN income tax they frame,
And you find they've got your name
Will you truthfully disclose
All that in your pocket goes?
Will you count each fee you earned,
Tell how much your stocks returned?
Will you, on your honor true,
Pay the utmost cent that's due?

Tell the truth, sir, if you can!
Tell the whole truth like a man!
Would you stoop to lies, forsooth?
Tell the truth!
If to wed a girl you seek,
And the maiden thus should speak:
"When we're married, will you be
Just as you are now to me?
Will you bring me sweets and flowers,
Sit and hold my hand for hours?
Will you take me to the play,
Never care from me to stray?"

Tell the truth, sir, like a man!
Tell the whole truth if you can!
Falsehood is a serpent's tooth—
Tell the truth!—*R. H. Titherington.*

In New York

Howard—Here's a man who says that happiness depends on the cook.

Coward—In more cases it depends on the delicatessen shop.

PREOCCUPIED

Her—For goodness sake, why don't you go in? The water is fine!

Leander—Chap at the bath-house told me to remember my bath-house number, and I'm trying to keep it in my mind

DOORSTEPS

Food for Thought

A savory morsel of scandal.
A pretty kettle of fish.
The cold shoulder.
A perfect stew.
A nice hash.
Some square and cube roots.
His cooked goose.
Sauce for the goose.
Tongue of rumor.
Trifles light as air.
A regular pudding.
Honeyed words.
Candid opinions.
Apples of discord.
Fruit of experience.
Milk in the cocoanut.
Cream of the joke.

—*Geo. B. Morewood.*

It Was True

Baker—I understand your late wife could make everything in the cookbook.

Dyspeptic—She not only could, but did.

Hard To Choose

"THE jury has been out a long time."

"Yes; and I doubt their ever reaching a verdict. You see, the case is one in which a life-insurance solicitor is suing a book agent, and I fancy the jurymen are trying to figure out some scheme for sticking them both."

Her Figure

"He fell in love with her figure."
No wonder, for she was a peach.
He shook at the thought of proposing—
She seemed so far out of reach.

"He fell in love with her figure."
She was constantly in his thoughts.
No wonder he loved her so madly—
Her figure was one and six naughts.

—*Joe Cone.*

Unfailing Remedy

Mrs. Newed (to dear friend)—What's the secret of getting a new frock out of hubby after he refuses once?

Mrs. Wiley—If at first you don't succeed, cry again!

He Tempted Fate

"NO!"

Her answer was firm, and yet her manner such that it seemed to bid him hope. In his eyes and attitude were supplication, appeal.

"But," he began again, "if you will only hear me, I"——

A growing impatience appeared upon her as she gazed into his face, this man so earnest, so eager.

"I offer you"——

He would have urged his longing with still more warmth, but she bade him pause.

"You need go no further!" said she.

There was a rising flush on her cheek—a visible hardening of her voice—a nervous tapping of her foot upon the floor.

"But you would not reject my offer if you would only hear what I"——

Again she interrupted. Disdain, scorn, indignation now spoke in tone and attitude and glance.

"I do not wish to hear!" said she. "I have listened too long as it is. To prolong this were idle. I wish you would go!"

Wherein could he see, vain man, even a gleam of hope that led him to persist? Yet he clung to his purpose. He rushed to his fate.

"Then, if you will not hear to that appeal, I will offer"——

Almost fiercely she interrupted him.

"You can offer me nothing that I want!" she cried. "You can make no offer to me that I would not reject! Will you go?"

And yet he heeded not the warning in her flashing eye, her heaving breast, the suppressed tempest in her very voice.

"But I"——

The storm broke.

"Once and for all, go!" she exclaimed. "I have more tinware now than would stock a store! And I have got no use for your wooden ladles and your butter bowls! Pick up your traps and go, or when this rolling pin falls you will have to go back to your tinshop and have rivets put in you!"

The peddler took up his goods.

"It has got so now," said he, as the door closed behind him with a bang, "that women don't know a bargain when they see one, so they don't!"

And he passed slowly on, to tempt fate at the house on the next block.—*Ed Mott.*

"THE GIRL(S) I LEFT BEHIND ME"

CUTTING OUT CUPID

M. Idas—Has your son an eye for business?
C. Resus—I should say he has, with three millionaires' daughters on his calling list!

Out of the Mouths of Babes

I MET a schoolgirl at a ball,
Her years thirteen, her locks in curls.
"What dance do you like best," said I,
"My most demure of little girls?

"Now, shall we dance a minuet,
An Irish jig or Highland fling,
Mazurka, Boston or Bolero,
Or some Hungarian gypsy thing,

"A quadrille, waltz or rigadoon,
A two-step or a set of lancers?
Or would you dance a pas seul only,
Like those famous Russian dancers?"

She frowned. I saw she was not pleased.
"I know the grizzly bear," I cried,
"And all the very latest things—
The Apache dance, the Gaby glide,

"The turkey trot, the bunny hug,
Or, if you like, Spain's wild fandango."
"Aren't these a trifle slow?" said she.
"Oh, please, sir, can you tango?"

—*R. C. Reade.*

No Complaint To Make

IT WAS at the vaudeville. The girl with the excruciating voice had just finished her song.

"Just think!" groaned Brown, to the stranger beside him. "We paid real money to hear that!"

"I didn't," was the placid response. "Came in on a 'comp.'"

"But you had to spend carfare to get here, did you not?" asked Brown.

"Nope," replied the uncomplaining one. "I live in walking distance."

"But," persisted Brown desperately, "at least you hoped to be entertained, not punished."

"No, I didn't care," grinned the stranger. "I came to get away from home. My wife is cleaning house."

No Bargain

"It strikes me that young Terwilliger is rather a shiftless lot. What aim in life has he?"

"I think he rather hopes to marry a rich wife."

"It's a vain hope. Any woman with money, whether young or old, who starts out to buy a husband, can easily shop around and do better than he."

Amalgamation

Johnny's mother had instituted a fine of ten cents for every spot made on the tablecloth. One day Johnny was observed rubbing his finger for a long time over the cloth at his plate.

"John, what are you doing?" said his mother at last.

"Nothing. I was just trying to rub two spots into one."

Philosophy

BORN blessed is he with sense of humor keen;
Unless one has this gift, life is not seen.
Yet all may cultivate this joy of life;
Jokes, jests and jingles ofttimes lessen strife.
Understand, life is but one grand alloy.
Delight in being human—that is joy.
Great happiness and trouble you will earn;
Endeavor to accept them each in turn.

SELF-ADJUSTING

Pater—Hey! Come back with my pants!
Sylvia—Why, papa, you're not going out to-day!
Pater—I know I ain't; but your ma is.

The Why

Teacher of hygiene—Why must we always be careful to keep our homes clean and neat?

Little girl—Because company may walk in at any moment.

Well Chosen

Going—Kidd & Morgan are running a summer hotel at the seashore, and they call it "The Breakers."

Hasbin—They picked a good name for it. I was there, and they broke me.

A Fable of Success

ONCE there was a bright young man who set out to make his way in the world. Various people gave him various kinds of good advice, and finally one kindly old gentleman said, "Remember, my son, that there is always room at the top. You can get there if you try."

"I know a better way than that," promptly replied the youth. "My tastes are simple. I will occupy a room lower down and let out all that room at the top at a good figure." This he did, and, accordingly, none of his descendants from that time forth ever had to do a stroke of work.

Moral—There are always better ways than good ways.

After Trials

"So she has taken another husband."

"Not as she considers it. The others were only samples."

Suggestive

Percy—I wish to buy some paper. I am bashful, and am going to propose to a young lady by letter.

Clerk—This is a stationery store. I guess you're looking for a hardware store.

Percy—A hardware store?

Clerk—Yes; you need sandpaper.

Uninteresting

Madge—Is she a good conversationalist?

Marjorie—No. I couldn't get her to talk about anybody I knew.

In the game of love the fellow with the royal diamond flush can always stay in against a pair of hearts.

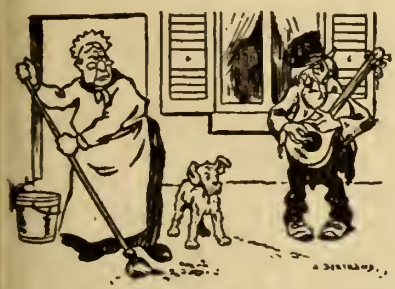
THE BUNCH THAT PAYS NO DIVIDENDS

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

The Little Blackmailer

Fritzel—Wenn Sie mir nicht zwanzig Pfennige
ben, sag ich's der Mama, und Sie werden verlobt!

Fritzel—If they don't give me twenty
ennigs, I'll tell mamma. Then they
ll have to become engaged.—*Meggen-
rfer Blaetter* (Munich).



The Troubadour

"On ne chante pas ici!
"Ca tombe bien! Moi, je ne chante pas, je gueule!"

"Singing is not allowed here."
"How fortunate! I am not singing—
howl!"—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

A Peculiar Compliment

"Was der Elefant für kolossale Ohren hat! Wenn
mir dageg n die Ihrigen betrachte, Fräulein Lore."

"What colossal ears the elephant has!
hen I look at yours alongside of them,
ss Laura——.—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*
(unich).

My Word!

Fat one—I call it most indelicate; and if any man wanted to paint me like that, my word! he'd regret it!—*London Opinion.*

Wie Fräulein Eulalia sich photographierenließ, um schlank zu erscheinen.

Wie das schlau erdachte Kleid in der Photographie herauskam!

How Miss Eulalia had her picture taken in order to appear slender. And how the cleverly conceived dress showed on the photograph.—*Ulk* (Berlin).

Not Complete

"Susze Loulou—was fehlt noch zu unserem Gluck?"
"Ein bequemerer Stuhl, Emil!"

"Sweet Loulou, what is there wanting to our happiness?"

"A more comfortable chair. Emil.—"
Jugend (Munich).

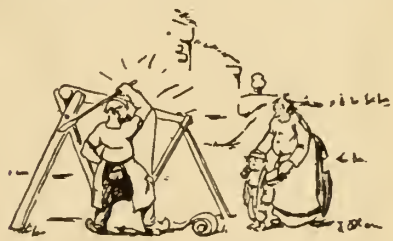
Wise

(Der kleine Peperl wird vom Lehren beim Upfelstehlen erwischt.)
"He, Kleiner, komm' 'mal zu mir her—ich musz Dir 'was sagen!"
"Noi, noi, Herr Lehrer, so kloine Büabla brauchet net alles z' wissa!"

Little Peperl is caught by the teacher, stealing apples.

"Say, little fellow, come down here! I've got something to tell you."

"No, no, teacher! Little boys like me don't need to know everything."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).



A Child Martyr

"T'as pas besoin d'user la brosse; passe-moi-le deux minutes!"

"You needn't use the brush. Just pass him over to me for two minutes!"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

What She Wanted

"I am afraid, madam, we have shown you all our stock; but we could procure more from our factory."

"Well, perhaps you'd better. You see, I want something of a neater pattern and quite small—just a little square for my birdcage."—*Punch* (London).

The Union Onion

By Homer Croy

A MAN in Xenia, O., says that he has evolved an odorless onion.

We must be honest with our readers and say that we don't believe this. We have had some experience with onions and do not believe that an onion in the full possession of its powers would consent to become odorless. All onions belong to the same union. It is a strong union.

One time we ate what was represented to us as being an odorless onion. We ate it for supper and went to call on her. We had made up our mind to say something that night that would change the course of our life. We had made up our mind to tell her that life would be one long, dreary waste without her at our side to cheer and comfort, to guide and inspire us onward and upward, and everything that way that a fellow studies up in advance and can't think of when the time comes.

For a while we sat at the other end of the davenport and talked about the weather, the crops and the Sunday-school picnic, and all the other things that a fellow has to lead up with. Then we moved over a bit nearer, our heart climbing up our shoulder blade and trying to work its way out of our collar, until our heart and our voice couldn't pass.

At first we had been far apart like this, but pretty soon we were up closelikethis. Suddenly her nose went up in the air and she moved away from us for an inch. We hurried on with our talk about cheer and comfort, but she added another inch. Our magnetism was losing its grip. Pretty soon she got up and moved over into a narrow rocking chair and began talking about how late she had been up the night before.

The next evening, when we dropped around to talk to her brother, another fellow was sitting on the front porch, and by Epworth League time she was telling him a more becoming shade of tie to wear.

We don't know why we lost out—not positively—but never again can they tell us that an onion can be produced that hasn't certain characteristics that have run in its family for a long time.

Interesting

"Oh, he's delightful company! I just love to hear him talk!"

"What does he talk about?"

"Me."

In Reno

"So you have two proposals?"

"Yes; I can't decide which to marry first."

His Man of Clay

LITTLE Jasper Senter learned from the minister's sermon one Sunday that man was made of clay, so after returning from church he resolved to make him a man after his own fashion. The work proceeded in the clay bank back of the garden until his mother called Jasper to luncheon. He had completed all of the man save one leg.

That afternoon Jasper and his mother while walking along the street, met a man with one leg, walking with crutches. Jasper accosted him and grabbed his coat.

"See here!" he said. "I thought I told you to stay there in the yard till I put that other leg on you."

Welded

Boob—Weak things united become strong.

Miss Tarte—Why don't you marry?

Diplomatic Creditor

"That fellow treats you with respect."

"Yes; I owe him five dollars."

MOTION PICTURES

THE LAST TRAIN

The Modern Apartment House

SHE HAD just returned from a theater and supper party to her rooms in a fashionable apartment house. Friends had left her at the door and driven away.

Mechanically she put her hand over her shoulder to unclasp the hooks of the gown, and then it dawned upon her. This was the gown she could not unfasten, and her husband was out of town.

What in the world was she to do? Why hadn't she asked one of the women to unhook the dress under her opera wrap before she left the motor? It was too late to expect any one in the house to be up.

Again and again she tried to reach the elusive bows and hooks—over and under, stooping, and then stretched to her utmost height. It couldn't be done. She sank exhausted on the bed.

Well, anyway, it wouldn't be so awfully long until morning, and maybe she could rest as she was. But it was out of the question.

And then, suddenly, she thought of John—old, feeble John, who had been night elevator man for many years. Maybe—Oh, would it be dreadful to ask him? She rang, and presently there came the uneven tread of the old fellow down the hall.

"John, I—I am in trouble. Do you su-suppose, if I backed to the door, that you could unhook this gown?"

And old John, gallantly and with a smile that would have disclosed all his teeth if he had had any, said,

"Indeed, mum, I can. I have done it for every lady in the house."

—*Clifford B. Jones.*

Talking about chances for making fortunes, the greatest place for coining money is a mint.

An Easy Solution

HE HAD proposed. Being a modern young woman, she was arranging settlements and kindly mentioned a few details of personal expenditure.

"But—but," he gasped, "I couldn't possibly support a wife who spent fifteen thousand dollars a year with her dressmaker alone!"

"Ah, I see! Perhaps you would like to meet my dressmaker."

Informal

He vowed that he loved her the first time they met,
As he kissed her and fondled her hair;
Yet she neither grew angry nor got in a pet—
It was merely a summer affair.

The Silly Season

May—How much longer are you going to stay on your vacation?

Fay—Why, my dear, until I'm completely tired out!

Same Old Cure

All of medicine but this is
Sadly out of date;
Broken hearts are healed by kisses—
Let me demonstrate!

Although some men are great mathematicians, woman still remains an unsolved problem.

REPENTED

Ho—I stole a ride from Philadelphia wanst.

Bo—Ye did!

Ho—Yis; an' me conscience troubled me so that I took it back th' nixt mornin'.

SOME TOYS FOR A GOOD LITTLE GIRL

For the Good of William

"WILLIAM," said Mrs. Flint gently but firmly to her son-in-law of six weeks on the occasion of her first visit to his home, "I have always said that if my daughter married I would never interfere in any way in her home, and I do not mean to, because I think such interference always creates trouble; but, William, I do feel that you smoke quite too many cigars for your good. You smoked seven between half-past six and half-past ten last night, and not only is it unhealthful for you to smoke so many, but think of the expense of it! Then Helen tells me that you put on a clean shirt every other day, which seems to me to be wholly unnecessary, even from the point of cleanliness; and I found in the laundry hamper to-day three of your collars without any soil on them worth speaking of. It only makes your laundry bills larger and wears out your collars and shirts to have them laundered so often, William. I put those three collars back in your collar drawer of the chiffonier in your room, for there is no sense in sending them to the laundry clean as they are. Then, William, I do think that it is a good deal of an extravagance for you to pay ten cents every time you want your boots polished, when you could polish them in five minutes yourself; and have you ever thought of the great saving it would be if you bought a safety razor and shaved yourself? I saw some real nice-looking ones in a store window yesterday for only thirty-five cents, and I mean to get you one. It will save you twenty-five dollars a year. And it does seem to me, William, that you have so many more ties than you need. I counted thirty-one in your bedroom yesterday, and Helen tells me that you pay two dollars for some of your ties. I don't think that my husband ever in his life paid over seventy-five cents for a tie, and usually he pays but twenty-five. I can get you as good a tie as any man needs for not more than fifty cents. Then Helen tells me that it is you who insists on having all of the food so highly seasoned. It is bad for the digestion and adds to the expense, and I think I shall have to have a talk with the cook about it. I feel sure that it is because of such highly seasoned food that you have such a lot of pimples and— Another thing, William. Don't you think it quite extravagant to pay seventy-five cents and a dollar for your luncheon every day, as Helen tells me that you do? You know that there are so many nice lunch counters and other places where you can get all that you really need for twenty-five cents or even less. My husband often gets a good, nourishing lunch for twenty cents, and often he is not above taking his lunch from home. It would save you a lot if you did that and bought perhaps a glass of milk to go with it. As I say, William, I do not want to meddle or interfere in any way; but I did feel that I ought to speak about a few things that mean so much for your own good. Now that you have your Saturday afternoons off, you might cut your own grass on the lawn and— You going? My goodness! I must speak to him about slamming the door like that. It is apt to break the glass."—*Max Merryman.*

THE AFTERNOON OF HIS LIFE

AFTER THE HYGIENE LECTURE

Ma—Gracious me, children, what are you looking for in there?

Chorus—Pa's tooth brush!

The Universal Plan

Remember now, my friend, who art so wise,
The silvery, crescent moon doth keep her bright
Side ever forward as she treads the skies,
In endless, silent journey of the night!
He Who planned the stars meant all the while
Our petty earthly troubles we should hide
Behind the golden flashings of a smile—
And Heaven only see the darker side.

—*Don. Cameron Shafer.*

Utopian

Pure food, pure water, pure air and pure thoughts lose the jailer his job.

IN PASSING

That twelve-dollar bouquet you bought her night before last.

Freely Translated into the Language of Poets

THE cold shoulder—"This was the most unkindest cut of all."
The shoemaker—"There's a divinity that shapes our ends."
Ship's biscuit—"The moldy rolls of Noah's Ark."
Hemophilia—"Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son."
Boarding-house silver—"Not too bright or good for human nature's daily food."
Guardianship—"The watch-dog's honest 'bark.'"
Asthma—"Ill blows the wind that profits nobody."
Welsh rabbits—"The stuff that dreams are made of."
Our missteps—"Footprints on the sands of time."
Dying like a gentleman—"The calm repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere."
The new stenographer—"Thou comest in such questionable shape that I will speak with thee."
Her peek-a-boo waist—"The baseless fabric of this vision."

—*Geo. B. Morewood*

The Black Hand Again!

Mrs. Collins found the following Black Hand letter pinned to her door one morning:

"Deer Mis Collins—Onless you put a jar of jam, a hunk of chokolit cake, a apple pie an' a bag of candy down by the old well, we will steel your littel boy and keep him, onless you pay us a milyon dollars. The Black Hand."

The letter has been handed to the police and the criminals will soon be brought to justice. To date, Mrs. Collins's little boy has been the only one seen in the vicinity of the old well.

The Bankroll

Madge—Why do you object to the slashed skirt?

Marjorie—I don't think it good taste for a girl to display her money that way.

Always

THE fellow that writes promptest
Waits the longest for his mail;
The fellow that walks fastest
Gets freight o'er the slowest rail;
The fellow that pays soonest
Seems to never get his check,
And the fellow that's most careful
Always gets caught in the wreck.

—*Berta M. Coombs.*

When You Tell a Man He Is Lazy—

If he answers back that he goes to work two hours before the boss does, he is an embryo agitator.

If he tells you to take a running jump at yourself, he is a government employe.

If he assures you that he is figuring out the best way to do the task in the shortest time, he is an efficiency expert.

If he tells you he has had so many interruptions it has been impossible for him to get any more done, he is a good excuser.

If he replies that he can only exert himself when his heart is in his work, he has an artistic temperament.

All in the Family

Suburbs—The minister out in our place won't marry you unless you have a medical certificate.

Crawford—Is it hard to get one?

Suburbs—Why, no. It happens his brother is a doctor.

An Old, Old Story

Adam (in the suburbs of the Garden of Eden)—Now, Eve, you surely aren't going to clamor for clothes already!

Eve (tearfully)—You know very well, Adam, I haven't had a decent thing since the fall!

Handsome Is as Handsome Does

Sanford—So you don't believe in judging a man by his clothes?

Crabshaw—No, indeed! That's the way we judge a woman, and look how we get fooled!

Her Choice

Edna—What do you think of these eugenic weddings?

Edith—I'd rather marry one of those rich old fellows with only one lung.

The man who attempts to sharpen his wits on a simpleton not unfrequently makes a dull impression.

FOR SUBURBANITES WHO MUST TRAVEL AUTOMOBILE-INFESTED ROADS AT NIGHT

Greyhound—This is the first time I ever saw anything keep ahead of me in a sprint.

Everybody

WHO, despite the voice of Sense
Warning him, still wanders hence,
Seeking out experience?
Everybody.

Who insists to tread the measure,
Yea, and drink the froth of pleasure,
Though he must repent at leisure?
Everybody.

Who is cheated by the gloss,
Nor discerns the gold from dross,
Till he harvests only loss?
Everybody.

Who, when he has had his fling
And has tested everything,
Tells his fellows of the sting?
Everybody.—*Susie M. Best.*

Of Business Bent

"Chances" do not exist.

Success is doing one's duty.

Some men waste time saving string.

The wise man makes more opportunities than he finds.

You'll not need heavy sticks to get sound from a good drum.

Tools and talents are next to worthless until guided by will.

A hobby is a good thing enough, but don't stable it at the office.

To paddle your canoe well now is to own your private yacht eventually.

The clerk who sees "nothing ahead of him" is apt to find something close behind him.

—*Warwick James Price.*

The Little Things

Smith—It's the little things that tell.

Jones—Yes. I saw Bigpile this morning, standing on the top marble step leading to his bronze palace on the Avenue, doing his own manicuring.

His Description

"WRITE out an ad for that Elm Street residence," said the Slangy Kid's new employer, the real-estate man. "It has built-in buffet, bay window on the south, disappearing beds, combination gas and electric chandeliers, maid's room in basement, fireplace in the library, lawn, flower beds, hen house and poultry runs."

Ten minutes later the Kid handed in this:

"Permanent bar, alderman's pantry on the sunny side, vanishing dream teasers, combination wind burners and current bushes, maiden's bower below the frost line, Santa Claus entrance to the bookshop, work for father, daisy sleepers, egg factory and shoo bid flies."

An Embarrassing Situation

She—Oh, dear! I forgot to wind my ankle watch!

He—Allow me—er—that is—did you?

Suzanne

When prim Suzanne walks down the street,
She holds her skirts just high enough
To show two dainty, well-shod feet;
Unless, perchance, a boisterous puff
Of wind comes romping up—care treat!—
When, owing to its saucy caper,
She shows two ankles, trim and neat,
And also shows how well they taper.

Egg View Note

Ambrose Crosslots says: "Purty often artificial bait is used when folks fish in the Sea of Matrimony."

INADEPT

Minnie—George proposed to me last night.
Lillian—Doesn't he do it awkwardly, though?

NOTHING LIKE BEGINNING EARLY

Traveling via the Movies

THERE was a young fellow named Claude,
Just returned from a long trip abroad;
Everywhere he would go,
He would knowledge bestow,
Believing his friends would applaud.

But it seemed that this was not to be,
For, no matter of what he told, he
Heard this cry o'er and o'er:
"Yes, we've seen that before,
For we go to the picture shows. See?"

—*Harvey Peake.*

Following Precedent

Westend—Why is it that a man always has to wait for a woman?

Eastend—Did not Adam have to wait until Eve was made up?

Cruel

Husband—When Gadzooks heard you sing at the party, he said it was a marvel.

Wife—Oh, John! A marvel!

Husband—Yes; a marvel that any one asked you to.

A Deep One

Why does My Lady smile?
Is she but flouting?
In torment all the while
She keeps me doubting.

Why is My Lady gay?
The case is simple:
To smile is just the way
To show that dimple.

—*Ruth Huntoon.*

Under new management the bridegroom.

HEARD ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE TRAIN

Henrietta—Isn't it shocking the way that man eats his soup! *Epi Curus*—Yes. Sounds as if he was going down for the third time.

Little Conversations

Experienced Advice

THE YOUNG orator had made the effort of his life and was as chesty over it as a pouter pigeon.

"Well, colonel," said he, as he stepped down from the platform, "how about it? Isn't that the kind of speech that will be recalled a hundred years from now?"

"I don't know about a hundred years from now, Dubbleigh," replied the old man; "but if I were you, I'd hustle around to the newspaper offices and recall it right now!"

A Careful Dresser

"Hinkleigh is terribly finnicky about his clothes, isn't he?" said Binks.

"He sure is!" returned Winkletop. "Why, that fellow won't even tackle a pony of brandy unless he has his riding breeches on!"

Safe

"They tell me old Closefist has money to burn!" said Jinx.

"Yes," said Winx; "and never a match in the house."

Practical Experience

"Well, I don't know," said the undertaker to the applicant for a job. "Maybe I can find something for you to do in my shop. Have you had any experience in my line?"

"Why—a little, yes," said the applicant. "Father was a planter, and last winter I played the grave-digger in 'Hamlet' on a road tour through Mississippi."

THIS IS HOW HIS COZY LITTLE MOUNTAIN BUNGALOW LOOKED TO HIM DURING THE VISIT OF HIS WIFE'S MOTHER

Sarcastic

"He'd be all right if he wasn't so infernally sarcastic," said Holloway.

"Jimpson sarcastic? I never noticed it. How?" said Wimpleton.

"Why, I borrowed ten dollars from him yesterday," said Holloway, "and when I asked him where I should send it when returning it, he said, 'The same place you sent the fifty you borrowed last year.'"

"Well, what of it? I don't see any sarcasm in that," said Wimpleton.

"But, don't you see," said Holloway, "I never returned the fifty I borrowed a year ago!"

The Proof

"Tush!" said Dubbs contemptuously. "A woman never knows what she wants!"

"That's true enough," said Mrs. Dubbs. "I wanted you once, but if I'd known you"——

The pause that ensued was so chilly that the mercury in the thermometer on the wall broke through the glass and fell to the floor with a dull, sickening splosh.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
The ladies' skirts are tighter now
Than they ever were before.

WATCHING OUR FUNNY WORLD GO BY

By HOMER CROY

Making Friends with Dynamite

A NEW explosive has just been discovered that is ten times more powerful than dynamite. It consists of a mixture of lampblack and liquid gas.

As far as we are personally concerned, common, every-day dynamite has filled all the demands that we have ever made on it. Dynamite is a most determined substance. Dynamite cares naught for who is around, treating rich and poor, high and low, alike; but, some way or other, it usually selects a poor man with a large family. Once it makes up its mind to go off, there is no staying it. The wise person is the one who goes off first. The person who lingers and tries to reason with dynamite will rue it. His friends usually have to be called in to help with the rueing.

"WE NOTICED THE CABIN WASN'T WHERE WE HAD LEFT IT"

Once we got a small stick of dynamite and took it into the woods, where we were camping, to kill fish. We took a piece of the dynamite into our wooden shanty, put it into a cup of water, and set the cup on the stove to thaw out the dynamite.

Then we went down the river to invite a friend to come and partake of the fish with us. On rounding the bend, coming back, we noticed that the cabin wasn't where we had left it. Then we noticed that it was several yards in the air. We could not place the trouble, but intuition told us that all was not well. We surmised at once that something was wrong. Then the sound waves reached us and knocked us both down. We picked ourselves up and hurried to where the cabin had once stood. A few shingle nails and the right foreleg of the cook stove were all that remained to show that the water had boiled dry. My new pair of suspenders were gone, with not one thread of them left to tell the tale. I mourned my loss keenly, for they were buttoned to my Sunday trousers.

Before thawing out dynamite, you should always leave all valuables at a safe-deposit vault and the name of the nearest relative pinned to a tree.

If any of our readers are going to use any of this new lamphlack and liquid gas explosive to kill fish, we earnestly advise them to handle it with care and add water accordingly.

Bovine Ethics

WE SEE that a prominent scientific farmer is advocating that a cow should be treated as a lady. But what is a person to do when he is going across the field and is charged by her husband?

We instinctively feel that we wouldn't treat him as a gentleman. We feel that we would be more apt to try to cow him with a club.

"Cow him with a club!" Oh, oh, oh! Isn't that a bull?

The Retired Blacksmith and the Athletic Ghost

A PROFESSOR at the Boston Institute of Technology has discovered that ghosts are due to bad air. He says that carbon monoxide poisoning gives the illusion of walking spirits.

We do not altogether agree with the professor. We remember when we were young and freckled, out in Missouri, that we once met a ghost that wasn't made of bad air. A man living outside our town each summer raised watermelons. He was a large, able-bodied man who had retired from the profession of blacksmithing to indulge in gardening.

One night, when the moon was in its infancy, the editor of this page and another boy went walking with a gunnysack over our shoulders. Suddenly we found ourselves in the blacksmith's melon patch. We could not account for this. We had been walking along talking, and when we looked up we were surrounded by melons.

We went on talking to each other in whispers, until the first thing we knew two melons were in our gunnysack. This mystified us more than ever, and we thought we would withdraw to some quiet spot, get out our knives, and try to solve the mystery. As we were shamefacedly withdrawing, a large, well-built ghost rose up before us, dressed in white. We noticed a peculiar thing about the ghost—it was carrying a shawl strap. As we did not know the ghost, we thought we would leave. The ghost lunged at us and grabbed us both. It placed one of us on the ground and held that one there with its knee, while it used the shawl strap on the other in a very material way. You would never have known that it was a ghost by the way it used the shawl strap. The ghost acted more as if it were used to an anvil. Once, right in the midst of using the shawl strap, the ghost stopped and spit on its hands. It had low habits, but we did not reprove it.

Finally we wriggled out and got away. Strange as it may seem, after that we lost all taste for watermelons after dark, and even the sight of a shawl strap in daytime made us sick.

"THE GHOST WAS CARRYING A SHAWL STRAP"

The Boston professor can talk up his bad-air theory of ghosts all that he wants to, but he needn't expect us to believe it—especially if the ghost is addicted to the shawl-strap habit.

Why It Is Nude

EX-SECRETARY MEYER, of the navy, at a Newport luncheon, answered an interesting question.

"Why," asked a naval cadet, "do we always speak of the 'naked' truth?"

The Secretary smiled in his characteristic way.

"There is an ancient fable, and one very appropriate to this hot weather,

which tells us that on a summer afternoon Truth and Falsehood set out to bathe together. They found a crystal spring, they bathed in the cool, fresh water, and Falsehood, emerging first, clothed herself in the garments of Truth and went her way. But Truth, unwilling to put on the garb of Falsehood, departed naked. And to this day Falsehood wears Truth's fair, white robes, so that many persons mistake her for Truth's very self; but poor Truth still goes naked."

Pleased To Meet Him

Representative Howard, of Georgia, before he went to Congress, was a district attorney. On one occasion he was prosecuting a case in which a number of negroes were involved. One of the negroes had agreed to turn State's evidence and had explained all about the affair to Mr. Howard.

The other negroes in the case learned that this one had promised to go on the witness stand against them, and they frightened him so that the poor negro decided that he would rather brave the

anger of the law than the vengeance of his accomplices.

On the day of the trial, Mr. Howard began cross-examining the negro. "Now, Sam," he said, "tell what you know about what Tom Jones had to do with this case."

"I don't know nothin', sir," declared the witness.

"Well, what do you know about Will Johnson?" asked Mr. Howard.

"I don't know nothin'," answered the witness determinedly.

"Why, Sam," exclaimed Mr. Howard, "don't you remember what you told me that evening down in the jail, and how I promised you that you should not be punished if you would tell all you knew about these others?"

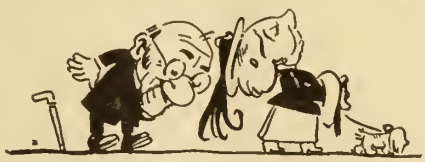
"No, sir," said the negro, "I don't remember nothin' 'tall 'bout it. I never seed you before."

"Sam," said the district attorney harshly, "you do know me. I am Mr. Howard, the district attorney."

The witness rose from his chair, made a sweeping bow in the direction of the district attorney, and said very politely, "Mr. Howard, I'se pleased to meet you, sir, I'se pleased to meet you."

Too Many "Js" in His Church

The Rev. Marion Law, of Providence, R. I., who recently took his parishioners to task because in so many of their homes the front-door bells were out of order, thereby causing him to waste much time while making pastoral calls, appreciates



a good joke even though it be "on" himself. He recently commented on the fact that the name of Jenks is very common in the city. Soon after he came to St. Paul's, he continues, he remarked to a lady of that name,

"Nearly all the 'Js' in this church are members of the Jenks family."

To which she replied, in icy tones,

"Thank you, sir."

The rector did not quite see the reason for this sudden frigidity, till he repeated the sentence over to himself; then for good measure he recalled to the woman the story of how difficult it was for the heathen Chinese to pronounce the Christian name of Professor Jeremiah Jenks.

"It makes us think of the memorable occasion," said Dr. Law, "when Tudor Jenks, the writer, was haled into court as a witness.

"'Name?' demanded the clerk.

"'Tudor Jenks,' replied the witness.

"'What?'

"'Tudor Jenks.'

"Here the stern judge intervened. 'Witness will at once stop making funny noises and tell the court his name.'"

Seen, but Not Heard

On one occasion, while Representative George Price, of Minnesota, was electioneering, he spoke before an audience composed of Swedes and Norwegians. Mr. Price noticed that they were unusually quiet and attentive, and, being pleased with their attention, he made an especial effort to give them a good speech.

After the meeting was over, Mr. Price

was talking with a friend of his, a resident of the section. He confided to his friend his belief that he must have impressed his hearers and his delight at having so respectful and attentive an audience. The friend listened in silence for a time with a quizzical smile on his face. At last he said, "For heaven's sake, George, don't say that to any one else! That crowd just came to see you because you are a real, live congressman and they had never seen one before. They can't understand a word of English."

Art and Climate

Colonel H. O. Heistand, of the army, is also a painter of much merit. One day, when stationed on Governor's Island, after returning from the Philippines, a raw recruit saw his painting of Galatea just before she stepped out of the marble into the flesh—a very lifelike work. The soldier looked at it in silence.

"What's the matter?" inquired the artist. "Don't you like the picture?"

"It's fine, colonel; the finest I ever see!" he replied enthusiastically. "When

are you going to send it to t e Philippines?"

"Not at all. Why do you ask that?"

"Because she looks to me like she was dressed for that climate, sir."

Tru:

Doubtless it is true that Modest Worth is formidable in a Ma athon; but it seldom does well in a short dash.

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

All Change Here

Host (showing family portraits, proudly)—Portrait of my great-uncle—lost an arm at Waterloo.

Youth (hopelessly bored)—Putrid place, Waterloo! Lost my golf clubs there last week.—*Sketch* (London).

The Quarrel

Er—Schon wieder eine neue Toilette—man möchte aus der Haut fahren!

Sie—Na, tu's doch! Dann lass ich mir einen Gürtel und eine Handtasche draus machen!

He—What! Another new dress! That's enough to make me jump out of my skin!

She—Why don't you do it? Then I can have a belt and a handbag made of it.—*Ulk* (Berlin).

At the Junk Market

"Vous voulez rire? Six sous un peigne qu'a plus qu'deux dents!"

"Pour ce prix là, vous voudriez peut-etre un ratelier avec?"

"Are you joking? Six cents for a comb with only two teeth left!"

"Perhaps at that price you expect a full set of teeth into the bargain?"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

Malicious

"Ich fühle mich nicht recht wohl, Herr Doktor. Glauben Sie, dasz ich heute nachmittag in ein Kaffeekränzchen gehen kann?"

"Gewisz, gewisz, meine Gnädige—die Zunge ist ja gut!"

"I don't feel quite well, doctor. Do you think I could go to a coffee party this afternoon?"

"Certainly, miss. Your tongue is all right."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Ingenious

Lady—You told me I need not take out a license for the dog till the end of the year, and now they've sent me a summons.

Fancier—Them revenue people will do hanythink, lady. I sold a genelman a parrot larst week, an' they summoned 'im for keeping a dog without a license just becos the bird 'appened to 'ave a 'usky voice.—*Punch* (London).

An Intimation

"Sie wollen einen Roman schreiben, Fraulein Lilly? Dazu müssen Sie aber erst selbst mal einen erlebt haben?"

"Ich warte auch solange damit!"

"You would like to write a romance, Miss Lilly? In order to do that, you must first have personal experience in one."

"I am willing to wait for that."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

The Foxy Chauffeur

"Ben quoi! t'es pas fou, t'emportes un échelle?"

"T'occupes pas, vieux—c'est pour monter les cotes."

"What! Are you crazy? You take a ladder along?"

"Never mind, old fellow. It's to climb the hills."—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

Hints to Climbers: How To Attract Notice

Follow notable people about at public functions (Ascot, for instance), and, as they arrive within range of the snapshooter, adroitly contrive to be in the picture, so as to appear in next week's photographic papers under the heading, "The Duke and Duchess of Dumpshire and Friend."—*Punch* (London).

THE INCOMING TIDE

Summer Dips

TOGETHER, in the rolling sea,
They went in bathing, she and he.

"I love you, dearest one," he said.
Said she, "Don't get beyond your head."

She wore a fetching bathing suit—
Most beautiful she looked, and cute.
He sighed, "Your heart I want to keep."
She answered, "My! it's getting deep!"

And, as the waves about them play'd,
'Tis thus he pleaded with the maid:
"My love, dear girl, pray never doubt."
And her reply was, "Please swim out."

He led her safely to the shore.
She smiled and said, "Well, au revoir!
I thank you for my bathing trip."
Next day she had another "dip."

—*Tom W. Jackson.*

As Far as He Could Go

"I," she said, "can trace my ancestry back to armor and shirts of mail."

"I started to trace my ancestry back once," he replied, "but my wife made me stop when I got to shirt sleeves and overalls."

Until

"Do you think it a good plan for one to pay as he goes?"

"Yes; until he goes for good!"

Headquarters

"Do you have as much trouble finding your cuff and collar buttons as you used to?"

"No; I always find 'em in one place now."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I go to the vacuum cleaner."

In Vacation Time

The dish had just run away with the spoon.

"Jones wouldn't wash us while his wife was away," they explained.

Many people get their only rise in life through the assistance of an elevator.

RETRIBUTION

Mr. Monk—What 's he in for? *Jailer*—Going around claiming to be descended from us.

Fortune's Wheel

A ROGUE has for years run a gambling wheel—
You know him; Dan Cupid's his name—
And writers of poetry and fiction all spiel
For this villain's nefarious game.

And every one comes with the coin of his heart,
And every one pays in advance,
Though the least observation should prove from the start
That not one in a score has a chance;

For plain are the signs that no player may miss,
Of loneliness, woe and divorce;
Still, every one fancies that riches or bliss
Will be his as a matter of course.

Oh, the hearts that are lost on that engine of guile,
More cruel than the torturous rack!
But somebody wins every once in a while,
And that keeps us all coming back.

—*Evelyn Marie Stuart.*

CHILDHOOD'S PROMISE

"Mother, dear, when I grow up I 'm goin' to buy ye all the candy ye want, an' a new dress, an' a nautomobile, an' lots o' things. Aren't I kind to ye?"

She Lost It

Mistress (hurrying frantically)—Mary, what time is it now?

Maid—Half-past two.

Mistress—Oh, I thought it was later! I still have twenty minutes to catch the steamer.

Maid—Yes, mum. I knew ye'd be rushed, so I set the clock back thirty minutes, to give ye more time.

"SHE LOVES ME—SHE LOVES ME NOT"

Some Hints to Those Contemplating a Literary Career

HAVING borrowed, rented or bought a typewriter, secure paper to fit it, and your working outfit will be complete. No other trade needs as few and simple tools as literature.

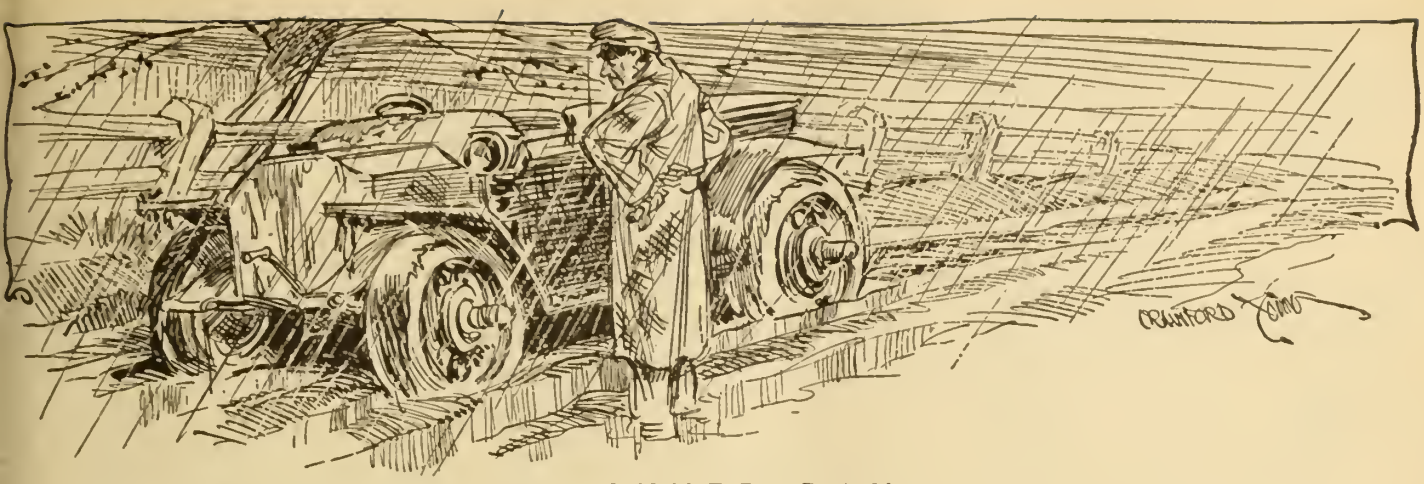
If your fancy leads you toward the field of journalism, first purchase a newspaper plant. Having this, you will be sure that whatever you write will get into print or somebody will lose his job. It is, you will discover if you neglect this important first step, one thing to write and quite another to get into print. This neglect is one of the chief causes of unhappiness among writing people to-day.

If you feel inspired to write only poetry and fiction, it will not be necessary to purchase a newspaper plant. You may purchase, instead, a magazine plant, which will answer every purpose and give you more time to think. You need not fear the prejudice or pleasure of editors if you own the groundwork. You won't even have to inclose stamped envelope for return. Tack your manuscript "Must," add your initials, and, when the editor gets it, no questions will be asked. If there are, it is your duty to bounce the editor.

If journalism, poetry or short stories do not appeal to your wider vision, and you feel that you must write books in order to satisfy your craving for expression, you may well ignore newspaper and magazine plants and purchase a book-publishing plant, with all its potentialities. Having this secured, when you write a book—novel or otherwise, including volumes of verse—you need not mail the manuscript to the publisher or hire a literary agent or do any of those things which you would be compelled to do if you did not follow the advice herein given. All you would have to do would be to hand the copy to the office-boy, with instructions to take it to the foreman of the composing-room and tell him to get it into type and on the press ahead of anything else in the office. After which you could go away in your nifty touring car, and presently, up in the mountains or down by the sea, you would hear near-literary persons talking about the latest book by the distinguished author, etc.

Many aspiring literary writers fail because they neglect the simple advice offered here to all, free of charge, and they have no one to blame except themselves, though most of them blame it on the editors, who don't know literature when they see it.

—*W. J. Lampton*

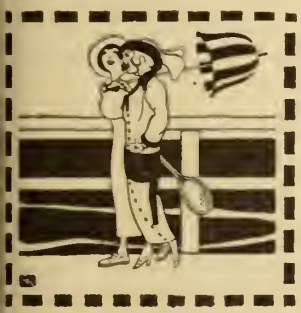


ANOTHER DAY

Stalled motorist—And only yesterday I was fined twenty-five dollars for breaking the speed laws!

Still More Humorous

"I USED to admire, in a way, the effervescent humor of Sut Lovingood," confessed the Old Codger; "and it hit me as a masterly effort on the part of Artemus Ward to stand, overcoated and mittened, off yonder in the edge of the woods, at half-past one o'clock on a cold night, and yell in a heartrending wail, until his brother arose from sleep, and, clad in little but goose flesh and keen apprehension, opened the window, to have the festive Artemus shout an inquiry as to whether or not he believed slavery was wrong. For a long time I contended that the output of those two humorists was so excruciatingly silly and monumentally idiotic that it could never be beaten. But I changed my mind the other night, when I heard an old-time wheel-horse politician state his reasons why women should not vote."



Inexperience

"Jennie," said he, "believe it true—
I never loved any girl but you."
"Oh, Fred," she answered, "I'm sure of this;
You make such work when you try to kiss."

Practical

Mrs. W.—Old invitations Mrs. Reid issued for the coming nuptials of her daughter—just written affairs, with the first line reading, "Mrs. L. W. Reid requests the honor of your presents," etc.

Mr. W.—Truthful, at any rate.

A Double-action Alarm

HEMMANDHAW'S face wore a worried look.

"I'm in trouble," he said. "I don't seem to be able to get up early in the morning."

"Why don't you get yourself a nice little alarm clock?" the head bookkeeper suggested.

"I did; but I didn't hear the thing when it went off."

"Then why don't you get a big one?"

"I did that, too, and it made me lose too much time."

"Made you lose time?"

"Yes; it rang so loudly that it awakened the man in the next room, and he always beat me to the washroom."

Not a Detector

Husband—Mary, it seems that every time you get a bill changed, you get a piece of bad money shoved on you.

Wife—Maybe so, Henry; but I handle so little, I don't know the difference.

Tranquillity

Quiet! Secretary Bryan did not make a speech on the Fourth of July. He stayed in Washington. It was a quiet Fourth.

The New Woman

Mrs. Knicker—Are you going to take a course in a business college?

Mrs. Bocker—Yes; I want to find out how to get more money out of Jack.

Baseball players are much opposed to the high ball, as it often puts them out.

VERY REALISTIC

Near-sighted aunt (whose nephew is viewing her portrait painted by Miss de Brush)—Jack, don't you think that the expression around the mouth is fine?

WATCHING OUR FUNNY WORLD GO BY

By HOMER CROY

Canine Obsequies

THE OTHER day a Pomeranian belonging to a rich family in Philadelphia was covered with a silken shroud and buried in a silver-trimmed rosewood coffin, beneath a tree in the family's country place. The Pomeranian had fallen down an elevator shaft and broken its neck. If we had a Pomeranian and it passed to the great beyond, we wouldn't bother about the silken shroud, and the day in August would have to be so cold that the thermometers would be wearing mufflers and pulse warmers before we would furnish a Pomeranian a silver-trimmed rosewood casket for the last sad rites. Our hair will never turn white in one terrible, racking night from grief over a Pomeranian that has joined the silent majority. We have a sneaking suspicion that the next morning we would get up refreshed and ready to go to a double-header. We have never liked Pomeranians, and, if the truth must be known, we wouldn't care if somebody left every elevator door on the shaft open. We wouldn't be harsh and uncompromising with the person—in fact, we might take him along to the game with us.

Fried Chicken as a Thought Producer

THE wife of the Governor of Indiana has discovered that fried chicken is a brain food. The brilliant editor of this page was pleased to learn this. Ever since he was a small boy he has been devoted to fried chicken. In fact, almost lives on it. So it is easy to see that there is something in the Governor's wife's idea.

At Home to a Snapping Turtle

A MAN in Cairo, Ill., has a pond of tame turtles. When he whistles, they will come up and let him stroke them on the head.

We have no desire to spend our vacation with this Cairo gentleman, sitting on the bank, stroking his pets on the head. We know too much about the habits and peculiarities of snapping turtles to sigh to run our hand over their low, retreating foreheads.

One time Turkey-egg Culp had a snapping turtle set its teeth into the calf of his leg, and they had to put lye into the turtle's eyes to make it let go. We laughed like everything and said that it was a good one on Turkey-egg, but we laughed too soon.

One day we slipped down under the wagon bridge and went swimming all by ourself. We always liked to swim especially where we shouldn't. Stolen swims are always sweetest.

We had got just comfortably muddy, when we stepped on something round and hard. It moved, and so we felt around with our toe to see what it was. We were no time in finding out. We had put our toe where it did not belong. Our toe had got into a turtle's mouth. When a turtle once takes hold, it has made permanent arrangements. We crawled out and tapped the turtle on the back, but he merely blinked his cold, unfeeling eyes and tightened his lips. We did not like his attitude toward us.

We felt heartily ashamed of ourself for having laughed at Turkey-egg Culp. We resolved never to laugh at any other boy who should be similarly situated.

We resorted to harsher measures. We took up a club and rapped the turtle sharply on the back. He blinked his eyes at us in astonishment, but did not offer to let bygones be bygones. We hit him athwart the shoulders. A look of pained surprise came into his eyes, but he did not remove his teeth. He did not have any the best of us when it came to looks of pained surprise. Our heart went out to Turkey-egg, who had suffered like a martyr.

Time after time we beat the turtle over the back with abandon, but it did not deter him one jot or tittle. The turtle was deaf to all reason. Never before had we known that a lowly turtle had such determination. However, we did not stop to praise it.

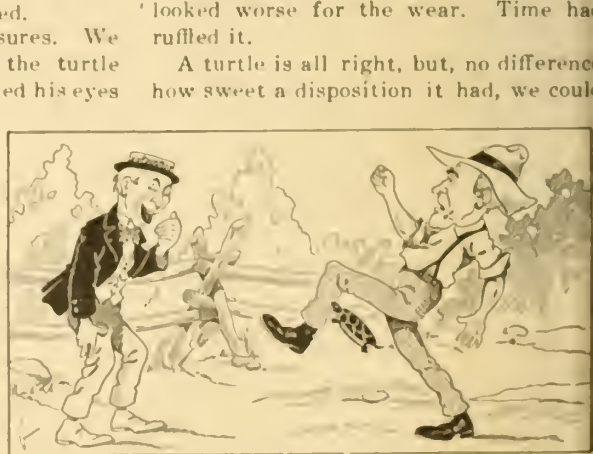
We began to yell and roll over on the bank. This was not to amuse the turtle, but because it hurt so. Turkey-egg was a hero.

We knew there was no way to get the turtle to where there was lye. So we raised our voice louder than ever. A farmer, taking his family to town, drew up his team and came running down the bank with his knife open. He seized the turtle and began sawing at its jugular vein. Although the turtle was at a loss to understand this, it did not offer to release its toe hold. We could see at once that the man rarely sharpened his knife but we did not reprove him. The blade of the knife had tobacco stains on it, but we did not ask the man what kind of tobacco he used. Although naturally we had a great aversion for tobacco, we stood the sight of this quite well.

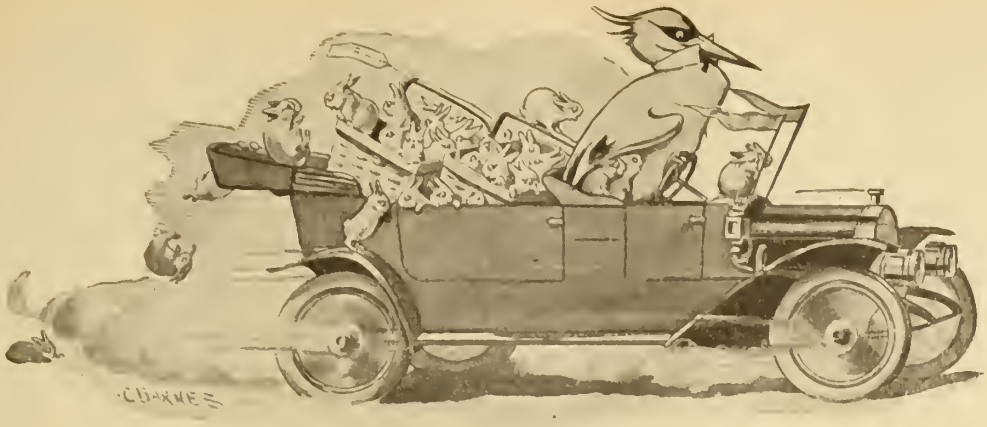
As we sat there while the man sawed on, we tried to think of pleasant things and to bear the turtle no malice; but, in spite of our better nature, we could not help wishing it an early death. Finally the saw worked its way through the neck of the turtle, and at last its body was detached; but its head kept right on with the creature's plans. The man got a stick and pried its teeth apart. We took our toe out at once.

Our toe was not its graceful self. It looked worse for the wear. Time had ruffled it.

A turtle is all right, but, no difference how sweet a disposition it had, we could never become attached to it. There would always be the lurking fear that it would become attached to us. Turtles may make faithful and loving pets for aught we know, but personally we never pine for the society of turtles.



"THEY HAD TO PUT LYE INTO THE TURTLE'S EYES TO MAKE IT LET GO"



SUBURBAN NOTE

Doctor Stork has had so much business since he came to Bunnie Cliffe that he has been compelled to buy an automobile to keep up with his practice. N. B. Orders by telephone or wireless carefully executed.

Delaying the Law

"HOW in the world will you dig up more evidence to get me a new ·ial?"

"Don't worry about that," replied the ıwyer. "All you have to do is to dig p more money."

Hunches

Faint art never made one lady fair.

If there were a market for afterthoughts, most of us would be rich.

An opportunity is a thing which will slide by without any special lubrication.

Truth is more of a stranger than fiction.

His Fatal Error

"Well, Wildboys has himself to thank for his troubles. He mistook license for liberty."

"Eh? How's that?"

"Marriage license."

Dog Days

Just now, the pup
With brains endowed
Will stay "Far From
The Madding
Crowd."

More men are up in air daily than go by the flying machine.

Mad Maiden Millicent

WILLIE met with merry Milly,
In the season that was silly,
And they wandered willy-nilly
On the sands.
At the outset she was chilly,
As becomes a proper filly,
And continued so until he
Held her hands.

Milly learned to call him Billy,
When the nights were calm and stilly,
As they strolled the roadway hilly,
Quite alone;
And he christened her his Lily—
Flowery name which brought such thrill he
Wouldn't rest till maiden Milly
Vowed him Own.

Summer nearly over, Willie
Promised he would send a billet
Deux to Milly's domicil-ee,
With some chink,
So that she might fly to Philly
And amalgamate with Billy.
Will Willie keep his promise? Will he?
I don't think!—*A. Walter Utting.*

Egg View Note

Ambrose Crosslots says: "Defeat stares more fellers in the back than in the face."

DIDN'T TEST THEM

Tom—And how did you find Gibralter? Are its fortifications really so impregnable?

Sam—I don't know. I didn't try to take it.

Prince Charming

"And you really once saw a prince?"

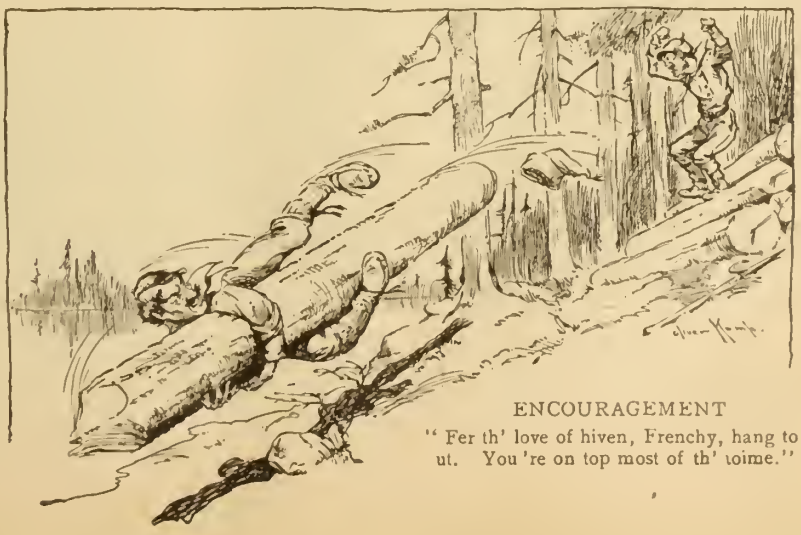
"Yes."

"Oh," she exclaimed, clasping her ands and gazing with awe into the eyes hat had looked upon royalty, "what was e doing?"

"Trying to balance a chair on his chin o amuse a chorus girl."

Under the Trees

ust at that time in love's young dream
When you're disposed to hug,
t is not nice to hear her scream,
"Let go! There is a bug!"



ENCOURAGEMENT

"Fer th' love of hiven, Frenchy, hang to ut. You're on top most of th' toime."

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

Probably with Cause

"Aber haben Sie denn gar nichts gegen Ihr Leiden getan, Herr Baron?"
"Was Sie denken! Von den ersten Kapazitäten der Welt hab' ich mich anbrüllen lassen!"

"Haven't you done anything at all for your ailment, baron?"
"What do you think! I've let the highest medical authorities in the world shout at me."—*Ulk* (Berlin).

Sweet Sixteen

"Es ist doch jammerschade, dasz Leutnants nich Klavierstunden geben dürfen!"

"What a pity it is that lieutenants are not permitted to give piano lessons!"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Last Instructions

"C'est bien entendu—tu pars en tete et, sous aucun prétexte, tu ne te laisses rattrapper!"

"It is well understood. You start at the head, and under no pretext must you let them catch up with you!"—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

Out of the Frying Pan

Lady (meeting her former servant)—Oh, Mary, I suppose you are getting better wages at your new place?

Mary—No, ma'am; I'm workin' for nothing now—I'm married.—*London Opinion.*

Delightful Evening

"On m'a dit que vous aimiez beaucoup la bonne musique."
"Ça ne fait rien—continuez!"

"They tell me you are very fond of good music."
"Never mind. Continue."—*Le Rire* (Paris).

Both with One Hope

Hostess—Oh, I hope your dog won't go into the kitchen! The fish for baby's dinner is on the table.

Caller—I hope not, indeed! He isn't allowed to have fish.—*Punch* (London).

A Mother's Satisfaction

"Mit den Kinderfräulein hat man immer Aerger. Jetzt habe ich eine, die weisz so gut mit den Kindern umzugehen, dasz sie gar nicht mehr zu mir wollen.

"One always has vexation with these nurses, but I have one that knows so well how to manage the children that they won't come to me any more."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

MAKING THE MOST OF A BORROWED MACHINE

CAPTIOUS CRITICS

Slender—Gee! Miss Dashaway's bathing costume is worse than what she wore at the casino last night.

Wachwel—Yes; she had her diamonds on then.

Not On His Job

"HOW'S that new hired man o' yours doin', Zack?" asked Uncle Ab Tansy of Uncle Zack Milkweed, as they met at a watering trough and allowed their horses to "squench" their thirst.

"He ain't doin' at all. I fired him."

"Already? Fer what?"

"He wa'n't onto his job."

"How you talk! Disposed to shirk, huh?"

"I should say so! Couldn't coax nor cuss him out o' bed 'fore half-past four of a mornin', an' if he'd milked seven or eight cows an' took the milk to the station, he thought he'd done enough 'fore breakfast, an' didn't want to pick up a hoe an' git into the potater patch until breakfast was ready. Then he kicked about doin' anything after seven at night. Wanted to set down an' whittle or mebbe go to bed. Said sixteen hours a day was long enough for any one to work, an' got sassy 'cause I wanted him to hoe a little corn on Sunday. I tell ye, Ab, the present gen'ration is gittin' more an' more shif'less. We didn't play at workin' when we was boys, did we?"

"I should say not! We was onto our jobs, all right, from three-thutty or four in the mornin' until nine or so at night. Dunno what the world is comin' to, with the risin' gen'ration so blamed shif'less!" —*M. M.*

A Sunday Game

Pitcher—The cop will catch us sure this time.

Catcher—Then let us pretend to be playing golf.

The masquerader is not the two-faced person we avoid.

INCONSIDERATE

Mrs. Enright—Did you enjoy your bridge party this afternoon?

Muriel—No; Cynthia Calvert spoiled the fun. Just as we were hearing all the details of her divorce she walked in.

The Jilts—a Comedy of Summer Courtship

LAST year she jilted me when autumn came, although I'd been through all the summer's flame an ardent lover of the kind that she oft said "deserved a maiden's constancy." I'd walked with her, I'd talked with her and spooned, and in her willing ears soft vows I'd crooned. We'd paced the moonlit strands full many a mile, and held each other's trustful hands the while. She'd stroked my hair; she'd bossed me here and there. She'd found me waiting on her everywhere, and in the tango we had tripped along as gayly as though life were but a song.

And then?

When autumn came, that maiden sweet passed by me coldly on the city street, as though I were a stranger, all unknown,

COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC

and left me standing there dazed and alone!

And then again?

Last night we met once more—you'd ne'er have guessed we'd ever met before, and straightway she began again to scheme to bring about another "Love's Young Dream."

"You so remind me of a man I knew somewhere, sometime," she thus began to coo. "Your eyes and hair are quite the same," said she, "and, when you smile, I'd almost think you're he."

"Perhaps I am," said I, with deep-drawn sighs, and gazed once more into her soulful eyes. "What was his name?"

She thought, then smiled a bit, as she replied,

"I can't remember it! It's gone from me forever, just as he has passed forever from the life of me—but he was mighty nice!"

She sighed, and then, despite the past, I tumbled in again!

What's one small jilt to knock a mortal flat?

I quite resolved to let it go at that, and answered once again dear Cupid's call, with ne'er a fear of jilting in the fall; for I've a scheme to spare me from the worst—when fall hath come, I'll do the jilting first!

—*Blakeley Grey.*

Slumming

"My good man," said the leader of the slumming party, "can you have the tango danced for us?"

"I don t permit the tango, mum," responded the owner of the dance hall.

"Have you the audacity to criticise dances that are danced in the best society?"

"I ain't criticising society, mum; but if I permitted dances like them, I'd lose my license."

The Very One

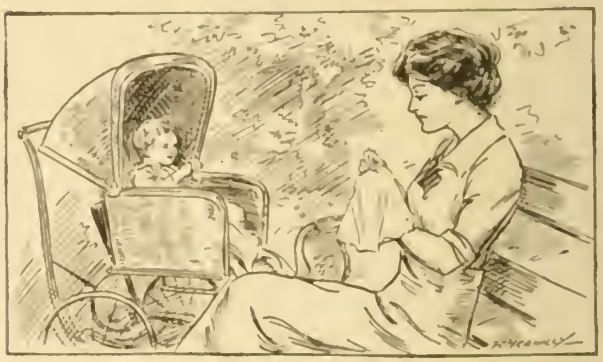
Merchant—I'm looking for a good man to write my advertisements.

Friend—Why don't you get one of those old farmers who write up the attractions of their farmhouses during the summer?

Modern Version

Rock-a-bye, baby,
On the tree top!
Ma's turkey trotting—
She cannot stop;
Sister's tangoing,
Pa grizzly bears.
Rock-a-bye, baby,
For nobody cares!

"When I am married I 'll have a car," she said



She has

Would Be a Cinch

OH, for a straw hat that will keep
Forever clean and bright!
Oh, for a meltless collar that
Is ever stiff and white!
Oh, for tan shoes that ever shine,
For ties that never fray!
Oh, for a pair of summer pants
In which the creases stay!

Thought It Was a Cook

Proud parent—We had a new arrival at our house last night.

Absorbed commuter—Did she get you a good dinner?

Gabrielle—Chased by a man! Dear me, how romantic!

INCONSIDERATE

Traffic policeman (to couple who escaped being run down)—What do ye mane gettin' yerselfs near kilt on my corner? Do ye want t' get me fired?

His Success

"THE proprietor of the Right Place Store, over across the street, is

what I call a self-made man," stated the landlord of the Skeedee Tavern. "He came here about four years ago, as the magician with a minstrel show, and when the aggregation went busted and the rest of the forty—count them!—forty hoofed it off down the railroad track, he had a boy hold his fur-lined overcoat, rolled up his sleeves to show that he had nothing concealed about his person, and with his magic wand drew out of his plug hat enough little tin cups, dolls, rubber balls, ribbons and baby clothes to start a small novelty store. He has been here ever since and has stuck to business, till now he owns an automobile and owes the bank as much as ten thousand dollars."

Easy Money

"There," observed Grumley, "goes a man who has made a fortune out of the automobile business."

"Manufacturer or sales agent?"

"Neither. He's a notary public and gets a fee for every mortgage he makes out."

On the Other Shore

"In the Father's house are many mansions," the pastor was saying to the divorced lady, who was quite ill.

"Yes, I know," she whispered; "and I was wondering if John would live in one and I in another over there."

Dabs and Dashes

A mark of respect.
A line of inquiry.
A spot of interest.
A stain of dishonor.
A touch of kindness.
A trace of weakness.
A figure of despair.
A stamp of gentility.
A point of difference.
A sign of displeasure.
A stroke of misfortune.
An impression of the mind.

A Perfectly Natural Query

Said the friendly city boarder
To his country host, "I see
You have honey on the table.
Tell me, do you keep a bee?"

Emulation

Crawford—How in the world does it cost you so much to live?

Crabshaw—I sometimes fancy it's because I have such expensive neighbors.

Just So

"Pa, what was a knight errant?"

"A conceited person of ancient times who was continually butting in."

A man who knows it all has reached the point where [illegible] of learning.

WATCHING OUR FUNNY WORLD GO BY

By Homer Croy

Romance

IN AN interview sent back from London, David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, upholds romantic love. He says that it is much better to have the youth select his mate blue-tipped flame. Each will suddenly discover that he or she can't live without the other. Each breath not drawn in the presence of the other is a positive, tearing pain. Their appetites will fall off. Where once they used to eat roasting ears until their parents considered boarding them at a livery stable, they will suddenly lose their appetites, until a large, well-filled bean and a glass of water will be all they can possibly eat. Keep them apart until they begin to write letters in secret, and, before you could hang a handbag on the new moon, they will pull a justice of the peace out of bed and tell him that every second is golden, and, if he knows any short cut, to use it, no matter about the expense. That is romance.

"BUT TO [illegible] FAIREST ROSE IN THE [illegible]"

A young man will take a buxom girl, built along the lines of the *Imperator*, and hold her on his knees until he has to wake his feet with a dinner bell. But that is romance.

Personally we love to sit in the parlor, with the light low, after our hand has absently wandered over and covered hers, and discuss great questions of the day with her. We like to hold one of her hands and discuss the wool schedule, or both of her hands and thoughtfully analyze the question of the recall of judges.

One time we were discussing the future of the Philippines with a girl in a half light, when we heard her father coming downstairs. The discussion had lasted over until the quiet hours of the morning. We thought that her father was going to call on the furnace, but it transpired, however, that he was coming to see us. He was a large man and indulged in athletics. He advanced quickly and seized the young man who had been discussing our inland possessions with his daughter as if he already loved him and was willing to take him into the family. But such was not his designs. He opened the door and dragged the young student of affairs to its portal. The next thing his daughter's admirer knew was that two men were bending over him and asking what he had got in front of. The young man told them that it was in front of an oil burning, forced-draft father. They were loth to believe it, but the young man had the evidence with him. All we had to do was to open our shirt, and the two men could say no more. That was romance.

Still, that is better than having the State take our measurements and our dispositions and try to mate us up. Let romance go on doing business at the old stand—the State doesn't have to live with either of them.

Random Notions

A NEW motor-'bus line has been put in running past the office of the editor of this page. Pretty girls are to be the conductors. If any of our friends drop in to see us and we don't happen to be in, they can sit down and make themselves at home for a few minutes. The line isn't very long. If the friend wants to take us out for a spin or to lunch, he will find us open to reason.

□

It has happened again. This time it was a man in Des Moines, Ia. From all outward appearances he was perfectly normal in every way, but, all the same, there was an occipital wheel loose. By slow saving he had rounded up four hundred dollars, all in one bunch. This money he put in the parlor stove for safe-keeping—and then came the cold snap.

"HE WAS A LARGE MAN AND INDULGED IN ATHLETICS"

M[illegible]

By S. E. KISER

"WHAT a beautiful girl Miss Fortescue is!" she said. "If I were a man, I should be crazy about her!"

"She's very pretty," he assented; "but I know a girl who is much more beautiful—much more charming."

"What a curious-looking locket that is on your fob!"

"There's a strange story connected with it. I picked it up in a quaint little curio shop in London. It once belonged to a man who had some kind of an occult power that made it possible for him to become invisible to other people."

"You don't believe anybody ever really had such power as that, do you?"

"No. But the story the curio dealer told me about this man was rather interesting. It seems that the man who had this curious power had lived in India for a number of years, and while there he succeeded in getting himself initiated into some of the deep mysteries of the East. When he came back to England, strange stories began to be heard about him. One day a woman was walking in Hyde Park, apparently all alone, when suddenly she put her hands up to her throat and began to struggle as if attempting to free herself from the clutches of some one who was choking her. People who rushed to her assistance"——

"Oh, such stories always make me feel creepy! Don't you think Helen Fortescue's beauty would be perfect if her eyes were not quite so near together?"

"I don't believe I ever noticed that her eyes were too near together. People who rushed to her assistance found her choked almost into insensibility, and there were clearly defined finger marks on her neck. A few minutes later"——

"I suppose, when a man admires a girl, he doesn't notice any little defects like that, does he?"

"It was not necessarily a defect. Any one who is choked is likely to have marks showing"——

"I mean Helen Fortescue's eyes."

DISTURBING

Voice through the door—Quick! everybody to the fire escape It 's through the bath-room window."

"Don't you care to hear the rest of th story?"

"Oh, yes, certainly! Please go on."

"A few minutes after the woman's cu rious struggle, the man who owned thi locket was seen walking away from th place where the thing happened. No on had noticed him before, and it was sup posed that he had, while invisible t others, assaulted the woman, whether fo revenge or for the purpose of robbin her nobody knew. The most remarkabl part of the story"——

"You were saying a moment ago tha you knew a much more beautiful girl."

"I am not sure that she was beautifu The curio man didn't mention it. Th most remarkable"——

"I mean more beautiful than Hele Fortescue."

"Yes, I do know one who is mor beautiful—much more beautiful."

"Do I know her?"

"Yes."

"Very well?"

"You ought to know her better tha you know any one else in the world."

"Do you think a girl ought to call young man by his first name before the are engaged?"

"I don't see any harm in it, if the are good friends."

"But if—if they are something mor than friends?"

"Then there is the more reason wh she should."

"Who is she—Philip?"

"The curio man didn't tell me. don't suppose he knew."

"I mean the girl who is more beaut ful and lovely than Helen?"

PROFESSIONAL NEIGHBORS

"Please, ma'am, mother says can ye loan her some milk. She wants to make a omelet with them eggs she borrowed off ye this mornin'."

"If you will promise not to say anything to any one else, I will"——

"But why should we keep it a secret?"

"I want to tell her myself. She is your sister Jessie. Shall I tell you the most remarkable part of the story about the man"——

"No, thank you. I really don't know why you should think I'm interested in your locket. What an awful homely thing it is, anyway!"

Historic Peculiarities

SHAKESPEARE used to walk to London in preference to waiting for a train.

During his entire life Michael Angelo made less than five dollars out of drawings for Sunday papers.

Robert Fulton wouldn't turn water into a steam boiler, even if it were burning dry.

Catherine the Great, who was very fond of writing letters, never moistened the gummy side of postage stamps.

Daniel Webster believed in economizing time, but was never known to use a telephone.

Nero was passionately fond of playing the violin, but would never consent to having a pianola in the house.

Napoleon never got a wink of sleep in a room that was steam-heated.

Lord Cornwallis grew fat on army camp chuck, but never could eat at a cafeteria.

—Howard C. Kegley

WHICH IS WHICH?

One has six man-eating tigers to his credit; the other has just shot his first rabbit.

The Viewpoint

The pessimist said, as he nursed his blues,
"I never had aught that I didn't lose."
The optimist said—and his smile was glad—
"I never lost aught that I hadn't first had."

Off the Water Wagon

Aladdin rubbed his lamp and the genie appeared.

"It's my first sight of a djinn-phiz," sighed Aladdin.

And he rolled off the water wagon.

A Ballade of Now and After

I'M A LANGUID, listless wight;
Careless I'm of blame or praise.
I am choleric day and night,
Spiteful in each word and phrase
There's no spirit in my lays,
And I'm in an endless frown.
Oh, the gladness in my gaze
When the girls get back to town!

He who once was blithe and bright,
Now his mournfulness betrays;
He whose heart was once so light,
Naught but sadness now displays.
Yet, though gloom my spirit sways
And I sink in studies brown,
I shall come from out the maze
When the girls get back to town.

Something's missing to the sight;
Every comfort from me strays.
Nothing seems to go just right;
All the hope in me decays,
For there is no charm that stays.
Ah! my woes I'll quickly drown
And a song of joy upraise
When the girls get back to town.

ENVOY

Mark ye! In so many ways
I have kept expenses down—
I've been saving for the days
When the girls get back to town!

—Nathan M. Levy.

FORTISSIMO DURING PIANISSIMO

Little Sue (alarmed and shrilly treble)—Mamma, is that man shaking his stick at that woman?
Mamma (soothingly)—Hush, dearie, he isn't shaking his stick at her.
Little Sue (still uneasy)—Then, mamma, what is she yelling about?

Depends on Circumstances

"Do you say ought-to-mobile or owe-to-mobile, Jimpson?" asked Slathers.

"Well, that depends," said Jimpson. "When I think of how I ought to pay for it, I say ought-to-mobile, and when I think of how I can't pay for it, I say owe-to-mobile. Want to take a little run in my owe-to-mobile with me?"

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

Painful position of M. P. returning to his hotel in the only clothes left him after a quiet bath behind the rocks.—*Punch* (London).

A Useless Order

"Haut les mains!"

"Hands up!"—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

Feminine Curiosity

We're looking back to see if they
Are looking back to see if we
Are looking back to see if they
Are looking back at us.
—*Bystander* (London).

"C' que ça pince, j'en ai la chair de poule!"
"Si seulement on pouvait en faire du bouillon!"

"How the cold pinches! I am getting goose flesh!"

"If we only could make bouillon out of it!"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

His Mistake

Farmer—I hear there's a fine fat pig for sale here. Can I see it?

Boy—Fey-ther! Some one wants ter see yer.—*Sketch* (London).

The Masher

"Mein Fräulein, darf ich Zhuen meinen Schirm anbieten?"
"Danke, ich habe ja einen."
"Ach, der ist ja viel zu klein für uns beide."

"Miss, may I offer you my umbrella?"
"Thanks; but I have one."
"Oh, but that one is much too small for the two of us!"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Hints to Climbers: How To Attract Notice

Dine at smart restaurants and forget all you ever learned of table manners.—*Punch* (London).

THREE ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR OF FEMALE SUFFRAGE

The Parables of Pifflicus

Of the Young Woman Who Sought an Husband

NOW IT came to pass that there dwelt in the land of I-o-wa a certain maid who would fain have taken an husband to wed.

But none came seeking her, whereupon she was downcast with much sorrow and took counsel of the Heart Problems Department in the Monthly Scroll.

And she applied herself diligently unto book and gat great learning concerning Poetry, and the Drayma, and the Suffrage Question, and a multitude of things like unto these.

But no man sought her out.

Then she said in her heart, I must be Musical and know about Art.

And she learned how to play the Beeth-Oven sonata on the family harp and gathered unto herself much wisdom pertaining unto Light and Shade.

But no man tarried at her abode beyond the ninth hour.

And she was sore discouraged and retired unto the kitchen, while it was yet at the time of harvest, to help Mother out in a pinch.

And it came to pass that a Prince journeyed that way and sat down to meat with them.

And when the dessert came on, he was filled with great joy, saying,

Who hath baked this scrumptious Cherry Pie?

And the maiden answered him with many blushes, saying, Even I.

Whereupon he arose from the table without more ado and embraced her with great gusto, exclaiming, Verily, I shall take thee to wed, even this night.

And it came to pass that he took her to wife, even as he had said, and they lived happily ever after.

And she that had tarried long said within herself, Let the foolish virgins worship at the altar of Art if they desire; but how shall a man eat the Poems of Brown-ing or be sated with the sonatas of Beeth-Oven?—H. *Kee Maxwell*

Virtue's Reward

MR. PUMPERNICKEL, the florist, was sick with a malady that made his face red. Another florist met Mrs. P.

"What ails Mr. Pumpernickel?" he asked.

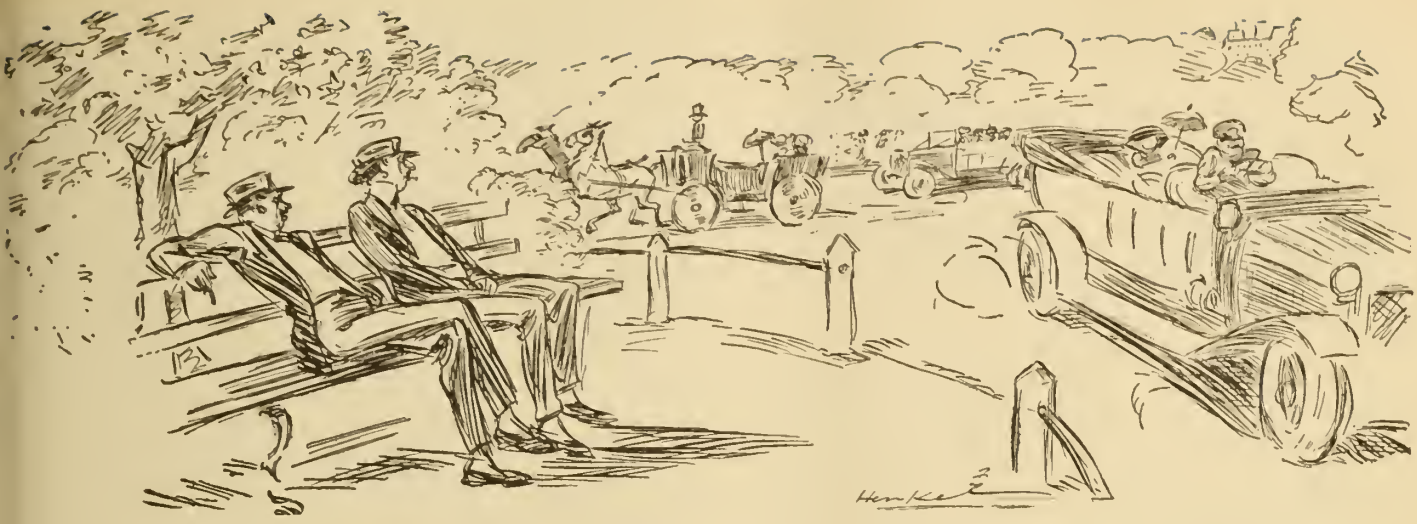
"The doctor calls it acne rose-acie," she said.

"Well, that is not so bad," he replied. "It advertises business."

SELF-EVIDENT

"See here, Arabella, did you tell your mother I was one of the biggest chumps in the world?"

"No. She knew it"



TROUBLES OF OWNERSHIP

S Kidder—Is that Wantley's automobile?
Pete Rol—He calls it his. First he put a mortgage on his house to buy the car; then he put a mortgage on the car to pay for repairs; and now he 's figuring how to raise money to purchase gasoline.

When One Day

NOT WHEN you first have proudly drawn the curtain
To hide a fast-increasing length of limb,
Nor when your years have, piling up, made certain
That "kid" for you is no fit pseudonym;
Not when you first turn hot and cold all over,
And blush and cough, and laugh a foolish laugh,
Because a pretty woman calls you "lover"
In joke, although full well you know it's chaff;

Not when, arrayed in faultless new tuxedo,
You first disport yourself in giddy dance,
Or smoke a cigarette and take no need o'
The fact that dad on smoking looks askance;
No, nor when you first find widows charming
And see in them attractions all their own,
Or cast them out, with vehemence alarming,
In order your friend's sister to enthrone;

But when one day you linger after dinner—
Perhaps you scent your destiny afar—
Your father thinks, "He has grown up, young sinner!"
And, thinking, takes his after-meals cigar;
And then he turns (within his eye a burden
Of mirth suppressed), extends the case, "Have one?"
Rejoice! On you he has conferred the Guerdon,
And now at last you are a man, my son!

—*Valentine Howell.*

Smoke and Smoke

A NEW YORK physician, who is a cigarette fiend, was undergoing a grilling from a Pittsburgh friend, also a physician.

"Stop it! Cut it out!" said the Pittsburgh man. "You know what a cigarette smoker's lungs look like, don't you?"

"Of course I do," retorted the New York man. "They look just like the lungs of a Pittsburgher who never smoked a cigarette in his life."—*W. J. Lampton.*

Smoke Up!

WITHIN a maze
Of mystic haze,
I saw a form divine—
A charming girl,
With teeth of pearl
And features angel fine.

She smiled at me,
This phantasy
I'm telling you about—
I knew the bliss
Of one sweet kiss,
And then—my pipe went out!

A pipe dream? Yes;
But happiness
It brought past power of pen,
So I shall scratch
Another match
And light my pipe again!

* * * * *

In this old earth
The chap of worth
Who makes the winning fight
Laughs when fond schemes
Prove but pipe dreams,
And strikes another light!

—*Lida Keck Wiggins.*

When you put "that" in your pipe and smoke it, of what use is the residuum?

Evidently Not

THE fellow who said, "One-half of the world does not know how the other half lives," evidently did not exist in a period of Ladies' Aid Societies, Thursday Afternoon Whist Clubs, Ladies of the Round Table, Sewing Circles, and like organizations.

In New York

Manhattan—Don't you hate a trick people have of reading one's newspaper over one's shoulder in subway trains?
Bronx—No one ever bothers me that way. My paper is printed in English.

The man who kicks against receiving short weight does not always deliver full value for his money.

POVERTY OF IDEA

Madeline—Why, Mrs. Benaway! Are you back?
Mrs. Benaway—Yes, dear; are you?

Manana

By WALT MASON

THE WEEDS in the garden are growing, while I'm sitting here in the shade; I know that I ought to be hoeing and doing some things with a spade. I know that I shouldn't be shirking in pleasant, arboreal nooks; I know that I ought to be working like good little boys in the books. They tell me that idling brings sorrow, and doubtless they tell me the truth; I'll tackle that garden to-morrow—to-day I've a yarn by Old Sleuth!

The fence, so my mother reminds me, needs fixing the worst kind of way! So it does; but, alas! how it grinds me to wrestle with fence boards to-day! I ought to do stunts with a hammer, and cut a wide swath with a saw, and raise an industrial clamor out there at the fence by the draw. The punishing fires of Gomorrah on idlers, ma says, will rain down; I'll fix up that blamed fence to-morrow—to-day there's a circus in town!

I ought to be whacking up kindling, says ma, as she fools with the churn; the pile in the woodshed is dwindling, and soon there'll be nothing to burn. There's Laura, my sister, as busy as any old bee that you know, while all my employments are dizzy, productive of nothing but woe. I'll show I'm as eager as Laura to make in the sunshine my hay! I'll split up some kindling to-morrow I planned to go fishing to-day!

I've made up my mind to quit fooling and do all the chores round the shack. Just wait till you see me a-tooling the cow to the pasture and back! I'll show that I'm willing and able! I'll weed out the cucumber vines, I'll gather the eggs 'neath the table, and curry the horse till he shines! A leaf from ma's book I shall borrow and labor away till I fall! I'll surely get busy to-morrow—to-day there's a game of baseball!

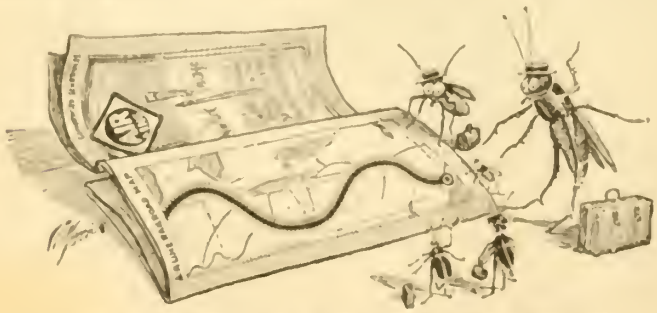
The Way It Goes

"I S'POSE, o' course, you're going to the Female Minstrels at the Op'ry House to-night?" helpfully insinuated the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern.

"No, sir!" firmly replied the recently arrived washing-machine agent. "The show is degrading, and"——

"Are ye sure of that?" eagerly interrupted the landlord.

"Yes. I saw the performance at Whillersville and Torpidtown, and again at Wayoverbehind, and I guess I ought to know!"



A MOST EXCELLENT PORTRAIT OF OUR TRAVELING FRIEND, MR. THOUSANDLEG WORM

WHY NOT HAVE A MONUMENT ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE PUMPKIN PIE?

Pipe Dreams

HE HAD a wondrous castle in some fairy realm of old;
Its marble halls of splendor hung with trophies rare of gol
He reveled in the beauty of its changing tint and gleam,
Until he let his pipe go out and found it all a dream.

He owned a yacht and sailed the seas for islands of the west
Where strains of silvery music lulled his weary soul to rest,
Upon a bed of roses fair that bloomed beside a stream;
And then he let his pipe go out and found it just a dream.

His board and room rent were paid up for ten years in advanc
His landlord passed him with a word of cheer and kindly glanc
But suddenly his blissful joys were quickly put to rout,
For when he tried to fill his pipe, his smoking had run out!

George B. Staff.

How To Move Them

First rector—I am going to preach to the Four Hundre
How can I move them?

Second rector—You'll have to move them in limousines.

The Difference

"What's the difference between speculation and investment

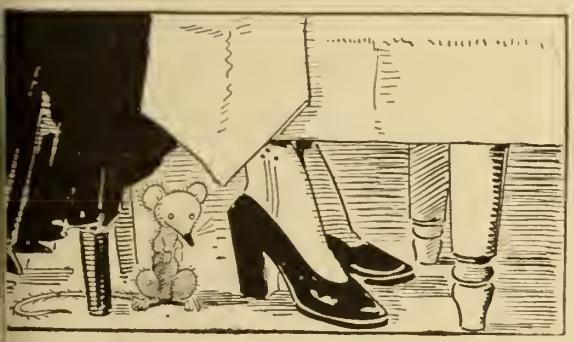
"When you lose, it is speculation; when you win, it investment."

"Be up and doing" is all right as a motto and should followed, if you are doing the right thing.

The Rude and Uncultured Mouse

'HE TALENTED editor of this page (sounds of loud laughter and boisterous conduct on the rear seats) has noticed the papers that a Kansas wife is suing r divorce because her husband often ings home live mice and turns them se in the house.

No husband should act in this way. We



"WHEN A MOUSE IS UNDER THE TABLE"

sh it known that we frown upon the ctice of bringing unknown mice home l turning them loose, to wander where y may. In our mind's eye we can pic- e the feelings of the wife, as she nds in the middle of the floor after her sband has liberated the well-known and niliar quadrupeds. No doubt she has t laid in a fresh supply of groceries l is wondering if the rodents will gnaw ough the pasteboard box and get into oatmeal. There is nothing more niliating than to open a box of oat- al before company, to find that an ill- nnered mouse has taken up quarters in nd built a bungalow of odds and ends waste paper. Then, when your indig- ion is aflame and you most want the use, it is gone.

Even though you saw the mouse scam- ing across the floor of the kitchen, you ld not be sure that it was the guilty ty. If you advanced upon it to teach a lesson and laid it out quivering in middle of t[illegible], you could never quite su[illegible] had caught the ht one, [illegible] vard you might haunte[illegible] hat innocent od was o.

There is nothing more humiliating, when you are lingering at the table after a meal, discussing the affairs of the day, than to have a mouse run across the floor and under the table, out of sight. Even though you have had the mouse a long time and can trust it implicitly, you cannot be certain that the little creature will return quietly to the kitchen. There is always the haunting fear that the mouse may have grown callous and may begin gnawing the slippers of a guest. A mouse gnawing a guest's slippers is enough to make even the most placid temperament nervous. It makes no difference how much you have come to trust the mouse, you are bound to feel that it might do something unworthy of its better self. A hostess cannot help picturing the surprise that would come over the face of her guest when she gets home and finds that a part of her heel is gone.

The strain, when a mouse is under the table selecting a heel, is bound to tell on a sensitive and refined wife.

Personally, we do not blame the wife for getting a divorce. A husband who will bring strange mice home is no gentleman.

A Substitute at Work

THE OTHER night a delicatessen store proprietor in Omaha, Nebraska, smelled gas. Arising, he lighted a match and started to search for the leak. His wife is now waiting on the customers.

Left-handed Happiness

THE MEDICAL men have discovered that training the left hand exercises the right lobe of the brain and tends to make people more cheerful.

A man in the flat directly over us has very little use for his left hand. He has never cultivated it. It is virgin soil.

He takes his sadness out on his wife. Whenever we hear a disturbance on the floor above as if they had come for the piano, we know that our neighbor is being sad. He has a way, when a wave of sadness strikes him, of throwing the kitchen utensils down the airshaft. When an egg beater goes, we know that things haven't been very bright that day, and when the roasting pan goes, we know that every cloud in the business has had its silvery lining stripped bare and thrown over the back fence into his neighbor's chicken yard.

Often in a fit of melancholia the man throws the sugar bowl at his wife. We hold that this is no way for a husband to act. It has been our experience that in the more cultivated homes this is not well thought of. We don't care who disagrees with us, we are firm in our belief that no husband with the highest ideals would hurl a sugar bowl at his wife or pull her off the sofa by her hair. We wish it known that we frown upon the practice. Our trenchant pen shall ever be directed against the custom.

There is no use in bringing influence to bear against us—we shall remain firm and continue to wield our vitriolic pen against this institution. We are adamant. There is no need to cavil with us. You had just as well save your cavil. We will continue to fight the practice as long as there is breath in our body.

"WE KNOW THAT OUR NEIGHBOR IS BEING SAD"

We wish somebody would tie the gentleman's right hand down to his side. The melancholy man is thick through the shoulders and has red hair. On the day that the experiment is tried out, we will be busy and cannot attend; but our columns will always be in the forefront to praise the good work.

THE MAN WHO PROFESSED TO BE AN ATHEIST

The Man of It

HE TIPPED his beaver—the gay deceiver!
I saw him leave her and join the crowd.
My breath came thickly; my heart beat sickly.
I smiled up quickly; he blankly bowed.

And yet, on beeches and hidden breaches
And blue-stone reaches, our names are cut.
In love-knot tether they cling together
And face the weather—enduring—but

He passed me standing among the crowd.
I smiled up quickly; he blankly bowed!

—*Jane Burr*

A Heroine

First bachelor maid—What's your idea of a heroine?

Second b. m.—A mother of ten children.

Mr. Skinnem Explains

"I SEE, father," said Mrs. Skinnem, who had become vastly interested in automobiles, "that the Wank-Wank car is sold for five thousand dollars f. o. b. What does f. o. b. mean?"

"Well, my love," said Mr. Skinnem, "if I bought it, it would be an abbreviation for fine old bust. Why don't you and Mabel go for a trolley ride this afternoon?"

Things in Keeping

"Can you build me a piano and leave the bark on the wood?"

"I guess so," opined the piano salesman.

"I want it for my hunting lodge. We rough it up there, you know."

Suit Yourself

OBSERVE yon man! He's far fro gay.
It seems his wife has gone away.

Yon other man is bowed with woe.
It seems his wife declines to go.

We dodge the moral, as it were.
Pick out the moral you prefer.

Mrs. J. L. O'Connell.

Not Given Away

"Ah, yes! And who gave the bri away?" inquired the able editor of t Goshkonong *Gazette*.

"Nobody," replied Tobe Sagg, w was relating the details of a recent we ding in high life. "If there was an body present that could and e done so, never said a word."

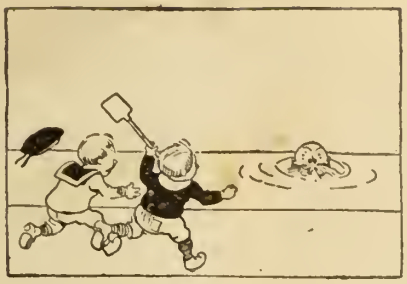
WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

Charity

"Est-il seulement sourd-muet?"
"Je ne sais pas—c'est lui qui le dit."

"Is he really deaf and dumb?"

"I don't know. He says so."—*Le Sourire* (Paris).



"Hurra ein Seehund!"
"Hurrah! A seal!"

"Ich geb euch gleich einen Seehund!"
"Just wait till I seal you!"
—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Philosophy

"Tu adores la vie, toi"
"Je l'avoue."
"Tu ne peux pourtant pas rester eternellement jeune?"
"Je me contenterais de rester éternellement vieux."

"You love life, don't you?"

"I confess I do."

"But you can't stay eternally young."

"Well, I'll be satisfied to remain eternally old."—*L'Illustration* (Paris).

A Miracle

"Im Grunde genommen ist an diesem Lustspiel gar nichts. Wie können Sie nur den Utor göttlich nennen?"
"Nun ja, er hat eben, wie ein Gott: etwas aus nichts gemacht."

"Taken all in all, there is nothing to this comedy. How can you call the author divine?"

"Why, like a god, he has made something out of nothing."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Dress

Gorgeous individual (visitor at seaside, running across resident friend)—Thanks for your note, old chap. I'll be delighted to dine with you to-night.

Friend—That's good! By the way, I think I said, Come as you are; but do you mind *dressing?* We're such plain, simple people.—*Punch* (London).

Despair

"Um Gotteswillen, Adolph, du hast doch die Schlüssel zum Koffer!"

"[illegible] heaven's sake, Adolphus, and you've got the keys of our trun[illegible]*gend* (Munich).

Superfluous

"Siehst du, Mieze, ich find' das goldig, so am Strand und alles,—bloss was das dumme Wasser soll, verstehe ich nicht!"

"You see, Mieze, I think it's fine, being on the beach and all that. Only I can't see why the stupid water should be there!"—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

FOND MEMORIES

The Human Lyre

THE HUMAN lyre is an instrument strung with vocal cords and capable of giving forth chin music. The most famous other kind of lyre was a harp that belonged to a dude named Orpheus. It played such tender music that, when its owner went to Hades after his honeybunch, he made Tantalus forget he was thirsty, stopped Ixion's motor cycle, caused the daughters of Danaus to quit sieving water, and had all the ghosts boohooing as if their hearts were busted. But that lyre doesn't stand deuce high with a 360-degree human lyre. Under his melodious strains an insurance policy sounds like a Poem of Passion, and a get-rich-quick swindle assumes the airs of La Paloma or the Sextette from Lucia. His dulcet intonations woo long green from a wallet, just as spilled molasses wooes the billion-germ-footed flies. There is no score too hard for such a genius to play, and beside his basso profundo Truth's treble is absolutely pianissimo. The genus increases with the increase of big business, and it seems that he, like the poor, will be ever with us. He wears no trade-mark, and it is no use trying to label him, for while you would be attaching the label he would sing you into believing he is a benefactor of humanity, and you would forget your job and hand him a twenty-dollar gold piece to moisten his horn. The best thing to do is to put a padlock on your pocketbook and let him sing.—*G. W. Parker*

At Eventide

"Night brings out the stars,"
The chorus, too, and then,
In whizzing motor cars,
The tired business men.

Sometimes

"A cigar is like a Christmas present."

"Why?"

"Because the wrapper's the most expensive part of it."

A Managerial Dilemma

Friend—What's the matter?

Theatrical manager—I'm debating whether to put on a play that's recommended by doctors or one that's approved by the clergy.

A dollar bill looks larger after being laundered, but it buys no more.

FEMININE FINANCE

Dad—What! Another new dress?

Mabel—Yes, father; but I bought it with my own money, which I earned by selling your last winter's fur coat.

TAKING AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE

The Flirtatious Cigarette

I SWIRL and curl in banquet halls,
Join fumes with dazing wine;
The famous and the infamous
Are devotees of mine.

I rise and fall in filmy wreaths
Where soft lights shed their beams,
And add a breath of incense rare
To dopeful dizzy dreams.

* * * * * *

I've long compelled companionship
With lofty men and low;
Ambition-spurred, I now essay
To dazzle as a beau.

Successes are attending me,
With conquests and caresses—
I kiss Marie, I flirt with Rose,
And reek in Tessie's tresses.

—*Hubert Kotterman.*

Different

Gramercy—So your wife is going to sue for a divorce. Did she meet her affinity while away in the country?

Park—No. When she came back she met mine.

Pellets of Pessimism

THE village millionaire is a gent with ten thousand dollars and a redundancy of abdomen.

An epigram is a sneer in evening dress.

It is an automobile to the luckless few who have none, a touring car to the fortunate many who have.

Expurgate—To take the fun out of.

Reformer—A disappointed patriot.

The pessimist is convinced that it cannot be done because he is unable to give it his personal attention.

Insatiable

There was a young lady from Michigan,
To meet her I never would wishigan.
She would eat of ice cream
Till with pain she would scream,
Then order another big dishigan.

A Submarine Discussion

"Won't these tight-skirt bathing suits scare the fishes?"

"No, indeed! It's a fashion the mermaids set."

A Hero's Sacrifice

"GOODNESS gracious alive, George!" exclaims the wife, when her husband appears at her side on the street, attired in a sleeveless undershirt, short unmentionables, oxford shoes, a hat and nothing else. "Have you gone crazy? Why, look how the people all stare at you and talk about you! You are making us ridiculously conspicuous."

"That's all right, darling," the brave man answers. "I've got so darned tired of the way other people rubber at you in your thin clothes that I concluded to do something in the same line and distract their attention. At that, I've got pretty near as much clothes on as you have."

A Smoker's Paradise

A quiet nook from all life's blare and bluff,
A jimmy pipe and plenty of the stuff
With which to weave a wealth of golden dreams
Is all he asks for, and is quite enough!

Smoke rings never get in bad.

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

Another Anti-fat Cure

"Sie haben merklich abgenommen. In den letzten Monaten, liebe Freundin; machen Sie eine Entfettungskur durch?"

"Bewahre! Das kommt ganz allein durch den Aerger, den ich mit meiner neuen Köchin habe!"

"Und der kündigen Sie nicht?"

"Selbstverständlich! Bis auf siebzig Kilo will ich mich noch herunterärgern, dann fliegt sie 'naus!"

"You certainly have grown thinner in the last few months, my dear. Are you taking an anti-fat cure?"

"Goodness, no! It's only the anger the new cook is causing me that does that!"

"And are you not giving her notice?"

"Of course! But I want to worry down to seventy kilos. Then out she goes!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Modesty

"You might let me have the car for an hour, uncle."

"All right, my boy, you can have it."

"And, I say, can you let me have the price of a couple of fines or so?"—*London Opinion.*

Naivete

"Herr Graf, vor ungefähr vierzig Jahren—als ich noch 'Naive' am Zentraltheater war—boten Sie mir Ihre Hand an. Meine Grundsätze verhinderten mich damals, Ihren Antrag anzunehmen. Jetzt hab' ich mich anders besonnen—da bin ich!"

"Forty years ago, count, when I was at the Central Theatre and still 'naive'—you offered me your hand. At that time my principles prevented me from accepting your proposal. Now I have changed my mind—here I am."—*Fliegende Blaetter.* (Munich).

The Sinner

"Hast Du Deiner Frau nach Hochzeit nicht Dein ganzes Herz eingeleuchtet?"

"Nein, so lange hat unsere Ehe nicht gedauert."

"Didn't you confess all your former life to your wife after the wedding?"

"No; we weren't married long enough for that."—*Jugend* (Munich).

Landlady (to applicant for apartments with sea view)—There, now! What do you think of that for a sea view?—*Punch* (London).

The Mother-in-law

"Jules, maman t'embrasse."

"Tu vois, jamais elle ne perd une occasion d'embeter!"

"Jules, mother sends you kisses."

"You see! She never misses an occasion to pester me!"—*Le Rire* (Paris.)

No Smoke without Some Fire

Old Testament Records

THERE is no new thing under the sun. Eccl. 1:ix.

Pipe and wine are in their feasts. Is. 5:xii.

Who is the wise man? Eccl. 8:i.

Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot. Job 41:xx.

The house was filled with smoke. Is. 6:iv.

Weeds were wrapped about my head. Jonah 2:v

A thick cloud of incense went up. Ez. 8:xi.

And the house was filled with the cloud. Ez. 10:4.

Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. Joel 2:xxviii.

Former troubles are forgotten. Is. 65:xvi.

As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away. Job 7:ix.

I Care Not

I CARE not if my friends be true,
Nor if the world with battle rings,
Nor if the skies are black and blue,
Nor if a bird no longer sings.
Affairs of state may all go hang,
The cost of living purses swipe,
The busy bomb may burst with bang,
So long as I may smoke my pipe.

My wife may coax my bottom cent,
My landlord raise my rent a peg,
Cats may indulge in merriment,
For votes the "girls" may pull my leg.
The world's a spot of pleasant choice,
No matter what keen crime is ripe;
I'll uplift no protesting voice,
So long as I can smoke my pipe.

—*A. Walter Utting.*

In the Smoking Room

"What's in the wind? I fancy I smell a rat."

"No, it isn't a 'rat.' It's one of Patter's choice Havanas."

His Way

"'PEAHS like, fum what he says 'bout hisse'f, Brudder Bulginback am a pow'ful 'dustrious pusson?"

"Uh-well, sah, it's dis-uh-way wid Brudder Bulginback: He works 'bout two hours endurin' de day and putts in de yudder eight uh-braggin' 'bout it."

That 's Where

"Oh, where are the girls of yesteryear?"
Sighed the sentimental mutt.
"They're mending the hose of the girls of to-day,"
Answered the neurotic nut.

In the Spotlight

Mrs. Gramercy—I thought your divorce case was coming up this month?

Mrs. Park—I had my lawyers get a postponement, because my new gowns wouldn't be finished in time.

Reckless

FULL many a drink he took
And many a smoke did smoke,
And he was inclined to look
On the rules of health as a joke.

His candle he burned at both ends,
And he ate what he wanted, you know,
Despite the advice of his friends,
Who oftentimes bade him go slow.

He took not an atom of care
Of himself, but he went on his way
Like one who was ready to dare
The piper to call for his pay.

But now he has quit it for good,
And his life is a finished page;
For he died, as you'd know he would—
In the ninety-fifth year of his age.

—*Walter G. Doty.*

One Theory

If at first you're not believed, lie, lie again.

VALUES ARE RELATIVE

One little spring costs fifteen cents at the factory. Here 's a man who 'd give a hundred dollars for it, but the factory is two hundred and fifty miles away.

THE MODERN MARY
AND HER LITTLE LAMBS

A Reminder

LIVES of suffragettes remind us
That, as long as hist'ries note,
We have always had some trouble,
More or less, about the vote

A THOUGHTFUL PARENT

He—I have your permission to call this evening?
She—I shall be very pleased; but don't forget that father switches off the light at ten o'clock.
He—That 's kind of him. I 'll be there promptly at ten.

The Sensation

Knicker—These are said to be times of great moral uplift.

Rocker—I know it; but I don't like to ride in an elevator all the time.

To be "up with the lark" is a very good thing if it is not one of the college kind.

Tommy's Logical Inference

IT WAS little Tommy Watkins's first visit to his Uncle Bob's farm. Uncle and nephew took a stroll over the place.

"What's that, Uncle Bob?" asked Tommy, pointing toward a great field of long-leafed plants.

"Tobacco."

In a moment Tommy was in the field, inspecting the plants and calling to his uncle,

"Where are the little cigars, Uncle Bob?"

An Upset Proverb

When Greek meets Greek this modern day,
No hard-fought tug of war ensues;
Instead, they figure out a way
To start a shop for shining shoes.

—*Hinton Gilmore.*

A Wonderful Woman

MY WIFE, oh, wonderful is she!
Though not versed in philosoph
Or anything like that.
No fluent German does she speak,
She knows no Latin, knows no Greek
To her I lift my hat.

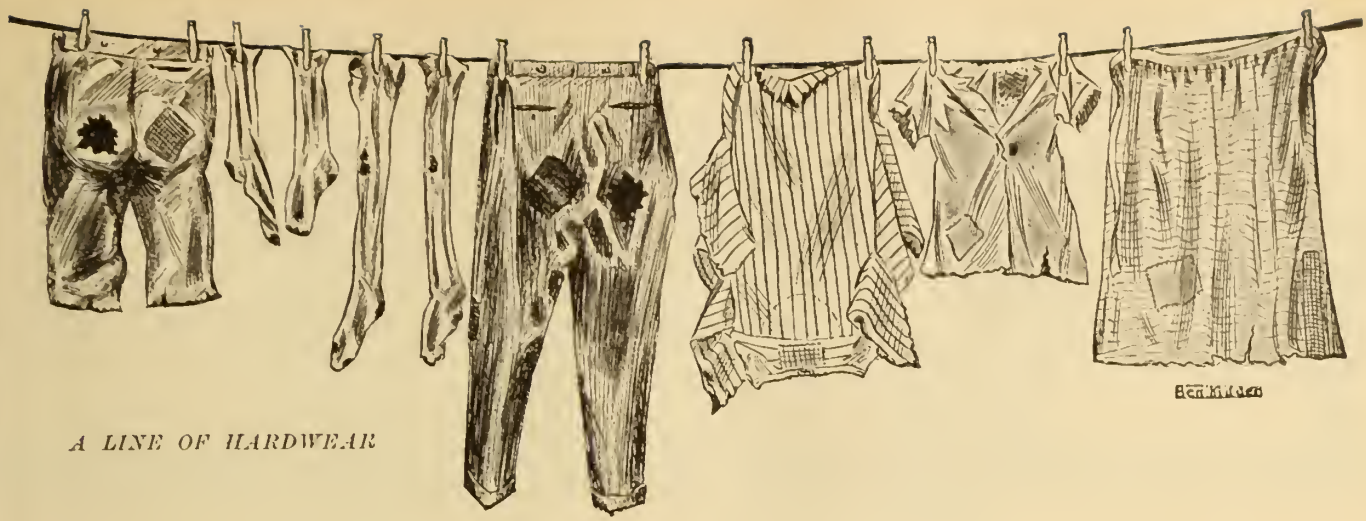
She's penned no popular romance tha
Would make too small her too large
She has not courted fame.
And I can testify as yet
She is no fighting suffragette,
For which I bless her name.

She's wonderful, but, I confess,
Just why she is you'd never guess;
And it's no catch nor joke.
A thing that you would least expect
Of her; for, lo! she can select
Cigars that I can smoke!

—*Will Hr*

E N V Y

Miss Rocks—Reggie gave it to me, so that I should be constantly reminded of him.
Miss Knocks—Goodness! How did he manage to find one that looked like him?



A LINE OF HARDWEAR

Reassuring

NOW Myrtle with her eyes of blue
Once more adorns the Avenue—

A coat of tan upon her cheek,
And freckles playing hide-and-seek
Amid her dimples, and a share
Of summer's sun caught in her hair—
It sets my very soul astir
To walk the Avenue with her.

But jealous thrills come o'er me when
She bows and smiles on sundry men
Who pass along—one, two, and three—
An endless line they seem to be—
In number quite a score, or more—
All brown as she, and all have got
A manner that me liketh not!

"Who are these crowds of grinning apes
In sundry guises, forms, and shapes,
Who beam, and gleam, and smirk, and smile,
Like Indians in single file?"
Quoth I, with growing rage within,
For it hath made me mad as sin
To note the rather easy air
With which they greet Myrtilla there.

"My Summer Cohorts," she replied—
Yet snuggled closer to my side.
"I missed you so down by the sea
I had to let them comfort me"—
"O faithless jade"— thus I began
As passed the twenty-seventh man.
"Nay, dearest," she replied, "I'm true.
It took 'em all to equal you!"

—*Blakeney Gray.*

Proof

"My hand," said Polly, holding out that exquisite member, "is a good deal smaller than yours."

"Yes," said Mabel. "I can see that at a glance. That ring Reginald gave you was always too tight for me."

The successful man wastes no time discussing another's failure.

Method in Their Madness

"I NEVER in my life saw such an astonishing collection of freaks in one village as you have here!" declared the hypercritical tourist. "For instance, look at that ramshackle fellow who has been sitting over there on the horse block all the afternoon, whittling wooden chains and expectorating at a mark! Down back of the lumber yard a grotesque gang have been pitching horseshoes for hours, interspersed with ejaculations like 'Gol-wind my watch!' 'Dad slap a rat!' and so on. Others are continually parading around with the queerest walks and quaintest whiskers I ever beheld. Is it in the air, or something in the water, or"——

"Nope!" replied the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern. "It's the result of careful cultivation. They're waiting to be noveled. A famous author came here two years ago and wrote several fellers up as characters in a novel, and ever since then a considerable number of our citizens have been hoping for him to come back and do it again."—*Tom P. Morgan.*

The Great Divide

Tourist—Have you many different classes in this country?

American—Only two; those who own autos and those who don't.

"What did you learn from that problem novel?

"How easy it is to fool some publishers."

Chips

Decker—Here's some money I won at poker last night.

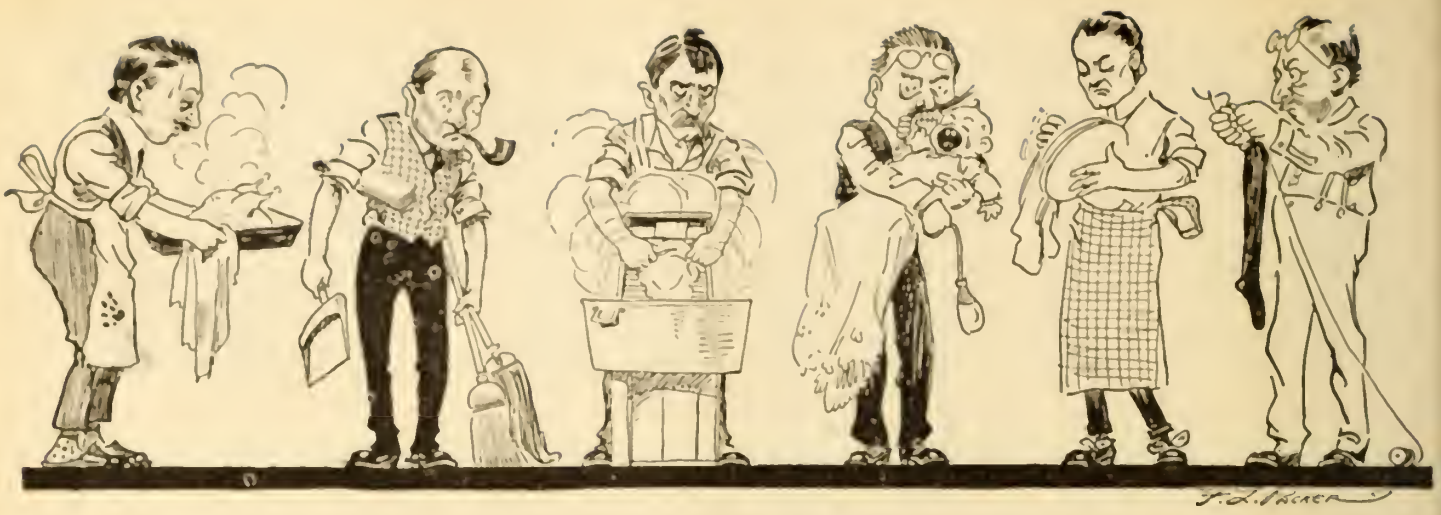
Mrs. Decker—Thank you, dear. I'll buy a chip hat with it.

A lazy man, like an automobile, has his tire troubles while on the road.

A CRITERION.

Mrs. Mode—But, monsieur, I really couldn't wear this gown—it's indecent!

Mons. Wurth—Nowadays, madam nothing is indecent but to show the tips of one's ears.



A LADIES' AID SOCIETY

Eating in a Dining Car

By HOMER CROY

COMING back to Missouri the other day on my vacation I went into the dining-car and gave the waiter all the money I had.

When he held the chair and the train threw me into it I tried to look as though that was my favorite way of sitting down, but all the time I wanted to get my hand back and scratch my hip pocket. I never saw such a sad looking person as this waiter was. He placed a pad and pencil beside me and stood there as though waiting for me to sign the document that would send him to the chair. He looked as though he had just heard that all his immediate relatives had perished in a mine disaster and that he was braving himself for a fuller account listing the second cousins. As he towered beside me I saw that it would not do to order what I could afford, so I hastily wrote down what I thought would suit him. When I looked up he was still grieving over a third cousin, so I added ice tea. Ice tea is fifteen cents a glass. I don't like ice tea—at fifteen cents a glass—but I must keep his favor.

When the butter came on I started to speak to the colored waiter calling his attention to the debris in it, but my courage gathered up its skirts and fled. I ate the butter shot with sediment greedily—until the waiter was out of sight; then I set the butter plate over on the window sill and tried to raise the screen, but the screen had a mind of its own. I stood up and took both hands to the screen and struggled till I felt the blood gathering behind my ears and that everybody in the dining-car was watching me. As all this lifting was doing no good, I put out my tongue; still that did not solve the question. Ordinarily when I get my tongue out I am something of a derrick, but I found that I had no influence with the window. Just then the butter rolled against the screen and smeared out as though a large butterfly had gone to its final rest. I saw the waiter coming and sat down guiltily. Then I discovered that a corner of my napkin had been dangling in the soup. I hastily stuffed the wet corner into my shirt and turned around to pretend that I was looking at the scenery. A freight train was passing between the scenery and me.

Every time I go to call the attention of a friend to a particularly beautiful scene a freight train always hurries up and gets on this side of the scenery. Oftentimes I have stuck my head out the window to make sure that there wasn't a freight between here and Milwaukee, then touched my companion on the sleeve to call his attention to what the lavish hand of Nature had put along the railroad track for the edification of the weary traveler when a freight would rush up and obscure the scenery until in disgust we would move to the other side of the train. Then we would find that we were peering into the dull depths of a clay bank.

When the waiter came back I told him that I would like a roasting ear. He carefully bought back another pat of butter and a silver mounted ear of corn. I balanced a large slice of butter on the point of my knife and reached over to deposit it on the cob. Just then the train lurched and the butter disappeared. I looked around for the butter but it was gone, hide and hair. I looked under the table, but I could find no trace of it. I pretended to be in a brown study so that the waiter would not accuse me of anything unworthy, when I felt something moist in my sleeve. The mystery was solved; the butter had gone down my sleeve. I picked up my napkin and was just getting ready to remove the butter when I saw the sad waiter's eyes fixed on me. I knew that it would never do for him to know that I had treated his butter that way, so I asked for my bill, paid it, thanked him for the use of his road-bed and slipped back to the chair car. I removed it with feeling and thought to get my mind off the butter by looking out the window at the scenery. When I turned a freight train was passing.

A dining car would be more popular with me if it were built on the cafeteria plan where a man could go up to the desk, order what he wanted, then sneak over into the corner and eat it out of sight of the waiters.

Noticings

A NEW cult is advancing the theory that gentle sleep best knits up the raveled sleeve when a person lies on the right side. But suppose a person is in politics?

□

A missionary just returned from Brazil says that he drove back a pack of hungry wolves by singing to them. We know a number of people who keep the wolf from the door by singing. There is a woman in the flat overhead that uses this method. We sometimes wish that wolves weren't so sensitive to melody.

HIS MOVE NEXT

Claude—You must have been aware of my intentions before this, Miss Goltin.

Claudia—Oh, yes; I was prepared for the worst.

THE ORCHID CRUSHERS

Clarence—Beastly bore, this having to dance with one's hostess, isn't it?

Claude—I don't know. With these new steps I rather like to get a duty-dance off my chest, as it were.

Every-day Philosophy

WHEN a woman says nothing is too good for her husband, the remark is ambiguous, to say the least.

Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but that is a poor excuse for our adding to the number.

A jealous woman may love her husband, but it is strange how disappointed she invariably appears whenever she searches his pockets and fails to find any evidence against him.

—*Will S. Gidley.*

To Date

Peter, Peter, punkin eater,
Bought and used a carpet beater.
Now the doctor's down the street,
Beating microbes out of Pete.

—*Lurana Sheldon.*

All Sorts of Shapes

A flat rate.
A level man.
A round robin.
A square deal.
A smooth chap.
A straight tip.
A parallel case.
An upright life.
A crooked nature.
A pointed remark.
An even disposition.
A circle of friends.
The eternal triangle.
A mind bent on something.

A Reminder

Lives of husbands oft remind us
That our very best defense
Is to give in at the outset
Of incipient arguments.

Then and Now

IT USED to be the naughty men
Would seek the corners, rainy days,
And, from an awning's shelter, then
Would rudely gaze and gaze and gaze.

But now the rainstorms drive them in;
The sunshine brings them on the run,
And, with a bold and brazen grin,
They calmly gaze against the sun.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

Willing To Find One

Mother—Don't you think that a boy of your size could take the tacks out of this carpet if he wanted to?

Small boy—I guess so. Shall I go out and see if I can find a boy who wants to?

General Directions

Mrs. Youngwife—How do you make mince pie?

Mrs. Matron—Oh, out of anything!

Genealogical

There was a man in our town
Who found his name was Mud;
He ran into a family tree
And lost one half his blood.
And when he found what he had done,
With all his might and main
He ran into another tree
And got it back again.

—*McLandburgh Wilson.*

A bald-headed man and his hair are soon parted.

A BRILLIANT DISCOVERY

"She 's a-copyin' this one!"

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

Entertaining His Parents

"Meine Bude Konnen sie 'mal anseh'n—wenn zufallig ein Korpsbruder kommt, sind sie eben Schustersleute, die um Uuftrage bitten wollten!"

"They may have a look at my den. If a fraternity brother should happen to call, they can be cobblers, begging for orders!"—*Jugend* (Munich).

Fond Mother

" 'E's a bit bashful at fust, Mister, but 'e soon pals up wiv yer."—*Punch.*

Accommodating

"Für zehn Pfennig' Insektenpulver möcht' ich!"
"Soll's gegen Wanzen, Flöhe oder Schwaben sein?"
"Ich weisz nicht—ich hab' Ihnen a' paar zur Prob' mitegebracht."

"I'd like to get ten cents' worth of insect powder."

"Do you want it for bedbugs, fleas or roaches?"

"I don't know. I've brought you a few of them as samples."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Realism

Artist—You've got your little friend. Why do you keep coming in and bothering me?

Little Daughter—Johnny Brown wants to see the tide come up.—*Sphere* (London)

Painful?

"Gratuliere zur Nobilitierung, Herr von Meyerstein! Kolossal angenehmes Erlebnis, nicht wahr?"
"Reden Sie mir nichts vor, Herr Baron! Ihnen ist es doch viel angenehmer, dass nicht Sie, sondern einer aus Ihrer Familie vor fünfhundert Jahren sowas erlebt hat."

"I congratulate you on having been knighted, Mr. von Meyerstein. Mighty pleasant experience, isn't it?"

"Don't talk, baron! To you it is much pleasanter that it wasn't you, but one of your ancestors, who had that experience, some five hundred years ago."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

A Good Remedy

"Quel ennui! Ma femme est toujours souffrante, le moindre travail la fatigue."
"La mienne aussi était toujours souffrante, mais maintenant sa santé est excellente."
"Comment l'avez vous guérie?"
"Je lui ai dit que je lui donnerais tant par mois pour ses toilettes et son médecin, elle va très bien depuis."

"How annoying! My wife is always ailing—the hard work fatigues her."

"My wife also was always ill, but now she enjoys the best of health."

"How did you cure her?"

"I told her that I would give her so much a month for her dresses and her doctor. Since then she is quite well."—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

Saving Appearances

"Pardon, Brichanteau, je vous dérange?"
Du tout, cher ami, nous répétons une scene de cinema."
"Oh! je vous en prie, continuez!"

"I beg your pardon, Brichanteau! Am I disturbing you?"
"Not at all, dear friend. We are rehearsing a moving-picture scene."
"Oh! Well, please continue."—*Le Rire* (Paris).

GETTING READY FOR THE SUNDAY PUSH

Reno-vated Proverbs

(From the New Woman's Exchange)

For Men (embracing women)

ONLY a fool never changes his wife.

The Love of Matrimony is the root of all evil.

Money makes the pair go.

A fool and his wife are soon parted.

A good name is rather to be refused than great riches.

The wages of sin is boredom.

Love laughs at wedlocksmiths.

Man's love is of man's wife a thing apart.

'Tis better to be loved and lost than never to be loved at all.

The course of free love never runs smooth.

Circumstances alter kisses.

Successive money troubles; Matrimony, Parsimony, Alimony.

The course of true love is the dullest way home.

He who weds and runs away, may love to wed another day.

It's a rocky road to doublin'.

Where there's a till there's a way.

Desperate faces require desperate remedies.

To wed is human, to divorce is expensive.—*Carolyn Wells.*

Mrs. Gibson—What do you think of mothers' clubs?

Mrs. Hibson—Why, really, all I ever need is a small switch.

OBVIOUS

The one on the right—I say, old man, did you miss it?

OF LONG STANDING

"Is your wife a suffragist, Mr. Silo?" "Yes, ma'am—goin' on eleven years naow." "Indeed!" "Yes, ma-am—fr'm sciatica."

Why Was She Mad?

By JANE BELFIELD

AS CRENSHAW entered the Pullman, a tall, blond girl in the center of the car rose to place her hat in the rack.

Crenshaw stooped and, with his accustomed courtesy, returned a small object that had dropped at her feet. But, in lieu of thanks, the blond girl blushed scarlet, drew back with offended dignity, and quickly thrust what he offered into the pocket of her coat.

Crenshaw continued his walk.

At the further end of the car two men hailed him.

"Crenny! Bound for Spokane, of course?"

"Yes—the annual convention."

"What do you say to an hour's quiet game of poker before lunch?"

"I'll join you, boys."

The porter brought a camp stool.

"Poets and poker!" The younger of the others turned jovially to his companion. "That is, you and Crenshaw may claim the laurels, but I'm not wearing any wreaths. A fellow asked me the other day what I was in the business world."

"And you told him?"

"An attempt."

"That's not bad," his vis-a-vis rejoined cynically, "for the celebrated young caricaturist, William Willis."

"Anyway, boys, I'm hunting types this trip"—Willis nodded across the aisle—"and bursting with curiosity to pry into other people's business. In proof, if I win, I ask Crenshaw a certain question."

"Impertinent, of course!" Crenshaw retorted quickly.

"Impertinent, of course! It is the business of a caricaturist to be impertinent. What do you say, Crenny? Does the question go?"

"Oh, it goes—if I can; but a question, my boy, does not necessarily involve an answer."

"Is it original—the motto?"

"Oh, one must expect epigrams from Crenshaw," the second man interposed briskly; "but, see here, Willie, if I win, I ask Cren the same question."

The artist stared unbelievingly. "How do you know what I am going to ask?"

Crenshaw cut for deal.

SUCCESSFUL COAST DEFENCE BY THE MOSQUITO FLEET OF NEW JERSEY—HYDROPLANE AND AEROPLANE

"Are you out for types, too, Jack," he retorted indifferently, "or are you suddenly become clairvoyant?"

"Oh, 'never mind the whys and wherefores,'" the poet quoted in return. "My cards!" He shuffled the pack. "Cut!"

The Western train moved swiftly across the prairie. The three friends played for an hour. The poet won.

"Now for the question!" he cried jovially.

"The question!" The artist threw down his cards.

"Well, boys"—the winner turned and nodded across the aisle, where a blond pompadour rested conspicuously against the linen cover of the chair back—"and, mind, this is also your question, Willie. So tell us, Crenshaw—why was she mad?"

"She? Who?"

"Don't be so dense, dear boy! The lady opposite. You handed the tall blonde what she dropped as you passed, and with such a winning bow! Why was she mad?"

"Out with it, Crenny! Why was she mad?"

Crenshaw grinned. "Did either of you fellows see what it was that the young woman dropped?"

"Not I!"

"Not I!"

"It was—a short, crisp curl of yellow hair that had fallen off when she rose to put her hat in the rack."

SUPREME CONTEMPT

Superior caddy—Say, mister, it wouldn't cost you much t' play with fresh eggs, would it?

Compensations

I HAVEN'T been a-summering at Narragansett Pier,
But my jewels lie in safety on my little bureau here.
I didn't go to Newport with the gay Casino set,
But my snap-shot picture hasn't looked the homeliest they could get.
Bar Harbor may have missed me from the functions of the gay,
But my name has not been coupled with a scandal, anyway.
The roadways of the Berkshires have not known my this-year's car,
But I've trollied down to Coney, where the Scenic Beauties are.
So, on the whole, considering I'm just the common sort,
I haven't spent much money but I've had a lot of sport.

—*Frederick Moxon.*

Guilty!

Wife—There must have been some punishment for King Solomon.

Hubby—There was. He had a thousand mothers-in-law.

The Limit

Jennie—I hear she fell overboard in her street clothes.

Minnie—Yes, and she was arrested for being in the water in an indecent costume.

The average boy prefers the country tan to the tanning he gets at home.

Her Answer

THEN be a sister to me,
Cried the rejected suitor.
The damsel snickered sweetly
And looked a trifle cuter—
"Yes, I will be your sister,"
She stammered, with a blush,
"I said I'd wed your brother,
Last night." Said he, "Oh, Slush!"—*Margaret G. Hays.*

Favorite Foods

Policemen—Beets.
Gamblers—Steaks.
Jewelers—Carrots.
Rounders—Chickens.
Hunters—Preserves.
Yeggmen—Crackers.
Historians—Dates.
Comedians—Capers.
Critics—Roasts.
Plumbers—Leeks.
Surgeons—Spareribs.
Alienists—Nuts.
Chorus girls—Johnny cakes.
Lovers—Mush.

One or the Other

"Lester," said old Uncle Feebles, who was tied to his chair by rheumatism. "Go to the window and see if that's the fire company making a run or just some feller dragging a lawn-mower along the cement sidewalk!"

Expert Angler

She (after a quarrel)—You were a struggling young man when I married you!

He—I'll give you credit for landing me.

ALTERATIONS AS THEY SEEM TO A SENSITIVE EAR

Too Ostentatious

The Tall Blonde—Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

The Short Brunette—But the Lima, O. man who shot off fireworks when his wife went away on a vacation made a vulgar display of his affection.

After paying the summer hotel bills, dad starts in to accumulate for Christmas.

Much Needed

LIVES of famous men remind us
Though our deeds may be sublime
Old Oblivion, right behind us,
Hides us in the sands of time.

Brief the hours which represent a
Time of cheering o'er our name—
Let us sit down and invent a
Safety-pinnacle of fame.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

UNEXPECTED

George—Cynthia, rather than remain single, would you marry the biggest fool on earth?
Cynthia—Oh, George! This is so sudden!

The Triangle

"Despite the scandalous gossip about Mrs. Van Fickle and young Spotleigh there may be nothing between them."

"Only her husband; but he doesn't amount to much."

A Reckless Shot

He was telling her, "I didn't half try;
'Twas my first shot, too, and I hit the bull's-eye."
"Oh, dear! What an awful thing! You see,
You'll have to pay for the bull!" said she.

The First

'Did you ever really love any girl before you met me?" asked the beautiful one.

"No," replied the titled foreigner, "you're the first girl I have ever known who had money in her own right."

The Cave Man

THE Cave Man must have been a mutt
Say those who've conned his occiput.
Bewhiskered, hairy and uncouth,
He was a sorry sight in sooth.
Whenever he felt need of grub
He sallied for it with a club,
And when he'd got it, tooth and paw
Reduced it while he wolfed it raw.
If mate he wanted, forth he'd fare
And drag a damsel by the hair;
While if a rival he should meet
He'd methods use now obsolete.
The things that make life happy here
He never knew—and yet I fear
The Cave Man, were he with us now,
Some of our ways would disavow.
He never knew of fancy booze,
Or safety razors, or tight shoes.
Although his hair may have been greased,
He did not have his trousers creased.
When Summer on its job was bent,
He loafed and dreamed and naked went;
In Winter he thought not of coal,
But hibernated in his hole.
No modish clothes or social ways
Brought worried nights or weary days
No market tape or politics,
Or book purveyors, or gold bricks
His mind disturbed, or worry that
He needed massage for his fat.
He did not twist his neck awry
To glimpse a slit skirt passing by:
He surely lacked some things of worth—
But then the Cave Man had the earth!

—*J. A. Waldron.*

The fall in the price of ice and the rise in the price of coal evens things up.

He Saved the Day

ONE OF the best known criminal lawyers of Topeka, Kansas, some months ago was called to defend a Swede accused of murder. The case was tried at Council Grove. The county attorney was no match for Waters as a lawyer, but he was a game little cock, and he had all the evidence and facts on his side. Things looked pretty bad for the defendant. Waters, however, was not discouraged. He was an adept at turning on the waterworks. He had never yet failed to impress a jury by his pathetic appeals for mercy, and on this occasion he did his very best. His highly colored and emotional address was having its effect on the jurors, as evidenced by the expression on their faces.

Pretty well toward the close of the speech, attention was drawn for a moment from the orator by the actions of the county attorney. He had taken off his shoes and was rolling up his trousers.

"What are you doing?" demanded the Judge.

"Your honor," replied the little man calmly, "I am getting ready to wade out."

Everybody saw the point and the laugh which followed turned the heart-stirring appeal into a burlesque, and a conviction followed.

HIS MISTAKE

Mrs. Enright—She says small checks will be in fashion for new fall suits.
Mr. Enright—Thank heavens!

Smashing the Record

"SHE broke the trotting record,"
Said he, "all clean and slick.
"Say, talk about your steppers!
She made the rest look sick."

"What horse was that?" I asked him.
"My daughter 'twas," said he.
"She broke the record lately
For the turkey trot, did she."

—*Walter G. Doty.*

An Affecting Plea

"My Plea," said the proud young lawyer, "seemed to deeply affect the jury."

"Yes," replied the judge, "I was afraid at one time that you would bring about the conviction of your client in spite of his innocence."

Her Pet Aversion

Sarah—The Bible speaks of people who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

Clara—Well, I think I'd rather swallow a camel myself. I just hate bugs.

Lovely Woman

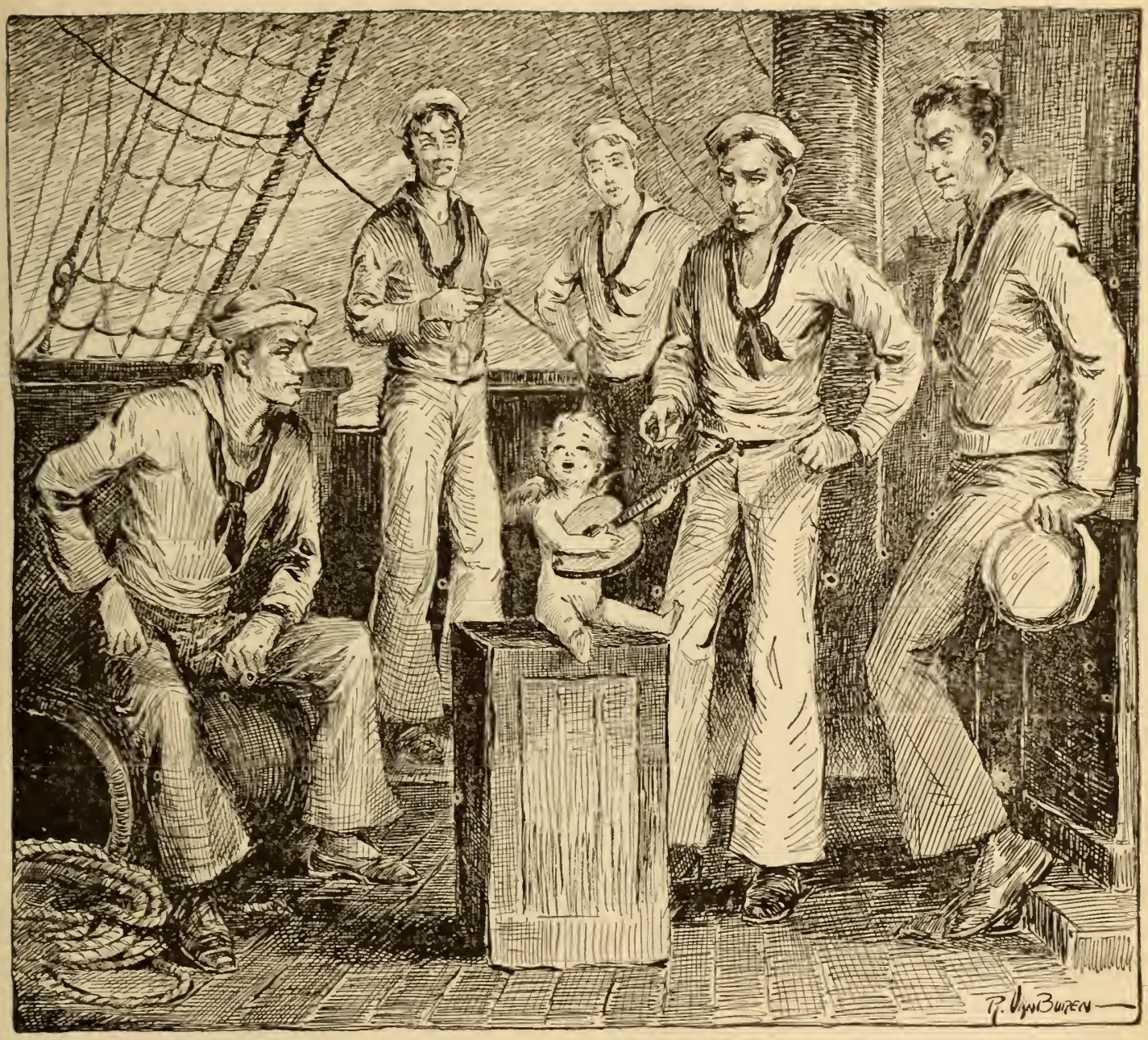
While styles have changed, by fashion led,
She's still a theme for jest,
Although in truth it must be said
She's no more overdressed.

Sad, Isn't It?

Slow fare the fair to hastening ills a prey,
Who see their frocks grow tighter day by day.

GOOD ENGLISH?

Her husband—Say, Lillie, isn't that light awful dark in there?



THE SHIP'S MASCOT

A Plunger

"Yes, sir, boys, if Joe Higgins ain't gittin' to be a regilar plunger I can't say it!" said old Ab Tansy to the crowd assembled on the station platform to enjoy the excitement and exhiliration of seeing the train come in, an event of consequence that occurred twice a day in Hempville.

"Yes, sir," continued Ab, "if Joe don't stop his plunging' he'll soon need a gardeen to look after him. Went over to the county fair in Pillsburg yistiday an' paid fifteen cents apiece for three chances in a drawin' for a watch an' never drawed it. Then he paid a quarter for a chance to turn a kind of a hand pointin' to figgers on a board an' you don't git nothin' onless a kind of a finger on the hand stops on a certain figger an' it didn't stop on no figger when Joe turned it an' he was out a quarter. Then, as if that wa'n't enough to learn him wisdom, what does he do but pay fifteen cents for a chance to throw two or three balls at a nigger with his head stuck through a hole in a curtain an' he never come nowhere near hittin' the nigger so he never got no prize for that fifteen cents. By this time he'd got the plungin' fever so bad he couldn't stop an' he puts up a dime for a chance to throw a ring over some knives stuck in a board an' he lost that dime. Then he took to speckillatin' in other ways until he'd lost sixty cents more an' on the way home he traded knives sight unseen with a feller he met on the road an' he got an old one-blader not wuth more'n a quarter for his good two-blader he'd paid fifty cents for. I tell you, boys, this plungin' is dang'rous bizness. You git the fever once an' you never know where to stop!"

—*M. M.*

A Tale of Tangled Threads

UNCLE MOSE was seated in Rittenhouse Square dejected and gloomy.

"Aren't you working now, Uncle Mose?"

"No, I ain't workin' no more, no more. I's done tell yo' how it kem about."

"Yo' see, I had a job in de match fact'ry an' de phospus is mighty sociable wid hisself around dar climbing all over yo' pussun till yo' smell like fireworks.

"De fust day, when I kem home in de evenin', Mandy sez, 'Mose, what am dat fum'ry yo' got on yo' pussun? Yo' sure am a badly infumigated niggah.'"

"Mandy, dat ain't fumigation, dat am phospus."

"After I dun tol' Mandy what dat was every time when I kem home in de evenin', she would say, 'Mose, yo're gettin' too infumigated to live and yo's better get out dat fact'ry.'"

"An' I done tole Mandy I couldn't get sech a job every day, an' I was goin' fo' ter stay till I done get anuther one."

"Dat was in March an' one night I hed to work late, an' 'twas a dark, calamitous kind of a night, an' when I kem uted de fact'ry, I seen my clothes was sheddin' ob light like de picture ob de ole Moses on de mountain of Transfiguration dat de bible talks about. I 'spected it was my piousness shinin' fro' the gloom till I reckoned 'twas the phosphus in my clothes. When I kem up South Street, I heard the boys hollerin' 'Debble, Debble'

"I knew dar was boun' to be trouble. Man, dem ar' de vilest chil'in in dis town. I said to 'em in a kin' way, 'See here, chil'in, I'se Unck'l Mose.'

"Now dose boys warn't goin' to b'leve dat. When de boys cried, 'Debble, Debble,' it floated around dat street like thistledown on de air and from all sides dey frew bricks an' bottles till I was buried out of sight, and my po' head was putty near fractioned.

"De patrol wagon done come an' took me to de hospital, an' fo' four weeks I was flat on my back, and den de coons in my church done hel' a meetin' and expelled me for bein' a witch.

"O, man, I hed to giv' up dat job."

—*Marion Winfield Hussey.*

UNFASHIONABLE

Sara—The first thing we want to do Mabel, is change the design of that flag.

Mabel—What for?

Sara—Why, you know perfectly well, that stripes aren't in style this year!

HOW, INDEED?

Hubby—Every cent I make goes on your back! *Wife*—How can you say that, dear?

Synonyms

Annie—I saw you at the millinery opening yesterday. It was a perfect jam.

Fannie—Yes, wasn't it sweet!

Settlement houses are not used for the relief of unhappy creditors.

An Attractive School

By HORACE DODD GASTIT

[Brides are taught at Columbia how to make a good home.—*Daily paper.*]

JUST how to be a Housewife fine—now that's the thing to teach! How best to bring perfection to a soft and dainty peach! To take her talents rare in hand and show her what to do to keep the romance of her life imperishably new! So many sweet romances have been spoiled by maids unwise who wed without full knowledge of the way to use their eyes to keep old Hubby on the string years after they were wed, and for his club joys make him love the sweets of home instead.

The teacher sage in optics, he will show her how a glance will fill the blase heart of man with an unending dance. He'll show her how to cast them down in the demurest way when she's a bill for Easter hats she wants her hub to pay. He'll teach her how to seem to flirt with sundry other men and thus bring back the waning love of her old man again. I'd like to have that job myself to teach the maiden true the wondrous possibilities of two deep eyes of blue!

Then there's another member of this happy faculty who'll teach the maiden all the arts of the philosophy of soft and sweet caresses, such as weary hubbies crave when they return at night from toil along life's busy pave. Ah, I should muchly like a class of maidens sweetly fair to teach them how to pat man's cheek, and how to stroke his hair; just how to meet him at the door as he returns at night, and what to do the moment when he ambles into sight. I should not care to have the class in cooking. That's a job that doesn't stir my heart at all, or make my pulses throb; and as for marketing, I'd leave that work for other folk who give more time and thought to things 'neath the domestic yoke. But in the arts of holding hands, the use of fingertips, the many most effective modes of fashioning the lips—I'd gladly take the chair in these, and teach with all my art just how the lips and fingertips are used to cheer the heart.

I'd like to teach some maiden rare the many kinds of smile that make a home attractive full of innocence or guile. I'd like to coach her in the craft of laughter silvery to keep her husband's love as fresh as once it used to be; and how to pout, and how to frown, and when to use a tear to keep the home like a machine that's never out of gear. At any time I'm needed I will be professor of the scientific method of the art of making love.

While the Poet Dreamed

The poet dreamed of naiads and of dryads
  and of fays
And of little brooks that babbled gently
  down through woodland ways.
While the poet sat there dreaming she
  who had to share his lot
In the kitchen pressed his trousers,
  nearly melting on the spot.

The Very Man

Marjorie—She's going to have her picture taken in her transparent skirt.

Madge—Why doesn't she go to one of those X-ray photographers?

HIS ONLY CHANCE

Jane—Do you know you talk in your sleep, John?
John—Well, do you begrudge me even those few words?

Naturally

Get into trouble, and you will arouse interest among your acquaintances. Become a success, and the details will only bore them.

There is not so much tainted money in circulation now since the treasury laundry has been working.

FOR ABOUT FIFTY DOLLARS

Mrs. Bailey—Hats are to be simply trimmed this year.
Bailey—How about husbands?
Mrs. Bailey—Simply trimmed also.

Jones Caught

JONES usually caught the five-thirty train out of the Grand Central for New Rochelle. This day, however, he had met a friend and remained over to renew acquaintanceship. He was plainly up against it, but finally managed to get the following wire off to Mrs. Jones:

"Missed the five-thirty. Don't keep dinner waiting. Will be a little late tonight."

It was long after midnight when he left the train at New Rochelle and ten minutes later before he reached home.

Mrs. Jones met him at the front door.

"You got my message, darling?" he asked, pressing a box of bonbons into her hands.

"Oh, yes!" quickly returned Mrs. Jones. "I got it all right. But I would like to know why you sent a wire at four-thirty, telling me you had missed the five-thirty train."

Jones couldn't.

The Trifler

He loves to lie beneath the tree,
  Warmed by the light of Myrtle's eyes.
Outbursts of love he pours; ah me!
  The while he lies, and lies and lies.

Not in His Line

"Pa, what's a contre-temps?"

"I don't know. I've never learned the names of all these automobile parts."

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

Logic

Eleve Lharicot, si je coupe un bifteck en deux, puis les moitiés encore en deux, qu'obtiens-je?
Des quarts, m'sieur.
Bien! Et puis encore?
Des huitiemes!
Tres bien! Et puis encore?
Des seiziemes!
Parfait! Et puis encore?
Des trente-deuxiemes!
Et puis encore?
Le Gosse, (impatiente)—Du hachis de boeuf!

Teacher—Pupil L'Haricot, if I cut a beefsteak in two, and then the halves in two, what do I get?

Boy—Quarters, sir.

T.—Good! And then again?

B.—Eighths.

T.—All right! And then again?

B.—Sixteenths.

T.—Exactly! And then?

B.—Thirty-seconds.

T.—And then?

B.—(impatient) Hash! *Le Rire* (Paris).

In Style

Ehemann—Was, mit diesem verrückten Kostüm willst Du auf den Bail gehen? Unmöglich! Das kannst Du höchstens als Strassenkleid tragen!

Husband—What! You want to go to the ball in this crazy costume? Impossible! At best, you might wear it as a street dress.—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Then Everything Went Smoothly

Husband (to ample spouse)—For heaven's sake, don't flop about like that, Martha if you don't want to be left a widow. Every time you go under I'm out of my depth.—*Sketch* (London).

His Little Fiction

"Sei haben am Stammtilch erzählt, Herr Oberförster, ich hätte Ihnen einen Kuss gegeben; das ist aber doch nicht wahr!"
"Sei zufrieden, Lenerl, 's hat mir ja auch keiner geglaubt!"

"You said at the social table, Mr. Oberforster, that I had given you a kiss. That is not true."

"Don't worry, Lena. Nobody believed me!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

The Beggar's Plea

"Schenken Se mir nich zu reichlich, Herr! Bei fünf thausand Mark Einkommen werd ick ja sonst zur Wehrsteuer ranjezogen!"

"Don't give me too much, sir! With an income of five thousand marks, I might be called upon to pay a tax!"—*Jugend* (Munich).

The Servant's Revenge

"Vous cassez tout, ici—je vous retiendrai ca sur vos gages!"
"Madame me retiendra-t-elle sur les gages du mois dernier, ou sur ceux d'il y a deux mois?"

"You are breaking up everything here! I shall deduct it from your wages."

"Will madam deduct it from last month's wages or from those of two months ago?"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

Malice

"Ich finde hier hinter der Adresse der Frau Doctor Schmidt, die Zahl 42. Nun weiss ich nicht, ist es ihr Alter, oder ihre Telephonnummer."

"I find here, after the address of Mrs. Dr. Smith, the number 42. Now, is it her age or her 'phone number?"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

A Traffic Mix up

Policeman (on point duty, to inquisitive stranger)—I wish you wouldn't worry me when you see I'm busy. Just look what you've done!—*Punch* (London).

Unbiased Criticism in Patriarchal Days

I BROUGHT him word. Josh. 14:vii.

That mine adversary had written a book. Job. 31:xxxi.

And cried with a loud voice. Ez. 11:xiii.

"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee." Gen. 13:viii.

"Publish it not in the streets of Askelon." 2 Sam. 1:xx.

And he answered and said. Is. 21:ix.

"How are they increased that trouble me!" Ps. 3:i.

Of making many books there is no end! Ecc. 12:xii.

"I will deliver thine enemy into thine hand." 1 Sam. 24:iv.

And to others he said in mine hearing. Ez. 9:v.

"Strength is decayed and there is much rubbish." Ne. 4:ii.

Written in the book. Josh. 10:xiii.

In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin. Prov. 10:xix.

The foolishness of man perverteth his way. Prov. 19:iii.

Beware I pray thee. Jud. 13:iv.

Touch not, taste not, handle not. Col. 2:xxi.

Let not the buyer rejoice. Ez. 7:xii.

That which is sold shall remain in the hand of him that bought it." Lev. 25:xxviii.

And when he had spoken this word. Dan. 10:xi.

I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me. Job. 31:xxix.

—*Geo. B. Morewood.*

Luck comes to many a man in the shape of poverty.

A BETTER BLOWER

Waiter—Jest a moment, sir, an' I 'll turn the 'lectric fan on yer soup.

By WALT MASON

ALONG the forest's virgin aisles I walk in rapture, miles on miles; at every turn delights unfold, and wondrous vistas I behold. What noble scenes on every hand! I feel my ardent soul expand; I turn my face toward the sky, and to the firmament I cry:

"The derned mosquitoes—how they bite! The woods would be a pure delight, would lure all men back to the soil, if these blamed brutes were boiled in oil! They come forth buzzing from their dens, and they 're as big as Leghorn hens, and when they bite they raise a lump that makes the victim yell and jump."

What wondrous voices have the trees when they are rocked by morning breeze! The voices of a thousand lyres, the music of a thousand choirs, the chorus of a thousand spheres are in the noble song one hears! The same sad music Adam heard when through the Eden groves he stirred; and ever since the primal birth, through all the ages of the earth, the trees have whispered, chanted, sung, in their soft, untranslated tongue. And, moved to tears, I cry aloud, far from the sordid madding crowd:

"Doggone these measly, red-backed ants! They will keep climbing up my pants! The woods will soon be shy of guests unless the ants and kindred pests abolished are by force of law; they've chewed me up till I am raw."

Here in these sylvan solitudes, unfettered Nature sweetly broods; she'd clasp her offspring to her breast, and give her weary children rest, and say to them, "No longer weep, but on your mother's bosom sleep." Here mighty thoughts disturb my brain —I try to set them down in vain; with noble songs my soul's afire —I cannot fit them to my lyre; Elysian views awhile I've seen—I cannot tell you what they mean; adown the forest aisles I stray, and face the glowing East, and say:

"It must have been a bee, by heck! that stung me that time on the neck! It's time I trotted back to town, and got those swellings doctored down! With bees and ants and wasps and snakes these bosky groves and tangled brakes are most too fierce for urban bard—I rather long for my back yard!"

His Excuse

"Loogy yuh, Brudder Bagus!" severely said good old Parson Bagster, on a recent Monday morning. "What was de 'casion for yo' 'sturbin' de whole cong'egation last night by snawtin' dat-uh-way and den gittin' up and trompin' out'n de church wid all de ferocity of a blind hoss?"

"Uh-well, to tell de troof, Pahson," answered the culprit., "I's amphibious."

"Wha-what's dat yo' specifies? Yo' is what?"

"Amphibious, sah. I walks in muh sleep."

—*Tom P. Morgan.*

Quite So

"Are you superstitious?" asked the bachelor.

"Well," replied the father of a large family, wearily, "I certainly think it's unlucky to have thirteen children."

THE LATEST FASHION JOURNAL

The Parables of Pifflicus

Of the Patriot Who Sought a Public Job

NOW IT so hefell that during the reign of Wood-Row a certain man was siezed with a great yearning to serve the multitude by holding down a Public Job.

So he said unto himself, I will sit at the feet of the scribes and become learned in the laws, that I may thus insure myself a place even among those in authority.

And after many months he set forth unto the temple of the law and took the examination for the Civil Service.

And he was not found wanting in wisdom, and passed the same, even with great honour.

But though he tarried many years through the springtime and the harvest, and sought without ceasing, the Job came not, and he was weary within himself and sore distressed withal.

And one who knew him was moved to sore compassion and spake unto him, saying,

Thou art a worthy man, and entitled to a Fat Job. Get thee unto the governor and tell him thy desires.

And he betook himself unto the governor.

But the governor laughed with exceeding mirth, saying,

I know thee not. What hast thou ever done for the Party?

Whereupon one who knew the game condoled with him, saying, Thou art a fool. Thou hadst saved thyself much sorrow if thou hadst Seen the Boss, even in the beginning.

And he went unto the Boss. And the Boss spake unto him thus:

Give me ten talents for the Slush Fund and humpthyself to elect one called Mike Murphy in the Eighth Ward, and thou shalt have thy reward.

And he went out and did even as he bade him.

And behold, after that the ticket was elected, and he that was Boss was faithful unto his vow, and gave him a Place even at his righ hand.

And he that had long sought sorrowing said within himself,

Verily, much learning is well, but he that would land a Public Job must first Deliver the Goods. Selah.—*W. Kee Maxwell.*

AFFRONTED

Motor expert—The noise in the engine that you complain of is caused by sparking too fast. *Miss Riverside*—The idea!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Cyclist—How far is it to Grand City? *Cop*—You 're in the center of that city now, and are under arrest for exceeding the speed limit up that hill.

"Do they carry a baseball kit?" he said lightly, trying to test the depths of his approaching bereavement.

"Indeed they do! They're a most talented family! Lake sings, Mrs. Lake plays the organ, her sister out-Pavlowas Pavlowa"——

"Hurry me to the train!" he said, rising. "So much talent in one family jars me. I don't wish to meet"——

"Don't wish to meet whom—me?" Extending her hand was the Beauty—the mother of those awful kids! His heart spun around like a top, but he rose to the occasion, and ice was not cooler than he.

"So those lads are yours!" he said, laughing.

"Oh—no—far from it! They are my sister's. She is Mrs. Lake. Here she is coming up the road. You are sure to like her, for she left the boys at home!"

"Like her?" He could adore her, for was not she—she—the mother of those kids, and was not the Beauty free to fall before the tempest of his love?

* * * * * *

Two months later the lads who lured him to that sand-lot game escorted the Beauty up the aisle to meet him, while her sister played Lohengrin's Wedding March.

Indolent

"Is Jones lazy?"

"Lazy's no name for it. Why, he'll go into a revolving door, and then wait for somebody to come in and turn it around."

Frugality

THE DAUGHTER of a Southern congressman had recently been a bridesmaid at the marriage of a college chum. On her return home she was telling the family, including the old colored mammy, of the ceremony. "And just think, Aunt Comfort," she finished, "the bride wore the lace veil that had belonged to her great grandmother!"

"Law, Miss Sidney, chile," exclaimed mammy, in tones of horror, "that sholy am one saving fambly!"

Reversed

"Pa, is the speedometer on an auto to tell how fast it is going?"

"No, son; to tell how slow it is going."

AFTER HIM

Myra (as he offers a chair)—Oh, after you, Mr. Slowleigh

Pros and Cons

CONSIDER, ere you take a wife,
The pros and cons of wedded life.
Pro-tracted wedlock's safe to show
Vices con-tracted long ago—
The pro-duct of the honeymoon
Appears in con-duct, very soon.
'Tis bliss pro-found to love, no doubt,
But cares con-found when love's burnt out.
Pro-fessions maidens deem their due,
But wives demand con-fessions too!
Where maids the merest pro-test heed,
A vigorous con-test wives oft need!
The maid con-vokes the joys of life,
The wife pro-vokes—this leads to strife.
Hugs in pro-fusion maids allot,
Con-fusion is the underplot!
Yet doubtless wedlocks pro-duct should,
All said and done, con-duce to good—
In the pro-cession, if you'd take
Your proper place, con-cessions make—
The pro-vince of this humble verse
Is to con-vince—things might be worse!

—*Geo. B. Morewood.*

IN THE FRONT PARLOR AND OVER THE GARDEN WALL

Of Course He Did

Charlie, aged six, asked at the soda-water counter for a cone of ice cream. The clerk, not catching his order, asked, "Do you want two cones?"

"I want two," said Charlie, "but I've only got one nickel."

No Feathers

"The umpire calls a foul," said she,
"Yet not a feather do I see."
"Correct!" he answered; "even so!
But this is a picked nine, you know!"

HAPPINESS IS MERELY A STATE OF MIND

Curious Creatures

"AMONG the many men of many minds," a trifle mordaciously stated old Uncle Fogy, "so aptly in the copybooks of our youth likened to many birds of many kinds, I believe of the strange and curious creatures depicted on the long line of banners in front of the side-show of life, the quaintest specimen I ever had the pleasure of encountering was a gentleman who beat his wife every now and again because he was jealous of her admiration for the heroes on the moving-picture screens. Of course there are queer people who actually own up that they prefer a circus to a Chautauqua, and here and there exists a rare man who, although he does not smoke, takes no pleasure in insulting you by the immaculate superiority with which he declines the cigar you proffer. And I once knew a vegetarian who named his curtailed dog 'Expense,' and a father who confessed that he seldom licked his son for the boy's good, but because he himself had a mean dispositic "

A Moving Tale

"I saw Jinks just now, and he seemed much put out."

"He is; his landlord is just after dispossessing him!"

The flower of the family has long ago turned to powder.

"SOLDIERS AND SAILORS, TOO"

The Newsy vs. Caesar

SAY, when J. Cæsar was a kid
And peddled papers in old Rome,
I wonder what the poor stiff did
To chase the onwees from his dome?

That Forum must have been a shine,
About as gay as sleepy time
In some well-kept old ladies' home!

There was no guys to chalk up scores
Of Roman Eagles vs. Gauls.
Those tin hats only posted wars
Upon the Senate's fireproof walls.
But, say, that Col would made a peacher
Of a Roman baseball bleacher,
If they'd have kicked down half the walls!

But I should worry and grow thin
'Cause Cæsar never screwed his eyes
To any fence, or piped the din,
Or heard the railbirds' joyous cries,
Or felt the grand-stand go dead still
When some big leaguer muffed the pill!
Watch me get past the ticket guys!

—*Ralph Bacon.*

What It Is Coming To

"What do you think of our bridge club?"

"You have some excellent material in it. How do you manage to secure such good players?"

"We pattern after the baseball people and maintain efficient scouts."

The harvest moon is the season when the boarding-house farmer counts up the shekels he has produced from his guests.

Honesty of Childhood

A LADY, out wheeling her two-months-old baby, met a neighbor's boys, aged four and six years, and asked them if they wouldn't like to see the baby.

The little fellows, highly elated at the invitation, tipped their chins over the edge of the baby buggy, when the younger broke forth,

"Oh, isn't he cute! He looks just like the little monkeys we saw up in the park!"

"No, Harold," protested the older brother, nudging the little four-year-old. "He doesn't look like a monkey. No, Harold, no, he doesn't look like a monkey!"

All the time he kept up a vicious nudging at little Harold, who, seeing a great light dawn, suddenly corrected his blunder by explaining, "Well, I just meant his face."

Next!

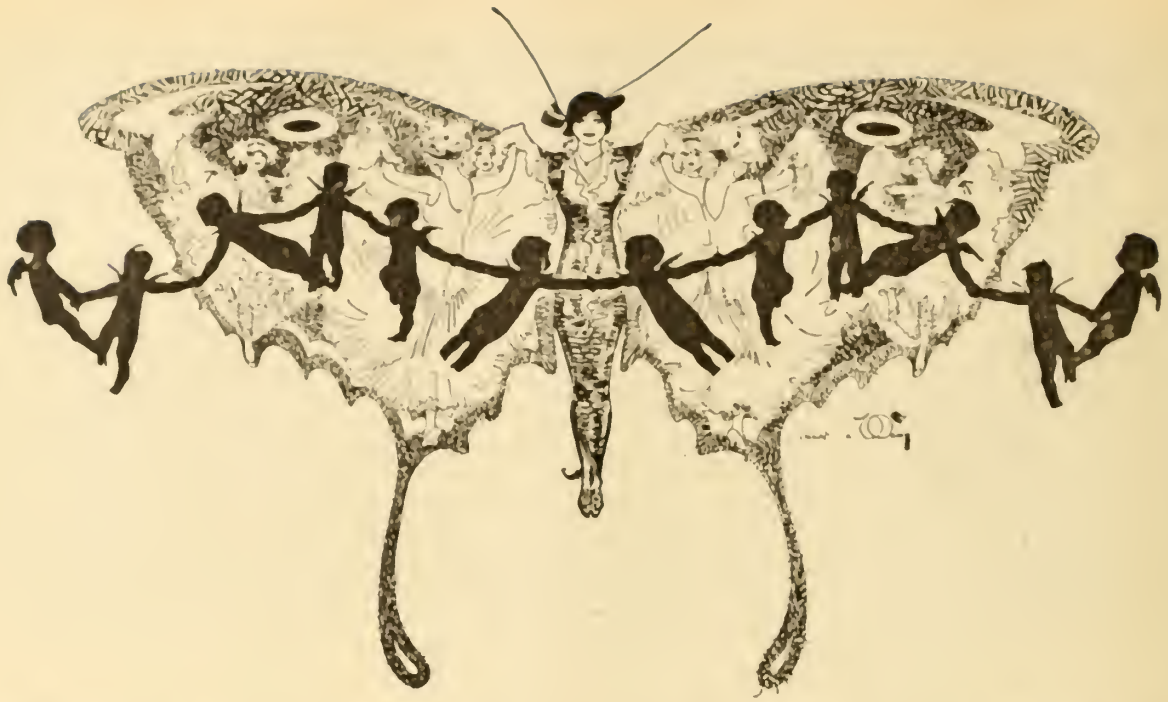
The wedding ends the romance,
And there we close the book.
Nor need we care;
The next affair
Is trouble with the cook.

A Distinction

Ruff—Hello, Fluff! I hear you married a woman with an independent fortune.

Fluff (disconsolately)—No. I married a fortune with an independent woman.

THE SANDS OF TIME



He Was "Doin' Well"

"HOW'S your son Bill doin' down thar in the city, Si?" asked Uncle Ab Tansy of Si Peevy, when they met on the bridge spanning Goose Creek, while one was going to and the other from the village.

"He's doin' right well now, although he had considdable of a pull at first; but he's the kind that is bound to make good in the long run. First year or two he didn't make out so well. Tuk him some time to sort o' git his bearings. Then he kind o' caught on, as the sayin' is, an' now, at the end o' four years, he's comin' out on top. Had a letter from him last week, an' he's got a job at fo'teen dollars a week, with nothin' to do but to stand on the platform o' one o' them 'lectric cars an' turn the juice on an' off when the conductor rings the bell. It's one of these vestibooled cars, so he don't feel the weather none, no matter how stormy it is. Don't have to work but about twelve hours a day, if you kin call it work standin' there turnin' a crank-like thing an' ridin' free all day long. Tell you, Ab, young fellers don't have to hustle for their money the way we did in our young days. But, then, Bill allus was the lucky one. If thar was any soft snap around, he was sure to git it, by heck! Looks like he's got it now, with fo'teen dollars a week for standin' on a platform, in a nice vestibool, an' seein' all the sights, with what you might say nothin' to do. Some folks gits born in the right time o' the moon, an' Bill appears to be one of 'em!"

—*M. M.*

HER HEART IS IN THE RIGHT PLACE

One who makes good excuses seldom makes good at anything else.

'Tis the Last Straw of Summer

[With apologies to the shade of Tom Moore]

'TIS the last straw of summer,
On this lean head alone;
All his grassy companions
Are faded and gone.

No hat of his kindred,
No spring straw is nigh,
To redeem his frayed splendor
Where autumn winds sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the pate,
Since the aged are sleeping,
Go, share thou their fate!

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy straw from my head,
Where thy mates of the hatrack
Lie wilted and dead.

So soon may I follow,
Where chapeaux decay
And in widening circles
Their brims drop away.

When stiff straws have vanished
And soft ones have flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak head alone!

—*William H. Hayne.*

Looking Forward

Greenboy—It seems to me the limit in amusements has been reached.

Drydad—Oh, no! There's always something new.

Greenboy—Well, do you look forward to any notable novelty in the near future?

Drydad—Sure! I expect sooner or later to enjoy W. J. Bryan as a yodeler.

The bore is of two kinds—the mechanical, which bores the tunnel, and the other who bores you.

Schemers

By WILLIAM A. McGARRY

THE TAP of the count's walking stick on the floor apprised the millionaire of his arrival.

"I sent for you, young man," he said, "to inform you that under no conditions will I consent to a union between yourself and my daughter. I am irrevocably opposed to American girls going abroad for their husbands when there are millions of better men in this country."

"I agree with you," began the count, helping himself to a seat and a cigar from the box on the desk. "If all parents—"

"That's the idea; take it like a man," said the millionaire, whisking the cigar box out of sight. "I was afraid—"

"As I was saying," continued the count, imperturably, "If all American parents thought as you do my life would be happier. I am glad to meet a man with whom I may discuss a delicate question in a practical way."

"I was afraid," the millionaire said, "that you might attempt to dissuade me from the stand I have taken. Now we understand each other, it is up to you to correct the newspaper rumors of an engagement."

"Quite right," agreed the count; "but I have anticipated you. I have already informed the papers positively that I am engaged to your daughter. She has verified the statement. Now to"——

"You have what?" roared the millionaire, rising to his feet.

The count distinctly and calmly repeated.

"You sycophantic parasite," howled the millionaire, "didn't I tell you I would never permit my daughter to wed you? You knock-kneed specimen of inanity! Get out, sir, before I"—He sank back into his chair and called weakly for water. The count got it for him.

"I have no desire to marry your daughter, my dear sir," he continued. "She is a most estimable girl, but I do not love her, and I may say that she entertains no tender feelings toward me. We understand each other."

The millionaire tried to speak, but only gurgled.

"And, therefore, we have announced our engagement. In due time your daughter will announce that she has jilted me. She will by that time have gained a position in society which she covets and to which my name as her fiance will open the way for her speedily."

"I do not understand," faltered the girl's father.

"It is quite plain," said the count. "My creditors will be content when they hear of the engagement. When your daughter is recognized socially, she will call it off and you will pay me the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for services rendered. I have had my lawyer draw up an agreement to this effect. Sign here, please."

The millionaire gazed at the document thrust into his hands with blinking eyes. He skimmed through it rapidly, glared at the count and seized a pen.

"But if I agree," he growled suspiciously, "what guarantee have I that you will not insist upon the wedding?"

"My dear sir," said the count, "I would not marry your daughter. I would have to spend the balance of my life importuning her for pocket money. I would lose my present freedom. I"——

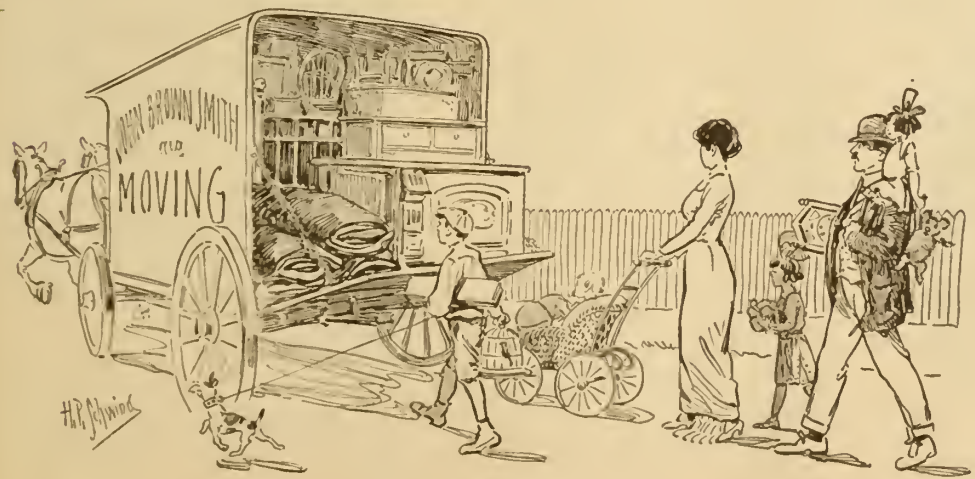
But the millionaire had signed.

Fifteen minutes later the doctor was summoned to the millionaire's office. He found that individual unconscious and upon his desk a telegram reading:

"We've just been married. Papa, you're a dear! Ethel."

SUPERSEDED

Guest—Is this cold storage chicken? *Waiter*—No, sir; parcel post.



A MOVING PICTURE

The New Office Boy

He tries and tries and tries again
And tries and tries with might and main
And tries and tries, the little man,
To do as little as he can.

Straight Up

"They say he's a fine, upstanding fellow."

"Every bar within a radius of a mile of here knows it!"

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

No fish, bait all gone, motor dead, and towed by a tub. All singing, "We Won't Be Home Till Morning."

Poetic Injustice

A POET sat by reedy ponds
And dreamed fair dreams of stocks and bonds.
He sang so wistfully and well,
He found, at last, his songs would sell.
Alas! he sits mid stocks and bonds,
But all his dreams are reedy ponds!

—*James P. Haverson.*

A real New Yorker is so seldom seen that by some he is regarded as a myth.

THIS WONDERFUL LANGUAGE.

Harry—Do you believe that clothes make the man?
Barry—Well, a good suit has made many a lawyer.

Not from Father

Son—Pa, what does the teacher mean by saying I must have inherited my temper?

Father—It means, son, that you are your mother's own boy.

Honesty

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked the police justice of the hard-looking customer who had been arrested for stealing an umbrella. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I'm one o' the guilty ones, y'r honor, I reckon," answered the prisoner. "The umbrella has the name o' G. Wulff on the handle, W. J. Connelly stamped on the inside o' the cover, an' I stole it from a man named Smith."

Oh, You Men!

When comes a homely woman, man
Resists the strongest plea;
But comes one comely asking aught,
He's all urbanity.

—*Theodore W. Nevin.*

Egotism

An egotist is one who thinks he knows just as much as you do, and doesn't deny it.

Opposites

HIS wife, she likes to go to church;
He likes to stay at home.
And so, in this, they're far apart
As Boston town from Nome.
She likes to call upon her folks
Each Sunday afternoon;
He doesn't like her folks at all—
A rift in love's sweet tune.

She likes to dance or shuffle cards;
He likes to read the news.
She revels in the latest songs,
But he cannot enthuse.
He likes to fish and hunt and swim;
She thinks it folly, quite.
She scolds because his office keeps
Him now and then a night.

He craves for fish upon the board;
At fish she makes a face.
He likes to smoke; she will not have
A pipe around the place.
He likes to rest; she likes to "go,"
And, too, their likes are strong.
And friends and neighbors wonder why
They do not get along!—*Joe Cone.*

More Serious

"We've been robbed!" announced the senior member of the West Side meat market.

"Every cent in the cash register gone, I suppose," his partner said.

"It's worse than that! A side of bacon has been stolen!"

"Aren't his musical tastes rather low?"

"Yes; he has always got his ear to the ground!"

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

A Change of 'Air

Diner—Look, waiter! There's a gray hair in this soup!

Waiter—Ah, m'sieur is like me! M'sieur regret also ze leetle blond cook who is gone.—*Sketch* (London).

Why He Was Rewarded

Guest—Out of this sum give each of the waiters ten sous and Henri five francs.

Head porter—But Henri has just now entered our employment. He has not yet served you.

Guest—And, therefore he is the only one who hasn't annoyed me.—*Heitere Welt.*

Egotism Rebuked

Kadett—Kellner, kann ich hier telephonieren?
Waiter—Jaa, müssen S' halt was unterleg'n.

Cadet—Can I telephone here, waiter?

Waiter—Yes; but you must put something under you.—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

On the Wall

"Je ne suis par content: vous nous aviez écrit que la vue était superbe."
"Eh ben, qu'est-ce qu'il vous faut? Y a l'panorama de Paris!"

"I am not at all satisfied. You wrote us that the view was superb!"

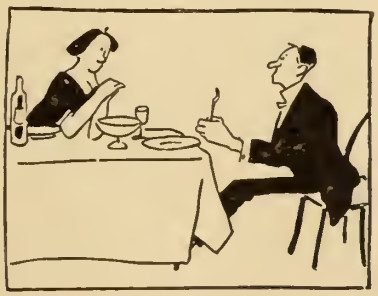
"Well, what do you want? There is the view of Paris!"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

Very Simple

"Ich wundere mich, meine Gnädigste, warum Sie gerade Ihren besten Freundinnen so viel schlechtes nachreden!"
"Natürlicherweies — die kenne ich doch am besten!"

"My dear, I wonder why you say such wicked things of your very best friends."

"Naturally. I know them best."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).



Newly Weds

"Der Salat schmeet't ja furchtbar, hast Du ihn denn nicht gewaschen?"
"Uber doch, Mannchen, sogar mit Seife!"

"The salad tastes awful! Didn't you wash it?"

"Of course, hubby—with soap even!"—*Jugend* (Munich).

A Certainty

"Aufregend, das Rennen heute! Was, Frau Ella?"
"Nicht die Spur. Den Favorit hat mein Mann, die Outsiders meine Freunde. Das neue Kleid krieg' ich also auf jeden Fall."

"Exciting races to-day, aren't they, Mrs. Ella?"

"Not a bit. My husband bets on the favorite and my friends on the outsiders. So I'll get the new dress, anyway."—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

An Ultimatum

"Y como te va con tu nueva patrona?"
"Chico, muy mal; ayer tuvimos unas palabras, y si no depone su actitud, me tendré que marchar esta noche."
"Qué te dijo?"
"Que si no la pagaba hoy me ponia en la calle."

"And how do you get on with your new landlady?"

"Badly, old boy! Yesterday we had some words, and if she does not change her position, I shall have to leave to-night."

"What did she say to you?"

"That if I did not pay to-day, she would put me on the street."—*Blanco y Negro* (Madrid).

Wanting Things

I'M PRETTY sure that time will bring
Most things for which I'm hankering;
But, ere the time that they are here,
I'll cease to want them much, I fear.

Still, by that time there'll be, no doubt,
More things I cannot do without.
This wanting things you haven't got
Is what makes life worth living. What?

—*Walter G. Doty.*

Dry

Miss Gush—I simply bathe in talcum powder—I do love it.

Miss Sar-Castic—Sort of a dry cleaning—eh?

Not Society's Fault

Gibbs—How did that rich boor manage to get introduced into society?

Hibbs—He wasn't introduced; he was injected.

Alike, Yet Different

The clam is silent, so's the owl—
The clam's considered cheerful.
The owl by night doth roam and prowl
And hoot in manner tearful.

And yet the owl's considered wise
Which doubtless makes it prouder.
The clam for optimism tries—
And winds up in the chowder.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

A Foregone Conclusion

"I never say all that I think," she remarked.

"Then," he replied, being unwilling to miss the chance, "you must think an awful lot."

Farmer Hayseed

Although he's a man of most gullible sort
And only a simple jay,
He can turn his place into a summer resort
And make the old shanty pay.

BAR-ROOM PHILOSOPHY

Kohme—Well, there 's one thing we needn't worry about You and I won t have to pay any income tax

Bohme—We won't, hey? You don't suppose for a minute them millionaires is goin' to pay it out of their own pockets, do you?

WHY DOES A CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD?

Modern Definitions

HAPPINESS—The art of forgetting.

Optimism—Whitewash for the blues.

Luck—A toss-up with the dice of Destiny.

Disappointment—The world's greatest actor.

Hope—The advance agent of Disappointment.

Moth—A married man who meets an old flame.

Glutton—A man who digs his grave with his teeth.

Fame—An entree that comes with the feast of Fortune.

Christianity—A blind faith in the power of the Man Higher Up.

An Authority—Any person who upholds the theories we have already expressed.

Theorist—A man who thinks he is learning to swim by sitting on the bank and watching a frog.

The Ideal Man—An ignis fatuus that exists only in the mind of a woman before she marries him.

Virtue—A condition of mind that enables a woman to be miserable with one man rather than to be happy with another.

Success is the compensation for concentrated endeavor.

Fable of the Wise Bunghole Maker

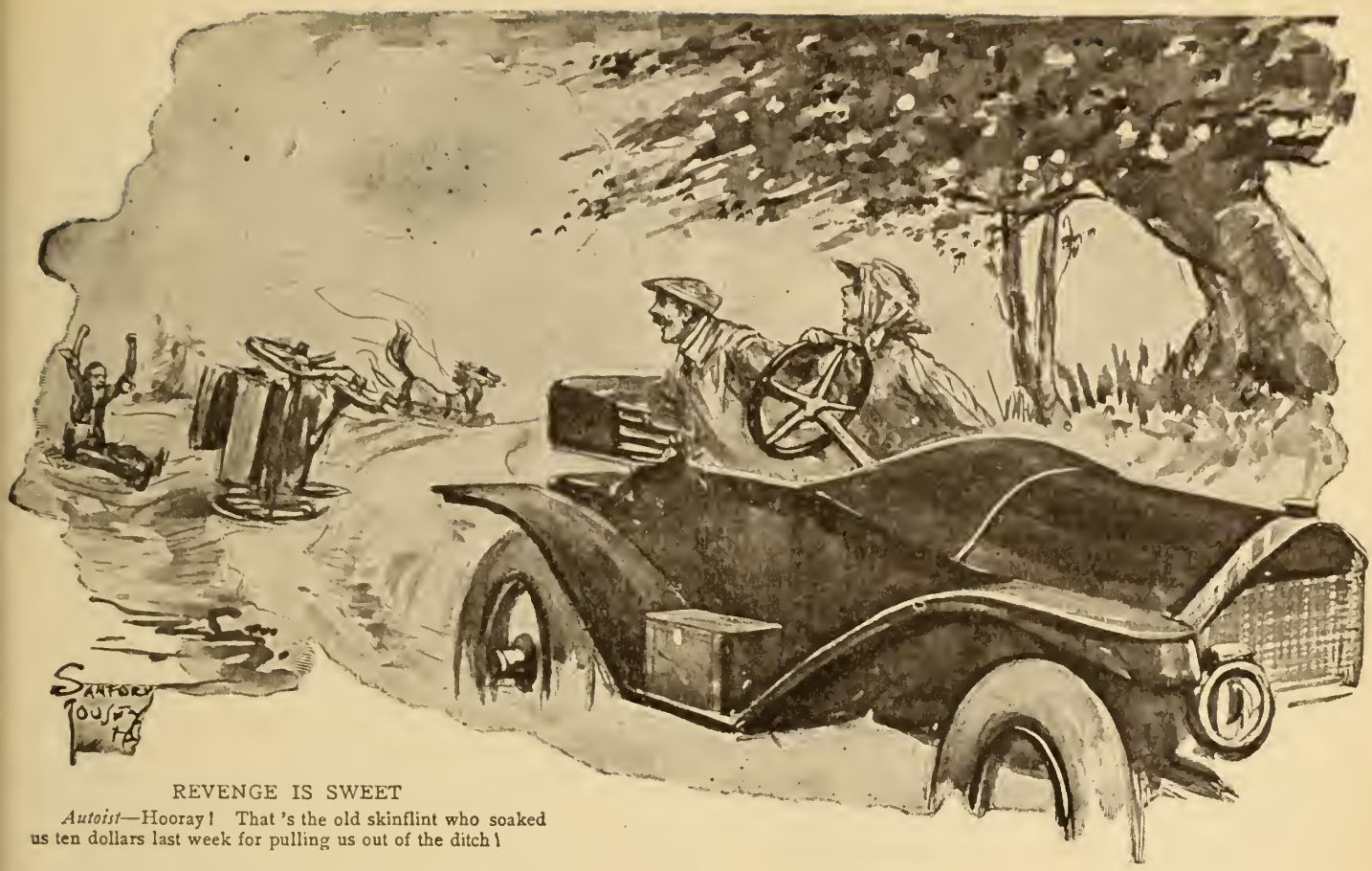
ONCE upon a time, in one of the largest cities of Switzerland, there lived a maker of Bungholes. He had a large business among the wine makers of France, and nearly all the Bungholes used in barrels in the Rhine-wine territory came from this man's factory. No other make of Bunghole could stand such pounding. Prices were low, as there was great competition, and he desired wealth to educate his growing family. At last he thought, Why waste the irregular holes? There must be a use for them. If he could find a market for them, his fortune would be made. So he put into packages small, irregular Bungholes and sold them to the Swiss-cheese makers, thereby saving them the work of making them by hand; and the very small ones, too small for cheese, he sold by the gross in assorted sizes to the lace makers and makers of peek-a-boo waists. Nearly all the holes you see in these waists come from this factory. In this way all his by-products were used and his profits increased so that in ten years he was one of the richest men in Switzerland.

Moral—There is a use for everything. Try and find it.

It Suited Her

First English Militant—Do you believe in rocking the cradle?

Second English Militant—Sure; where are the rocks?



REVENGE IS SWEET

Autoist—Hooray! That 's the old skinflint who soaked us ten dollars last week for pulling us out of the ditch!

Meaning

WHEN you hear some man say: "I think
That I'll take one more little drink."
Mark well his words, and keep your eye
On him, my friend. I'll tell you why;
'Tis not his intent to deceive
You, so a little he will leave
For you to guess. As like as not
His slight remark don't mean a lot,
But he means more!

If you don't know you've overstayed
Your welcome, and a pretty maid,
Between a row of yawns and sighs,
Says: "Goodness, gracious, tempus flies!
It's twelve o'clock. I didn't know
It was so late. Oh, do not go!"
Weigh well her words. As like as not
Her slight remarks don't mean a lot,
But she means more!

—*Howard C. Kegley.*

The Proper Term

Tall blonde—You wouldn't call this costume suggestive, would you?

Short brunette—No; I'd call it exclamatory.

The Perfect Car

"THIS story of yours is all right," said the editor, "but your description of the hero's automobile is simply impossible. If there was an automobile made as perfect as the one you describe, I'd buy one tomorrow. Where in the world did you get your ideas?"

"That was easy," replied the author. "I got my friend, Bragley, to describe his new car."

A Superfluity

"Ah-ho! So yo' is gwine to be muh son-in-law, is yo'?" inquired old Brother Buckaloo.

"Yassah; dat's what it 'mounts to," replied the semi-educated young colored swain. "But dat isn't what I'm marryin' Looella Maud for. Yo' am purely incidental to de emergency, sah; purely incidental.

A vacuum cleaner will never work successfully on a man who has demonstrated the fact that he is possessed of brains.

Sad Truths

A WORD to the wise is impossible. The wise talk all the time.

Whom you do—do well.

One touch of graft makes the whole world skin.

Gossip comes, but scandal lingers.

Avoid the appearance of evil. It is harder to live down than evil.

AN EVENT

Mamma—Tommy, what do you say to Uncle Titewadd for giving you the penny?

Tommy—Gee! I 'm too s'prised to say anything!

AN AUTUMN-MOBILE

At the Patriarchs' Club

AFTER thou hast lost, the other shall say again in thine ears (Is. 49:xx) "The treacherous dealers have dealt treacherously, yea, the treacherous dealers have dealt very treacherously. (Is. 24:xvi). I'rovide me now a man that can play well. (1 Sam. 16:xvii). The reward of his hands shall be given him (Is. 3:xi) out of the spoils." (1 Chron. 26:xxvii.)

Then shalt thou say (Deut. 6:xxi) "I know the things that come into your mind (Ez. 11:v). There was with us a young man, (Gen. 41:xii) he is such a son of Belial that a man cannot speak with him." (1 Sam. 25:xvii).

He will say (Hab. 2:i) "Go and spy out where he is, that I may send and fetch him." (2 Kgs. 6:xiii.)

And the people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play (Ex. 32:vi.) And they drew (Gen. 37:xxviii). Jonathan strengthened his hand (1 Sam. 23:xvi) 'the mower' filleth not his hand; (Ps. 9:vii) But the youth drew not (Jud. 8:xx).

And when they and their father saw the bundles of money, they were afraid (Gen. 42:xxxvi) and they call not (Ps. 14:iv). And Joseph gathered up all the money that was found (Gen. 47:xiv). And nothing in his hand! (Eccl. 5:xiv).—*Geo. B. Morewood.*

AT THE ARMY CLUB

Cynthia—Lieutenant Mauser proposed to me last night. Oh, such beautiful language! Wish you could have heard him.

Muriel—I have heard him; but that was before he had had so much practice.

The Stuff

"I wonder if he'll succeed. What sort of timber is he made of, anyhow?"

"He's just a plain wooden man, that's all I know!"

The Cause

Black—I heard the audience wept after young Ranter's death scene in the third act.

White—Yes—We all knew he was still alive.

Fielding versus Fielding

ARE you interested in Fielding?" said the Smith girl to her suitor—

She was reading English novels from a critic's point of view,—
He was on the team at college. Baseball was his major study
And he answered her at random never pausing for a cue:

"It's all right," he stammered bravely, "and we couldn't do without it;
It's a thing of great importance, I'll agree with you in that,—
But though Fielding may be splendid, yet you can't depend upon it—
For a team amounts to nothing without good men at the bat."

—*Hazel G. Deyo.*

Their Mission

A large crowd had gathered at the station to receive the famous statesman. The reporter indicated a group in the foreground. "They are personal friends, gathered to see him about speaking here," he explained.

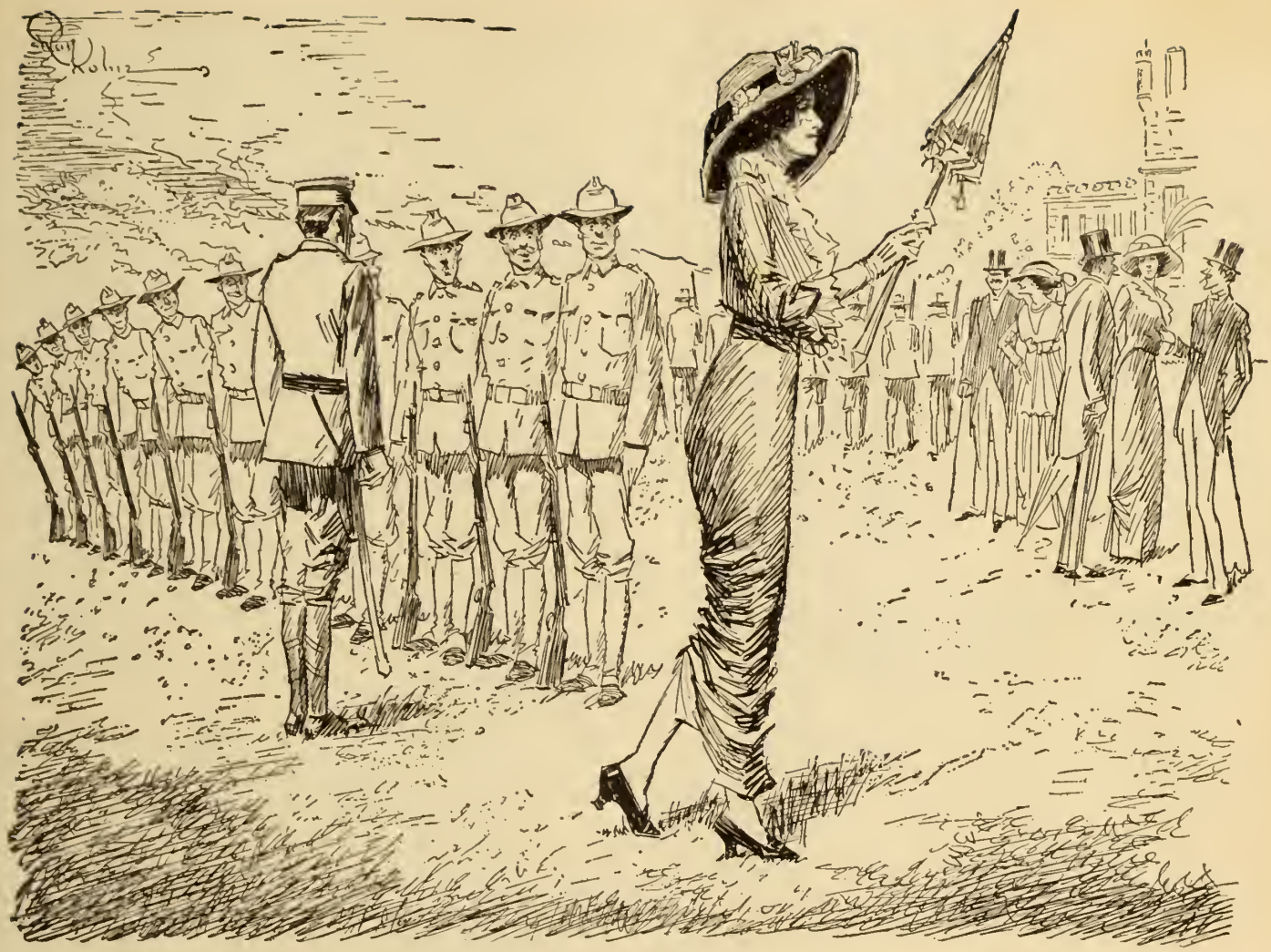
"Is it necessary to use persuasion to induce him to speak?"

"Not at all; they are going to try to prevent him."

Seasonable Romance

She met at the Summer Casino
A Count who played roulette and keno;
They kissed and embraced,
Then married in haste,
And now she's repenting in Reno.

—*J. J. O'Connell.*



"EYES RIGHT!"

The Animate Club

CLUBS must be respected—that is, respectable clubs must be respected. And surely a club is respectable when it possesses all the animate virtues of the modern club, which is a composition of

A drinking club, a feeding club,
A thinking club, a reading club,
A rambling club, a running club,
A gambling club, a gunning club,
A boating club, a writing club,
A voting club, a fighting club,
As well as a mother's club—which is certainly moral and upright, if memory serves regarding boyhood days.

—*A. Walter Utting.*

Overheard at the Club

"Young Muchcash must think that time has more lives than a cat."

"How so?"

"He kills it regularly every day."

Coming

SHE slipped off her shoes, as soon as she closed the door, and tried to get upstairs without awaking her husband. But she found him waiting for her.

"It's three o'clock," he said.

"I went from the club to see a sick friend," she explained.

He reached into her pocket and pulled out a note.

"Sick friend!" he sneered. "Then what are you doing with this mash note from a chorus man? Another time you go to the club I'll go back to father or—er, I'll have him here."

While the postman may not be a flirt all the girls get love letters from him.

NOT QUITE!

Mr. Enright—Gladys, suppose I were to die, what would you do?
Mrs. Enright—Why, I would simply go crazy.
Mr. E—Marry again?
Mrs. E—Oh, not that crazy?

THINGS SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM
Affable club waiter—Looks like rain.
Grumpy old lady—It does; but it smells like soup.

Inculcating Democracy

By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY

"WE'VE organized the loveliest club," gurgled Geraldine, removing her hat.

"You must have been elected president," surmized Grandmother shrewdly. "A woman generally enthuses over her clubs in proportion to her official position."

Geraldine's expression was a tacit admission. "The object of the club," she continued hastily, "is to spread the spirit of democracy. Our roster," she added naively, "will include only the cream of the social register."

The old lady choked. "I presume you will hire a man to do the spreading," she remarked, when she could speak.

"The idea! Why?"

"Because," was the calm reply, "women average about one thimbleful of democracy per thousand head. Shall you invite Millie Burr to join?"

"My seamstress!" cried Geraldine horrified.

"Millie would be just as much shocked," chuckled Grandmother, "at the idea of asking a laundress to join her club. Did you ever willingly permit another woman to copy your hat?"

"That hateful Tessie Arleigh copies everything I get" asserted Granddaughter indignantly.

"Such exclusiveness! And you a democrat! I suppose now you will cease snubbing Mrs. Giltmore?"

"I sha'n't. She's the worst kind of a climber."

"So would you be, if your mother hadn't done some tall climbing. If you are a true democrat, all women are your sisters. Shall you continue to turn a pale green every time Reginald chats a moment with one of his women friends?"

"I shall," admitted Geraldine sulkily. "Some bold thing is always ogling him."

"Democracy," said Grandmother, "is a conservative form of socialism, a leveler of class distinctions. Do you intend asking your maid to dine with you and Reginald occasionally?"

Too scandalized for words, Geraldine shook her head vigorously. "When I tell the girls what a horrid, low thing democracy is, I'm sure they will have nothing more to do with it."

"Of course not. Exclusiveness is woman's shibboleth."

"But what shall we do with our club?" cried Geraldine dismally. "We've a perfectly good constitution, by-laws and everything."

"You might turn it into a Daughters-of-the-Something-or-Other," suggested Grandmother, her eyes twinkling.

"We could, but," Geraldine shrugged her shoulders disdainfully, "those Daughter societies are so common. There must be fifty of them."

The Sign

Husband—Ah, my love, I see you've been making cake again.

Wife—Why, John, how can you tell that?

Husband—From your battered condition.

UP-TO-DATE

Percie—On my way over, I happened to glance into the barber's and saw Reginald getting his head shampooed.

Mundari—What were they using, dear, a vacuum cleaner?

SPLITTING EVEN

Visitor—Peter, I hear you've had four wives.
Peter—Yes, sir; an' what's more, two uv 'em wuz all right.

'TWILL NOT BE ALWAYS THUS

Old gentleman—I wouldn't make such faces if I were you, littte man.
Small boy (with difficulty)—You would if you knew this durn woman wuz goin' t' kiss you.

Baseball Write-ups

SHE read the write-up of a game
And thought it was a rout,
Or else a rough-and-tumble fight,
For twenty were thrown out.

She thinks the law should take in hand
Such terrible disgraces,
When papers say, in plain, cold print,
That three men died on bases!

—*George B. Staff.*

Not to Her Taste

Art dealer—This is a beautiful scene from "Hamlet."

Mrs. Newrich—I don't care for hamlets. Show me a good-sized city.

Characteristic

Mrs. Payton—Have you ever been introduced to Mrs. Bloodgood?

Mrs. Parvenu—Lots of times.

Strictly Modern

PROFESSOR BEANBROUGH was jubilant.

"Ah, ha!" he cried, as he rested on his shovel. "Look what we have unearthed! I believe we have discovered the remains of some herbivorous amphibian of the order plesiosauri!"

Farmer Sodbuster took a good look.

"Nope, you're wrong, prof.," he said. "Them bones belonged to a hog I buried here two years ago last fall."

Classified

Georgie—What's a faith curist, dad?

Dad—He's a fellow who won't take his medicine.

Aviators and orators both use the air to rise in life.

Sartorial Swiftness

"A FELLER has to hustle to keep up with the percession, don't he?" mused Ote Wheat.

"I ain't never tried," responded Erza Slocum.

"Last fall, when I went to the city," continued Ote, "I noticed that my coat was six inches too short. So I took part of my pig money and bought a long one. And, by gum! when I went back this fall, the durn thing was six inches too long."

Bravery

Full credit must sure be allowed her,
For fair woman keeps up with the pace;
If man boldly faces the powder,
No less boldly she powders the face.

—*Geo. B. Morewood.*

ENGINEER STOKER NAVIGATOR CREW

THE WHOLE THING

His Caustic Comment

By TOM P. MORGAN

"THE Sunday newspapers," grimly vouchsafed old Uncle Fogy, "are great and beneficent institutions. They furnish me with information that otherwise I'd prob'ly never get and provide me with the consoling knowledge that there are plenty of people a great deal worse off than I am. When I read, as I recently did, about a feverish lady who, during a tiff with the husband of her bosom, hurled a soda-water siphon at him, which missed him when he dodged, and went through a window, dropped into a motor car and exploded like a bomb, chopping up the occupants of the car more or less, I rejoice, for the reason that as I don't own a motor I very naturally hate everybody who does. When I discover, in the department of useful information for the masses, that there are in the world twice as many blind men as blind women, I say to myself that fully that many more men than women have seen everything, anyhow. I am comforted when I read of a damsel who eloped with a village constable and after two weeks of wedded blister dented the officer's head with his own club, because he couldn't support her in the style to which she was unaccustomed, and then landed in jail, where she now occupies her time by writing poetry—because it shows me that my nephew who married a lady elocutionist might have done worse; she does nothing but elocute. And when I see where a preacher has taken off his coat and done sleight-of-hand tricks in the pulpit, in order to get closer to the sin-sick masses, I feel that, after all, mebby I have some little excuse, despite the contrary opinion of my niece, for occasionally sneaking off fishing on the Sabbath. Thus I go on through my favorite Sunday newspaper, gleaning entertainment and solace from what I read—the strange facts invented by the special writers, the ponderous proclamations of college presidents who need the advertising, the latest unimportant discoveries by world-famed scientists whom nobody ever heard of before, the newest foolishness of fashion, and so forth—and am stimulated by the conclusion that is forced upon me that the world is not growing wiser so rapidly but what I can still hope, if not to keep up with the van of the procession, to at least retain my humble perch on the last load."

"Awfully Literary"

Maizie—I hear that your brother's wife is real literary.

Saidie—Oh, she is! She's awfully literary! When she spanks her baby, she does it with a book!.

A new hat on your head is worth two smashed straws.

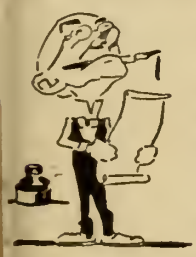
TANGOING

Rufus—Crazy, ain't it, mother?
Martha—Oh, no, Rufe. It's nice to see the poor cripples enjoying themselves.

MOVE ON!

Dire Distress

"EXCUSE me, Wombat," said the well-dressed one, "but personal friendship prompts me to speak."



"What is it, old chap?"

"I fear that, unless you improve your personal appearance, you may lose your job."

"I hope not."

"You need a new hat."

"Um."

"You need a new suit."

"Um."

"You need shoes. Man alive, your feet are on the ground!"

"Quite true," admitted Wombat, with a sigh.

"Then take this week's salary and spruce up."

"Can't squander any money on myself, old man. My wife is worse off than I am."

"Dear me! How is that?"

"She needs a new feather in her hat."

—*Wm. S. Adkins.*

"Back to the Farm"

WHAT'S the message he's penning
with might and with main?
Ah, the slogan is, "Back to the Farm!"
And he writes of the orchard and leaf-laden lane
In language with magic and charm.
"Oh, the life that is simple all ailments will cure—
Far away from the asphalt's alarm—
Where the air is like incense and water is pure!"
Runs the ballad of "Back to the Farm."

And the scribe is well versed on his pet apothegm,
For he first saw the light on the farm,
And many's the morn at four-thirty a. m.
That he hopped from a bed that was warm.
So his heart's in his song (though it savors of salve),
For he hopes he may sell it for pelf,
To buy him a meal check, so he will not have
To go back to the farm himself.

—*John W. Carey.*

Correct

"What is frenzied finance?"

"Financing your friends."

The Logical Conclusion

A LITTLE girl was walking along the street with her mother, when she saw a one-armed man. It was the first time in her life that she had ever seen a man without an arm, and she wanted to know all about it. Her mother explained, in answer to her questions, that the man had probably met with an accident of some kind and that his arm would never grow back. The little girl thought for a moment, and then said, "Well, if the Lord made us, it seems to me like He ought to keep us in repair."

Long Drouth in Kansas

The tourist was looking over western Kansas.

"It looks pretty dry down here," he said. "How long has it been since this section had a rain?"

"Well, sar," replied the farmer, "you will have to ask some one else. You see, I've lived here only five years."

When holding a straight flush it is better to stay in and raise and win than not to have raised at all.

TWO GUESSES

Matron—Baby is crying, Mary. I expect he wants his bottle
Mary—I just give it to 'm mum
Matron—Did you? Then I expect he doesn't want it."

Post-card "Bromides"

IN THE corrupt language of our modern, patent-medicined, narrow-skirted world, the word "bromide" has lost its chemi-medical meaning and come to mean "an expression, once live enough for a taxi, now hackneyed."

It was that ancient maker of history, Herodotus, who originated the "post-card brand" of bromides, when he mailed his old crony, C. J. Cæsar, a panoramic view of the Seabreeze Hotel, at Cape Pleasure, Kan., with this message written beneath it: "Having the time of my life. Wish you were with us. The X marks our room."

Since that eventful date, the drug-store market has been flooded with photo-engravures of the moss-covered tombs of the early cliff dwellers, the Easter rabbit hauling gaudily tattooed eggs in a pink wheelbarrow, and countless other entertaining and educational views. Each corner store stands out as an oasis for the letter-dry traveler, compelled to acquaint a solicitous mother-in-law of his whereabouts, or to the five-dollar-a-week ribbon clerk, desirous of making an impression upon the girls at home.

The commercial traveler, flushed with the effects of recent sales and escorted by two fellow-enthusiasts, boisterously purchases a view of the City Library or the Evangelical Church and writes his helpmate as follows: "I think of you often. It is so lonely here."

The girl so thin that she could crawl down a phonograph horn to find out who is singing selects a hand-tinted view of the city scales and writes her doting mother: "Wonderful weather. I sleep under blankets every night. Have gained four pounds."

The two stenographers, spending a week's vacation in a town ten miles distant, send their "young men friends" a view of the moonlight on the lagoon in Riverside Park, with this message inscribed just below the silvery waters: "Ain't this moonlight swell? This town has the grandest parks!"

Thus we might go on forever—for each genus hominis has a corresponding genus postcardiensis, and "by a man's post-card, so shall ye know him." But we cannot close without a mention of those youthful pests who mail their admiring sweethearts at home a post-card rose, made more realistic by a cotton-batting stuffing and more sentimental by some such poem as:

"The rose is red, but I am blue;
My heart has bled all week for you."

—*Charles Andrew Merz.*

A Glossary of Automobile Terms

JOY ride—Honeymoon trip.

Too much play at the wheel—Dead broke at Monte Carlo.

Filling the cooler—"Running in" the drunks.

Shock absorber—Clergyman in Paris.

Buying gas—Paying your lawyer.

A foot brake—Stepping on the debutante's train.

Putting up the top—Pawning your silk hat.

A blow-out—Suffragette released from jail.

Wind shield—A gag for Senators.

Feed pipe—A free lunch.

Cutting out the muffler—Starting a home-made Christmas present for hubby.

The cooler fan—The rooter who bought a grand-stand seat.

Left-hand drive—When his sweetheart sits at his right in the buggy.

Universal clutch—The love of mammon.

Crank up—Anarchist hanged.

Testing the sparker—Standing under the mistletoe.

Trouble with the ignition—Bridget drops a lighted match in the kerosene.

Safety tread—Entering home at two a. m. in stocking feet.—*Gorham W. Harris.*

Apropos of the preserving season, there is considerable jam to be had at the Brooklyn bridge.

A LITTLE DIALECT

Hulda—You don't mean t' say th' boss's son bane in prison?
Yonson—Sure. I hear d' boss say he bane in Yale th' year

The Deacon's Bluff

By ANNA C. CHAMBERLAIN

COLONEL HENRY HORNE was not what might be called a patient man, but he had been brought up in the South, and, knowing the shortcomings of the colored brethren, had turned toward them, if not really a blind side, at least a very shortsighted one.

He had borne the loss of a stray pig with equanimity, had suffered the loss of many a watermelon and restrained his ire; but when his favorite white Andalusian hens began steadily to diminish in numbers, the limit of his patience was reached.

In a towering rage he approached Uncle Josh Smith, preacher and exhorter in the little negro church which Colonel Horne had not only helped to build, but to whose support he not infrequently contributed.

"What you good for, niggah?" he roared; "pretending to be a preacher and letting yoh flock feed off me like this! Why don't you give them fire and brimstone and stop it?"

"I does, Marse Henry, I shoh does," said the old darky earnesty. "Ebery Sunday I gibs um it. I dun shuck um ri'ht out ober de bottomless pit. But deys sum hahdened sinnah what has to be got moh implomentically." Uncle Josh almost burst with pride in getting off this last word, while the colonel pursed his lips fiercely to keep from grinning.

He finally became party to Uncle Josh's "implomentcy," so far as to lend him two dollars, and left the old darky in the midst of assurances that the thief would be found and the thieving stopped within a few days.

On the occasion of the next Wednesday prayer meeting, Uncle Josh eloquently told the story of the colonel's loss and in burning language exhorted the sinner to come forward and confess, and, to make the way of the transgressor easier, he would reward confession with a box of cigars.

BUCOLIC—MUSH AND MILK

OUR RETURN HOME

As it would have been if we had stayed any longer at that New York hotel

In spite of his thunderous exhortation, the mourners' bench remained empty, and Uncle Josh began to doubt the efficacy of what to his simple mind had seemed a sure means of grace and confession, when a latecomer entered, Brother Jones, a pious deacon, toward whom every suspicion had turned at the first mention of missing hens.

Rejoicing at this opportunity of making a direct and personal appeal, Brother Smith restated his proposition to the newcomer.

Brother Jones hesitated. Beside him sat the partner of his joys and also the sharer of his chickens, who, though she would not steal, did not disdain to "take" an occasional hen, but who might wholly refuse to support him in a direct denial of facts.

Furthermore, by confession he would win, together with the cigars, the eclat of the penitent sinner; but he would lose his much-prized office in the church.

For a moment the deacon was in straits—a Scylla on the one hand, a Charybdis on the other. Then he was struck by a fair breeze of inspiration; a voluminous smile overspread his dusky countenance. "Many t'anks, Br'er Smif," he said, with unctuous politeness, as he parted his preposterous coattails preparatory to taking a seat; "many t'anks, but I doesn't smoke."

The slight murmur which swept through the assemblage may have betokened appreciation of this crafty move. "Amen!" said Sister Jones suddenly, in a relieved tone.

The preacher's "implomentcy" had been outdone.

Feminine Irony

Bertha—I saw my affinity at the zoo, up in the park, to-day.
Bertha's girl chum (sweetly)—Yes? Which cage?

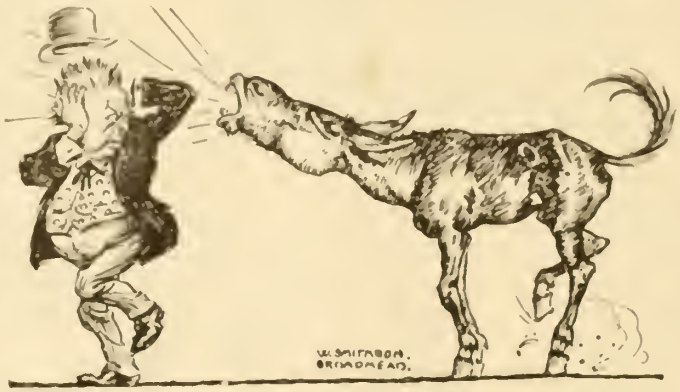
WATCHING OUR FUNNY WORLD GO BY

By HOMER CROY

How To Cure a Mule of Braying

MANY people think that the residents of Strong City, Kan., have done an uncalled-for thing when they passed a law fining a man who keeps a mule that brays after night. To us this is not queer—we have heard a mule bray after night.

After the great raven of night has swept across hill and plain, gathering up all alike, great and small, tree and trinket, into the silent folds of its black wings, the mule likes to bray. Only then does he feel that he is at his best. His musical soul is stirred to its depths only when he feels that everybody has gone to bed.



"WHEN A MULE STARTS TO USE HIS VOICE"

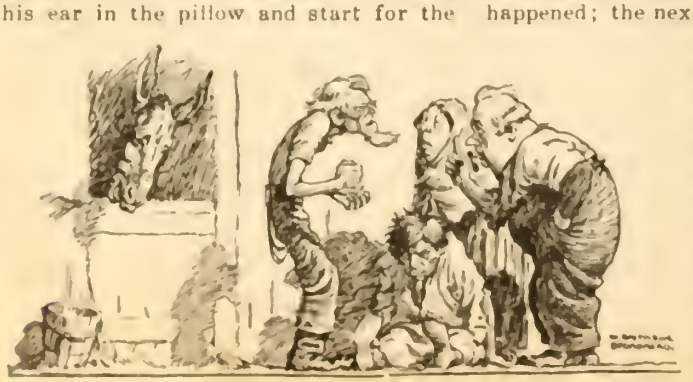
The mule has no bent for music—he has only inclination. He is not a musical bird. He was never meant to thrill great multitudes with his voice. He was never intended to lull the world to sleep just as the stars come peeping out like frightened children from behind the curtain of the skies. He was cast for some other mission in life. His voice needs half-soling.

When a mule starts to use his voice, he sticks out his nose, lays back his ears and pulls his breath in and out in a very disagreeable way. A mule draws his breath in as if there were a cow on the track, and blows it out as if there were a whole herd just this side of the crossing. A person listening to a mule, even at his best, cannot help wishing that the well-meaning creature would take his voice out and have it re-seated.

One of our neighbors back home owned a mule that felt in its heart that it could sing. It felt this way every night. Just as the editor of this page would nestle his ear in the pillow and start for the happy land, the mule would feel called on to lift up its voice in a pean of praise. The mule's home was just back of our window. Every time the mule drew in its breath, we would shudder and cover our ears; but, strive as we would, we could not keep the pean out.

One night we arose and in our night clothes stole out to where Leander was lifting his voice. We had made up our mind that we would teach him a lesson that he would carry with him to his grave. We didn't care how soon he carried it. Leander was busily lifting his voice when we softly opened the door of the barn and stole in. We wanted our coming to be a surprise to him. It was; but he also had a surprise up his sleeve for us. If we had known as much then as we do now, we would never have chosen this way to have Leander give up his musical yearnings. A moonbeam stole through a crack and nestled on his cheek, but that did not soften our heart.

Grasping a board firmly, we leaned around the corner of the stall and brought it down on the mule on the opposite end from where the moonbeam nestled. *Sputt!* the board came down. . . . After the board came down on the place mentioned, we have no clear recollection of what happened; the next thing we knew three neighbors were having a heated argument as to what kind of soup we should be allowed to eat. From that hour on, a mule has never meant as much to us as before. From that time on, there has been a certain coldness between us. Our paths have parted. We are now strangers.



That night in the barn, we could not see a moonbeam without thinking of soup.

We do not care who comes to us now asking us to cure his mule of braying we turn him down abruptly, even coldly. Never again will we call on a mule after it has retired.

There Is Always One Left

If there is anything that makes us mad it is for one fly to keep buzzing and buzzing around. If there is anything that lessens our chance for a seat near the music in the golden hereafter it is for one lone fly to keep fooling around in a room that is forbidden property to flies.

Each week, as we sit down to write this page for our horde of delighted readers, a fly comes sniffling around to see what it can stir up. It stirs up something all right; more than it wots of for we stand more than six feet of tall handsome manhood.

We simply cannot work with a fly look-

"THERE IS ALWAYS ONE LEFT"

ing over our shoulder. The trouble is that the fly does not stay on our shoulder—it has higher aspirations. It wants to get up where our hat is when we go out walking. No fly is safe on our head—we don't care whose fly it is. With a light laugh we would dash its brains out and carrol a light song as we bent over its prostrate form. So heartless are we that with mocking glee we would bend over its silent features and snap a careless finger in its face.

A fly more or less means nothing to

In days gone by the candidate for office won the good will of the fond parents by kissing the babies. But——

When women carry dogs in their arms instead of babies the candidate of to-day must be equal to the occasion.

NEW TIMES, NEW MANNERS

Never Satisfied

I ASKED a sailor lad one day
How he enjoyed the sea.
His answer came, "Oh, much indeed!
And yet I'd rather be
A little more
On shore."

"And are you ever seasick?"
I asked him, with concern.
"No, never," was his answer;
"But, mister, I am durn
Sick, you see,
Of the sea." —*Willet F. Cook.*

REDUCED

Ruff—So Cap'n Brown married the widow?
Reddy—Yes; he 's second mate now.

After Summer Has Gone

THE HOTEL dining-room was eighty feet long. A tall man sat eating a lonely breakfast at one end. A stout man was performing the same rite at the other. They passed out together.

"Marooned," murmured one.

"Are we the only inhabitants?"

"With the exception of the help, we are alone."

"These late vacations are awful!"

"Yes; I'll never take another."

Days passed—dull days, lonely days. Sometimes they hobnobbed. At other times they abhorred each other and kept apart.

One morning the tall man sat dreaming on the veranda. He was dreaming of waltzes and of moonlight strolls. The stout man was on the beach. Suddenly he bent over something, and then began to beckon wildly. The tall man sauntered down.

"What have you found?" he languidly inquired.

"Look at that, Robinson Crusoe!" yelled the stout man.

"What is it?"

"Look!"

The tall man looked, then smiled feebly.

It was the print of a girl's shoe in the sand. —*Wm. S. Adkins.*

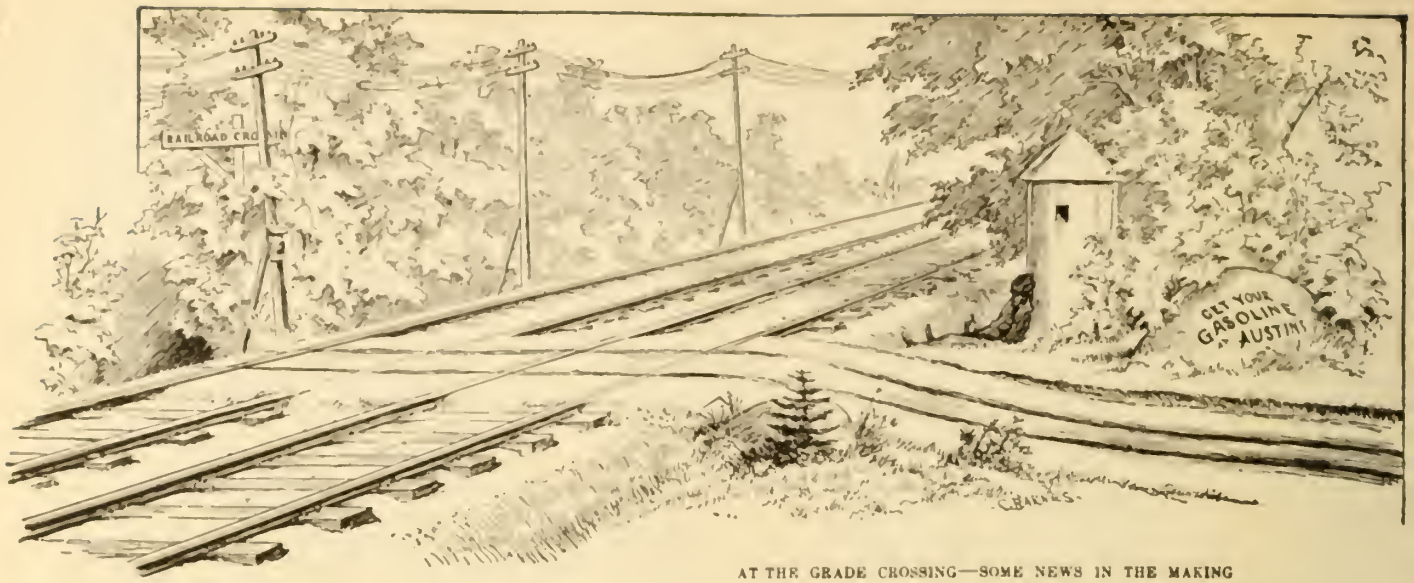
Were a small portion of the respect paid to the departed given to the living there would be fewer occasions for regrets.

His Pessimism

"MY experience—extending through sundry years, both lean and fat—leads me to believe, Lester," said the individual who habitually does his thinking along erratic lines, "that, instead of accomplishing some great feat at the risk of life and limb, all that is necessary to become prominent is to discover what the majority of people like to do, and then organize a society for the prevention of it. The common nuisance, my lad, gets more attention than the uncommon hero."

Fortune may play favorites, but there are those who think misfortune does also.

THE UNPOPULAR MOVIES



AT THE GRADE CROSSING—SOME NEWS IN THE MAKING

Watching Our Funny World Go By

By HOMER CROY

On Being a Mosquito's Family Doctor

THE Agricultural Department has just discovered that the humming a mosquito makes is not due to the vibration of its wings, as has been so long supposed, but to its breathing.

We are glad that we did not have to do the experimenting. It would not suit our sensitive nature to bend over the silent form of the mosquito, trying to discover from whence came the noise. We would not want to place our ear against its breast and strain every nerve to find where the sound was coming from. We would be afraid the mosquito might mistake our intentions and turn and bite us. Then, no difference how friendly our relations had been before, we would never again feel the same toward that mosquito. We would not care if a sudden accident befell it. We would not go into widow's weeds over it. The next day we would be out on the street, smiling and gay, so that even our nearest friends would never know that we had been an eyewitness of a catastrophe.

We are glad that the government has never asked us to listen to a mosquito breathe and make a full and complete report on what we saw and heard. We would make a poor mosquito specialist.

Every Little Bit Helps

IN A MISSOURI town Tom Wishart was known for his gastronomic ability. He took great pride in the surprising amount of food that he could stow away. As he himself said, his stomach would hold as much as a gunnysack.

One day he got up a bet that he could eat a quail a day for thirty days. It was popularly supposed that this could not be done, on account of the dryness of the meat. Tom ate the first quail greedily and ate one a day for a month, eating the thirtieth with as much relish, seemingly, as the first one. A crowd had collected to see his whirlwind finish. Tom finished in a blaze of glory, for he not only licked the plate where the last quail had rested, but turned around and ate a bucketful of oysters on top of the bird.

"Have you any regrets, Tom?" asked one of the men in the crowd in an awed tone.

"My only regret," answered Tom, picking his teeth with satisfaction, "is that they weren't turkeys."

The Gentleman Burglar

A GENTLEMAN burglar has been discovered in an Ohio town of two thousand. For a long time they have been all the rage in the cities. It's getting so that a city cannot lift up its head and look another city in the eye unless it has at least one gentleman burglar. It's a disgrace these days to be robbed by any except a gentleman burglar. No man of any social standing whatever would dare go to the police and admit that a lowborn burglar had carried off his silverware. When a person hears a burglar in his pantry these days, he's got to slip down and ask the caller about his ancestry, then tie him up, before he goes and speaks to the police.

It will be a pleasant sight, indeed, to all lovers of social etiquette to see a lady cop leading a gentleman burglar off toward the station house in a perfectly ladylike way.

INVERSE RATIO

Julia—Can Johnny come in for half price? He 's only got one eye.

Hattie—You 'll have to pay double for him. It takes him twice as long to see the show.

INTELLECTUAL CONVERSATION

Bobby—I say, old chap, wouldn't it be queer if you were me and I were you? *Robby*—Bah Jove! never thought of it. P'raps we are.

Reticent for Cause

ARRAYED in her best and with divers admonitions sounding in her ears, little Mary was started off to Sunday school for the first time.

Following a cordial greeting by the teacher, Mary, upon disclosing her full name, age and place of abode, was duly enrolled as a member of the class. To a question asked her concerning the vocation of her father, Mary, it was noticed, made no reply. The teacher, repeating the question, explained to Mary that she desired to know what business her father was engaged in—what kind of work he did. Still no response.

Impatient at the child's obstinacy and fearing its effect upon the other scholars, who were giving open-mouthed attention to the proceedings, the teacher chided Mary for her unseemly behavior and insisted upon her answering the question—what her father did for a living.

Rising suddenly, her face blazing and breathing defiance in every word, Mary hurled this at the teacher: "Well, then, if you must know, my father is the bearded lady in the Dime Museum."

The Fountain of Mirth

The world is round,
A graceful sphere;
But folks are flat
And mostly queer.
And hence a joy
No grief can smother,
For men can laugh
At one another!

— *Charles Irvin Junkin.*

Up in Smoke

An attractive stock certificate showing a picture of a factory chimney emitting smoke is very suggestive of where your money goes.

Such a Prude!

SHE'S stopping at the Mountain House,
But great seclusion seeks;
She always dresses in the dark,
Because the mountain peaks.

PISCATORIAL

Said this gent: "On such fish I would dine;
Pray where do you catch them so fine?"
Quoth the old salt: All I get I find in me net,
Or else on the end o' me line."

An Irreducible Minimum

OH, WHEN I shall be called to die,
Let me have had the price to buy
A silk shirt and a pair of spats

And the one best bet in haughty hats!

Let me have had my coiffure greased
And parallels in trousers creased;
My boots englazed, and round my neck
A two-hone scarf without a fleck!

Let me have had my teeth fresh filled
With gold meticulously milled;
And let me be, ere I'm immured
(If nothing else), womanicured!

—*S. K. Wilson.*

The Junior Member Speaks

THE SEVERAL members of the family had been telling what they would do if they owned the world. Mother would abolish poverty. Father would provide absolute justice for all. Sister Sarah would give every woman the vote.

Finally the views of ten-year-old Johnny were sought.

"What 'ud I do if I owned the world?" said he, looking up from a geography he had been studying. "Well, I'll tell you what I'd do. First I'd get old Atlas to sign up two baseball teams among his brothers and cousins; then I'd lay out a diamond on the Desert of Sahara, put the Rocky Mountains around it for a fence, give the players the moon for a ball and the North Pole for a bat, and, say, maybe I wouldn't sit on top of Pike's Peak and see some ball game!"

Elusive

Some things on earth are very strange;
The mysteries thereof are many.
They say this is a world of change,
And yet I cannot borrow any!

DEAD SEA FRUIT

AS THINGS GO TO-DAY

Hermione—I think you should allow me thirty dollars pin money a week, Herman.
Herman—Great Scott! You couldn't get as much as that in alimony!

THERE TO SEE

The clerk who told her, "If the bathing suit shrinks bring it back and we will cheerfully refund you your money," is the man in the center.

She Wouldn't Be "Fussy"

"I HAVE no wish to be fussy, and I am sure that you will find that I am not that way after I am fully settled," said the new boarder to the landlady, who had "put up" with so much during thirty years as mistress of a boarding house that she was immune from surprise of any kind.

"As I say," added the new boarder, "I have no wish to be fussy, but I would like to have the bed put in the other corner of the room and the dressing case put where the bed is and the mirror hung in a different light and the wash stand put where it would be less conspicuous. And would you mind asking the person in the room across the hall not to play the piano quite so much, and if the person in the room adjoining mine must smoke, will you ask him not to do so when I am in the room? Tobacco smoke is exceedingly disagreeable to me, and I can detect it through a closed door. Then may I ask you to speak to the milkman about whistling when he brings the milk? I heard him distinctly before daylight this morning, and I could not get to sleep again. And I heard one of your maids singing or trying to sing several times to-day, and it was really very unpleasant, and—oh, yes! I knew there was something else! Could you in some way suggest to the old gentleman who sits next to me at the table that he eat his soup without making that disagreeable drawing-in noise? And if he was boarding with me, I would not hesitate to tell him that it is the worst of bad form to tuck his napkin into his collar. As I say, I have no wish to be fussy, and I think you will discover that I am not that way; but I— One of my towels was a little damp when it was brought to me this morning, and I do dislike a damp towel or napkin above all things; and if I could have unsalted butter and no pepper in my soup, I would appreciate it. I had made a little list of other things I want to speak to you about, but I do not seem able to lay my hand on it. There were three or four other things I do not remember. I will speak to you about them later. Not that I want to be fussy, but— Could I have a lower rocking chair in my room? This one is so high, especially for sewing."

—*Max Merryman.*

The silence of the dumb is not golden.

Keeping Step

SAID a certain young, gay kangaroo,
"I can see my old steps will not do.
Lest I get out of date,
I shall sit up quite late,
To acquire the unique tangaroo."

—*Blanche Elizabeth Wade.*

Malaproprian

Visitor—Your husband gets a lot of sentiment out of his pipe.

Mrs. Richquick—Goodness, yes! It is perfectly disgusting to see him clean it!

UTILIZING THE WASTE

The Parables of Pifflicus

Of the Young Man Who Got Wise

NOW IT came to pass that a certain young man went forth from the High School seeking a Position.

He journeyed by night into a far city and besought many men with great diligence to connect him with the Pay Roll.

But they all with one accord answered him saying, We have no place for thee.

Whereupon he bethought himself of many who had wrought great works, and resolved within himself saying, Now I will get me books and learn the way to success.

And he applied himself diligently unto the works of the scribes who taught that Honesty, Industry and Perseverance are even the secrets thereof.

And after many days he journeyed forth again, beseeching men without number to give him a Job, crying, Verily, I will serve thy pleasure with Honesty, Industry and Perseverance, even as those whose names are written in the great scroll.

But all men said to him nay.

And while he wept beside the city gate a Wise One passed that way and inquired of him the reason of his wailing.

And when he had learned the cause thereof, he spake unto the young man thus:

Ditch thou that celluloid collar and that ancient lid, and give thy Josh Whitcomb raiment unto the ice man. Then get thee to a dollar-down market place and purchase a modern outfit of Clothes with a Georgem Co-Han hat, and go forth and beard the bosses in their inner sanctums.

And he arose and went forth and did even as he had bade him.

And it came to pass that a certain rich man who had turned him down before was seized with a great yearning to acquire him.

And he received him gladly and made him as one of the firm, even unto handing him the hand of his daughter in marriage.

And the young man rejoiced greatly, saying, Clothes do not make the man, but they sometimes help to make a Hit. Selah. —*W. Kee Maxwell.*

GOING TO SPRUCE UP

"Give me a bottle of O K rheumatism liniment and a bottle of furniture polish."

His "Pick-up" Work

Leading the new hired hand up to a big pile of gnarly old and dry apple-tree trunks and hickory stumps, Uncle Ab Tansy said, in the tone of one conferring a favor,

"Now, here's a little pick-up work for ye when you're sort o' restin' up, waitin' for the meal bell to ring. Most folks like to have a little pick-up work handy, an' I reckon this an' a dreen I'm diggin, out o' the barnyard will give you something to do in your spare minnits most all summer. If it don't, I kin set you at diggin' a new well I want done 'fore winter sets in. Allus like to have something on hand in the way o' pick-up work."

THEIR SPECIALTY

Client—And remember, I want to get stucco for my twelve thousand dollars.
Architect—Oh, don't worry! You'll get stuck-o all right.

Tango T's

OH, SIMPLE amber beverage,
Clear green or black and strong,
With dainty muffins, jam and cake
Associated long,
The portly matron's daily drink,
The spinster's cherished brew,
The caddy you have left to join
A bacchanalian crew!

Where from the family table once
Your fragrant steam arose,
Like incense, now it curls around
A host of twinkling toes.
Champagne and sherbet yield you place
Amid the revelry,
For what would tango be without
The all-important T?—*Minna Irving*

Especially

Moralist—The outsider who buys stocks is a gambler, pure and simple.
Ticker—Especially simple.

"Put money in thy purse" is good advice to follow if you do not filch it from another's purse.

From a Sinner's Diary

ONE DAY a woman told me what a lame back she had. The next week I remembered to ask how it was. The next she gave me a sack of dandy cookies. It pays!

My pa is getting so he works me, I can see. I bought him a two-dollar spyglass. It didn't suit. It didn't make a thumb nail look as big a mile away as one he looked through in Ohio when he was a boy. So I sent it back and got a four-dollar one. That didn't make a hen hawk big enough so he could hit it. And one day two women were talking to him down the road, and ma got it and tried to make out who they were. (They could have seen that brass end with the naked eye if they'd looked toward the house.) But she couldn't get her focus right, wipe steam off the windows as she would. So it wasn't any good to her, either. Then he found a six-dollar corduroy hunting coat in the catalogue and said before me, "Wouldn't this be a dandy? A fellow could slip through the bushes without a bit of noise"—— "Trade your spyglass toward it and have that for your present, then," I said, thus being relieved of another two dollars. And when our *Journal* run out, I asked if he was going to take it again. "He guessed not," and as he bent over after wood, I saw his old cheek wrinkle up. I knew he was grinning, thinking I'd send if he didn't.

I believe our bread knife goes out nights, for when I come home it can't be found on any of the shelves or tables or anywhere on the face of the earth. Next morning it's always in plain sight. So I maul off a piece of bread across the corner of the mixing board and soak it in the dipper, for, much as I've beseeched ma, I can't get her to leave any milk where I can lay hands on it.

Because I might like a young one if I had it myself is no sign I like to see some other pull the fringe off my organ stool, sit on my hat, cut a muskmelon with my scrap book or pound my guitar with a conch shell.—*Lynette Freemire.*

The Bond

"Can you tell me what Mrs. Crowley and Mr. Geron have in common that should make them so fond of each other?"

"Why, sure! She is a grass widow and he has hay fever."

The Poet's Troubles

[He stumbles upon half a dozen words that have no rhymes in the language.]

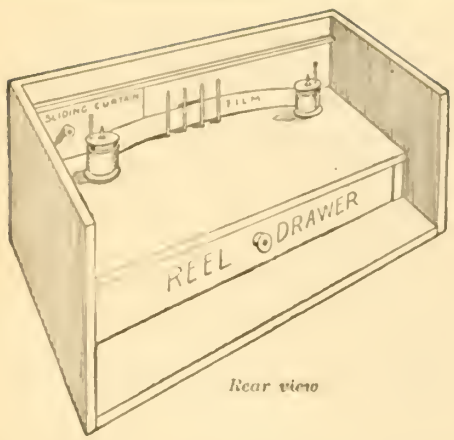
THE CRESCENT moon hangs o'er the sleeping town,
A shred of cloud caught on her lower cusp;
Through filmy mist her tenuous rays come down,
And— (No rhyme for "cusp." Have to start again.)

Sickly the moonlight shines upon the plain,
Dim, like a half-worn-out electric bulb;
Heaven's eyes are full of unshed tears of rain,
And— (This is a fool language, anyhow.)

The changing moon would fain avoid the task
Of ushering in a sad, autumnal month;
She hides her face behind a cloudy mask,
And— (This is one of the delights of being a poet.)

The moon's aweary of the deeds she doth—
Weakly she shines on heaps of dust and culm;
And— (Good-night!)—*Ted Robinson.*

The impulse to do a good thing weighs somewhat in favor of the person who forgets to do it.



Rear view

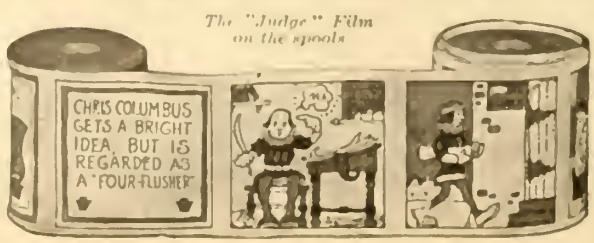
JUDGE recently described how children use the "movies" published weekly in this magazine, as a result of the ingenuity of the little daughter of D. Knickerbocker Boyd, of Philadelphia.

Little Miss Boyd conceived the idea of cutting out the pictures that appear in JUDGE, pasting them in strips, like the films of a regular motion-picture theater, winding them continuously on spools and running them through a box for the pleasure of herself and her playmates.

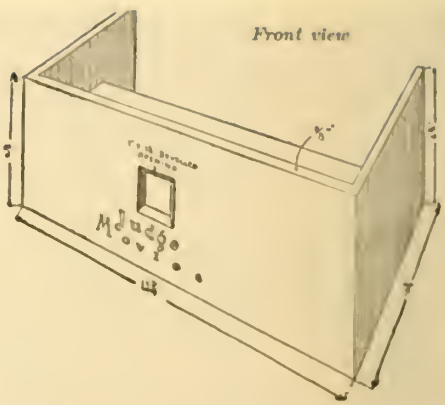
This idea has spread, until children in many places utilize it. Mr. Boyd has now furnished JUDGE with drawings of the apparatus used by his daughter and duplicated by many other children, who look for JUDGE weekly to renew their films and provide a new "show."

The picture to the left, called "Rear View," gives in perspective a view of the interior of the box or "theater" used by Miss Boyd. There is a reel drawer, in which to keep the supply of pictures, a sliding curtain, and the manner of placing the spools upon which the "films" are wound and unwound in the process of showing is plainly seen.

The picture to the right, entitled "Front View," shows the front of the little theater, on which is the sign, "Judge Movies." The beveled opening shows one picture in a series at a time, and in effect simulates the "screen" of a regular moving picture. Miss Boyd keeps in her "repertoire" individual pictures of distinguished persons and the like, and



The "Judge" Film on the spools



these are exhibited between the JUDGE Movies, with the usual request to "Be Patient, Please," as the regular pictures are changed.

The lower picture shows one of JUDGE'S Movies as it is wound on the spools, ready for exhibition as above described. This whole device is interesting to adults as well as to children, though children will find the greater pleasure in its application. From the growth of the idea since it was first announced it is apparent that thousands of children will adopt it and look regularly for JUDGE'S motion pictures in color. See this week's series of "movies" on page 14.

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

The "Nut" as a Dear-stalker

Aubrey (by way of impressing the girls)—I say, old chap, how did you get on at the deer-stalking?

Horace—Oh, so, so, old boy! You see, the silly asses forgot to bring the ferts.—*Sketch* (London).

Hope

"Erna, geh mit ihm Schwammerl suchen. Wenn er dabei kniet, benuszt er vielleicht die Gelegenheit zu einer Erklärung."

"Erna, go and look for mushrooms with him. If he kneels down, he may take advantage of the opportunity and propose."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Two Views

"Das ist doch die nette junge Schauspielerin, die voriges Jahr hier gastierte! Wird nicht noch oft von ihr gesprochen?"

"Na, das gerade nicht—aber über siegeredet wird noch immer!"

"That is the pretty, young actress who starred here last year. Isn't she still often spoken of?"

"Well, not exactly that; but she is still talked about."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

A Tempting Offer

"La ofrezco, si la interesa,—unos merengues de fresa,—mi mano y mi corazón!—

"Y adonde voy yo con esa—cara de melocotón?"

"I offer you, if you are interested, some strawberry meringues, my hand and my heart!"

"And where am I to go with that peach face?"—*Blanco y Negro* (Madrid).

Encouragement

"Um dem schüchternen Jüngling 'n bisschen Mut zu machen, hab' ich ihm heut schon dreimal gesagt' mein Schuhband sei aufgegangen,—und jetzt merk, ich erst, dass ich heute Pumps ohne Bänder anhab'!"

"In order to encourage the shy youth somewhat, I told him three times to-day that my shoe lace was undone. And only now I notice that I am wearing pumps without laces!"—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

In 1930

"I say, carry this bag to the station for me, will you?"

"Ho, yus, and 'ave the Union on ter me."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, if I touched that there bag I'd 'ave the Amalgermated Society of Loafers on me track. That's wot."—*Punch* (London)

Watching Our Funny World Go By

By HOMER CROY

Getting Acquainted with Electricity

IT HAS been discovered in Detroit that electricity can be tasted. Personally, we can struggle along quite well on three meals a day without tasting any electricity.

We don't like to be too familiar with electricity. We want electricity to slide on its own cellar door. One time a gentleman selling lightning rods—after a moment's reflection we think we will change that—one time a man selling lightning rods came to father's house, and, leaving his demonstrating kits outside rounded up our parent and began proving to him that a person without lightning rods on his house was killing his family by inches and disobeying the Scriptures and that such a man ought to be taken down to the railroad trestle three miles south of town and kicked off. While the gentle—the man was talking the composer of these brilliant lines slipped out on the porch where the lightning machine was rigged up, and began trying to find how electricity was raised. Two innocent looking metal handles attracted our attention. We took hold of these handles. We felt at once that we had made a mistake. Something hit us on the palm of one hand, ran up our right arm, climbed across our shoulders and ran down our left arm with a nail loose in its heel. Then it came back with reenforcements. There was now a good crowd of it.

We began to dance eagerly and call out at the top of our voice. Our voice is pretty good at that, and we urged it to do its best. It was a hot day but that didn't keep us from dancing. Although we hadn't had much training at dancing and no doubt did not have the polish of the Russian symphony dancers we put our whole soul in it.

POLITICS

Mac—Where are you working now, Bill?
Bill—I ain't working: I got a city job.

"AND OTHERS HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM"

We endeavored to let go the two handles, but the feeling was not mutual. They began twisting our wrists up, winding them up until we could have got money on any street corner. We got down on our knees and begged the electricity to have a heart, but we could not move it. We were doing the moving for both. Tears came to our eyes, but the electricity showed no disposition to let up. We began doubling over more and demanding more and more of our voice. Finally the villain who owned the instrument came and turned off the current.

From that time on we have learned to give electricity the biggest half of the road. Edison will have to work out his inventions alone for we positively will not help him—positively. The announcement that electricity can be tasted brings no surge of joy to our heart. We have been as intimate with electricity as we ever wish to be.

Stupidity and comparative happiness are often twin characteristics.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS *SHOWING HOW TWO CAN LIVE CHEAPER THAN ONE*

The Corner Drug Store

ANY ONE who believes that the corner druggist spends half his time carrying money to the bank needs a new point of view. Between dispensing postage stamps and deciphering Latin prescriptions written by doctors whose writing resembles isothermal lines on a government chart, the druggist has a merry day. In these modern days the corner drug store is not a drug store at all—it's the neighborhood depository for everything from bug powder to classified advertisements for the daily papers. One of its chief functions is in the capacity of telephone exchange for the community—where the ladies of the neighorhood say things that would make them blush to mention over their own wires.

About all a druggist has to do is to get up at daybreak and get in the supply of ice for the day, sweep out and wash up the glassware, then get busy with his soda fountain and stamp box. Seventy per cent. of his business comes from stamps and soda, and the balance is scattered between gum fiends, smokers and doctors. There is more profit in filling a Latin prescription for a doctor than in compounding one brought in by a bare-legged kid, whose mother wrote it on a picket fence, but the efficiency is altogether in favor of the home-made article. Below are some samples collected by a suburban druggist in one afternoon recently:

"You will plese gif the littel boi for five cents epecak for to trow up a fife monts old baby. The baby has a sore stummick."

"This child is my little girl. I send five cents to buy two sitless powders for a grown up adult who is sick."

"My baby has eat a peace of his fathers parrish plaster. Sens a annectdote quick as possible by the enclose boy."

"I haf a hot time insides and would like a extinguisher. What is good for to extinguish it. The inclosed money is for the price and send the change back."

"Dear Sir Druggist. Please give berrer some aunty toxens to gargel sore troat in a littel baby girl three years last May."

At eleven-thirty the tired druggist is ready to crawl into his hard bunk back of the prescription case and trust to his lucky star for an hour's sleep before the regular midnight quartet comes along and routs him out for a box of cigarettes. Of course there are compensations. No druggist is compelled to attend church regularly, and they get a special price on city directories by contracting for four copies per annum.

—*Fred D. Jones.*

Caught with the Goods

Fiancee—How did you guess there were a lot of nice young men where I spent my vacation?

Fiance—You've learned to kiss so nicely.

An Economic Gain

If political windjammers could be utilized as air-pumps for inflating tires what a great labor-saving device it would be.

"AND TO THINK THAT ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN A VEGETARIAN!"

Galahad, P. B.

By KATE MASTERSON

SIR GALAHAD was the first professional bachelor. He made bachelorhood a career, and, if we are to credit Lord Tennyson, he was his own best press agent. He had a habit of talking about himself, his strength, his victories, as well as the purity of his heart and his havoc as a ladies' man, that to-day would place him in the foremost rank of the would-be white hopes.

His name still stands through the ages for unstained courage and knightly virtues of the highest order. Blushing school girls have him framed over their dressing tables. Spinsters who are yet searching for the Only Man drag him in as a dinner-tahle topic, making merely-men feel embarrassed and ordinary in contrast with this greatest bore of history.

He was a strangely shy person. His strength, he tells us, is as the strength of ten, owing to the purity of his heart, this interesting statement betraying an almost Munyon-like knowledge of cause and result. Then he goes on to describe a joust with an opponent who, unaware of Galahad's cunning ring manner, is sent reeling with splintered spear, while the victor stands for a curtain call, with perfume and flowers falling lightly in showers from ladies' hands.

"Thankyew—thankyew; againe, I thankyew," we can hear him say in perfect J. K. Hackett English. Then, after a slight pause for the purpose of taking breath, he begins to rave about his virgin soul, and incidentally mentions the sweetness of the looks that ladies bend on him.

Hastily he goes on to announce prohibitively that he has never felt the kiss of love nor maiden's hand in his. This admission, made immediately after the detailed description of his battle, gives us at least one very human note in the personality of this noted carver of men's casques.

He was the man with the medals in those days, and his dreams were haunted by the pure lilies of eternal peace.

Undoubtedly he was the first woman's man, probably an habitual week-ender; for he tells us how, on his trusty charger borne, he went from hostel to hall, to grange, by bridge and park and pale.

We know the type. Hostesses learn to have him supplied with cigarettes, hot-water bottles, safety matches, headache powders and all the new novels. Otherwise he will be hurt. Most of these he carries away by mistake when he departs.

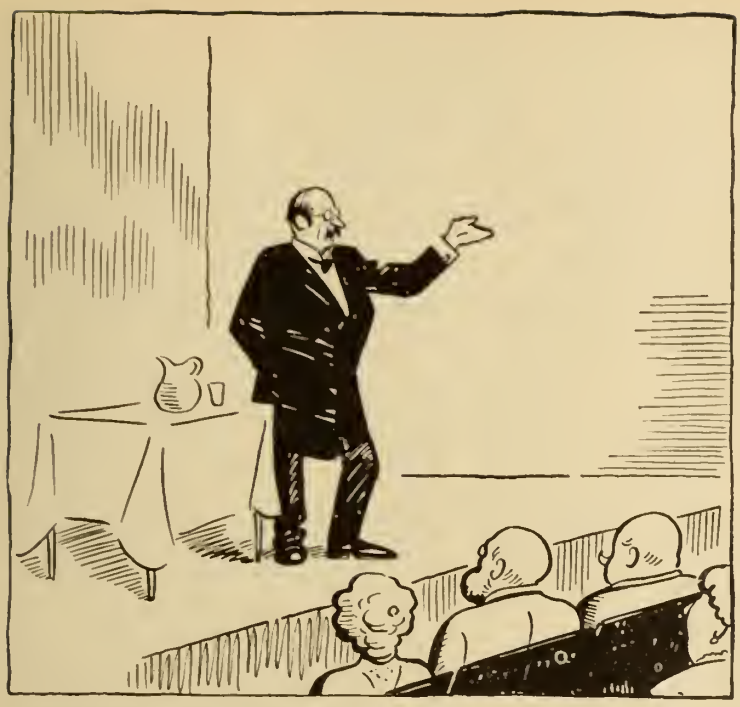
Galahads have their uses as fillers-in at dances and at bridge. They can even pour tea prettily. But they retain their bachelorhood at all hazards, meeting all comers with a clear eye and a virgin heart, until some female of the species, invariably with a large bank account, pounces upon them and carries them off trembling across her saddle bow.

INNOCENCE

"Oh, mother! isn't it good you don't have to wear short stockings like mine?"

AN INTIMATE QUERY

Son—Pa, would you call your mother-in-law a distant relative?
Pa (sotto voce)—Not as distant as I would have her, son.



Prof. Spout (in public)—Men will never grant women a vote so long as we have pride of mastery and manhood.

"LOOK UPON THIS PICTURE——

Mrs. Spout (at home)—Tie my shoe, professor.

——THEN UPON THIS"

Fall

THE housewife scans her fruit-filled cans,
The farmer's corn is "yeller";

Poor Johnny Jinks now sadly thinks
'Tis time to buy his speller.
The ribbon clerk resumes his work,
Far, far from ocean breezes;
Hay-fever folk still weep and choke
And give some farewell wheezes.
Her "silhouette" puts in a fret
The maid who follows fashion,
While many a lass makes old gowns pass
By draping a broad sash on.
Plav-goers flock to plays that shock
Ideals of proper living;
In smaller towns the Smiths and Browns
Already plan Thanksgiving.

—*Grace McKinstry.*

Posted

"You seem to be very intimate with the Digbys. I didn't know you had met them."

"I haven't met them. I patronize their dressmaker."

Arborically Speaking

Baron Sans Dough—What do you think of my family tree?

Mr. Muchgold—The tree may be a good one, all right, but looks to me as if the crop was a failure.

Not Looking for Snaps

A NUMBER of young people were seated on the front steps and piazza of a boarding house, when a brisk young chap, who seemed to be the life of the party, arose and exclaimed,

"Everybody look pleasant, and I'll have this young fellow with a camera take our pictures."

Stopping the newcomer, the brisk young man made a great show of posing the young people on the porch; then he waved his right hand grandiloquently toward the stranger, with the words,

"All right. We're ready."

"Ready for what?" inquired the stranger, in surprise.

"For our pictures. Stick up your camera."

Glancing good-naturedly at the group on the porch, the stranger grinned and replied,

"Go on! This ain't no camera; it's me lunch box." —*Charles A. Leedy.*

Always in It

Mr. Fuss (furiously)—It's mighty strange you can't look after things a little better! Here I want to shave, and there isn't a drop of hot water here.

Mrs. Fuss (icily)—It is strange! Why, that's the one thing I've never been out of since I married you!

A person who is as cool as a cucumber never is as green as one.

USEFUL AS A BUFFER

Pat—Heaven fergive me fer iver sayin' a dude is no use!

HE HAD NEVER SEEN HER IN THAT LIGHT BEFORE

Mary Again

SAY, Mary had a little clock,
And clocks run down, you know;
But I saw Mary's through her slash,
And hers runs up, I know.

If Mary's clocks can truly run,
And you can see them go,
The running can't be very good
Else why are they so slow?

Why, Mary has them trained, you see;
They can't go as they like.
Of *unions* they are innocent,
And never learned to strike.

—*W. T. K.*

Cause and Effect

"It is very curious to me," said Slithers, "what a musical voice Mrs. Brighteyes has, and yet whenever she speaks in French it is hard and rasping—almost metallic."

"Oh, that's only natural!" said Bingo. "You see, Mrs. Brighteyes learned French by phonograph, and she has mistaken the imperfections of the records for accent."

Domestic Legislation

Winkle—My wife would make a good congressman.

Hinkle—Why?

Winkle—She's always introducing bills into the house!

From a Jester's Notebook

NO WOMAN ever made a fool of a man who had not already started the job for himself.

Adam and Eve may have been the first Progressives, but they waited in vain for the recall.

A train of thought ought to carry, somewhere between the cow-catcher and the diner, at least one good vehicle of expression.

Sin does not bother itself with questions of a minimum wage. Sin goes after the maximum wage, and invariably gets it.

After all, why should we not find the biggest strawberries at the top? There is a popular impression that there is more room there.

It's easy enough to be merry when life runs along like a song, and days are as sweet as the cherry, and nothing is tainted with wrong; but the man worth while is the chap who can smile while reading a copy of London *Punch*.

The Silver Lining

The cloud its silver lining hath
To compensate our ills,
Yet ne'er a cloud has crossed my path
Sufficient for my bills;
For when it drops its fortunes fair
To ease my pain and shock,
I find, alas! my sorry share
Is naught but watered stock.

It is one of the curious contradictions of life that one has to dig pretty deep down into the mire of corruption to find the Man Higher Up.

If Juliet had been a militant suffragette, with a brick in her hand, Romeo would never have dared ask, "What's in an aim?" She might have shown him.

The subtlest business man we ever heard of is the Pennsylvania milkman who is giving away Angora kittens to his customers. He knows how to increase the demand for his product.

We hear of a Boston man who is so lazy that his wife says he won't even split an infinitive, much less the kindling wood.

It is nonsense to say that a dollar doesn't go very far these days. Some of 'em go so far that, somehow or other, we never can hope to get 'em back again.

—*Horace Dodd Gastit.*

Not Making Any

Traveler (in smoking car)—Could I trouble you for a match?

Champion pugilist (absently)—Not till I finish my vaudeville engagements.

THE WRONG BAIT

SUFFRAGITIS

Not Luck

By CLARENCE DAY, JR.

"YOU'LL like the pie to-day, Mr. Kerry," said the waiter.

"I'll not then," Mr. Kerry answered, scraping his bowl for the last bits of the beefstew. "No pie for me, John. I am broke."

The waiter looked past the dingy ferns and the crullers in the restaurant window, at Mr. Kerry's old hansom and still older horse. "Business light?" he asked.

"Business punk!" said Mr. Kerry. "I could make more money driving a plow than a cab.

"That farm stuff is about all I'm fit for," he went on. "I'm broke, and it ain't because of bad luck, mind you. Some fellers I know are always blatting about luck. Not me. I've myself to blame. All my little miseries call me papa. That's what gets me sore, to know that it's up to me, every jinged time I lose out on a piece of pie.

"Take to-day, f'r instance. I ought 'a' done fine to-day. I took a lady to a store on Broadway this morning—that Japanee place—never can call to mind the name of that place. Well, anyhow, it wasn't much of a run, but she told me to wait. And there me and the horse stood for nigh three hours for her, in all that rain, until out steps a lady that looks like mine, and has me take her to the suffrage office, in Twenty-ninth Street.

"'How much is it, driver?' says she, when I pulls up.

"'Four dollars,' says I.

"'Four dollars for those few blocks? You'd oughter go and study 'rithmetic some,' says she, handing me a fifty-cent piece.

"'Why, lady,' says I, 'I've been waiting for you for three hours and more, in the rain!'

"'Oh, no,' says she; 'not me. you haven't! You must have been waiting for some one else, not me'; and in with her into the suffrage dive with a bang, and back with me a-flying to that store. Nothing doing, of course. Lost my whole day there. I'll have 'em marked after this, when they say to wait."

A driver two tables off called out to John. He wanted hot mince pie. Mr. Kerry sat on, watching him munch it.

"Mr. Stout'll be coming in soon," said John. "Maybe he'd treat you."

"Stout treat me? That big, red bunch of foxiness? Say, John," Mr. Kerry sniffed, "I'll just make you a present in advance of all the pie Stout gives me." He poured some water from a glass into his coffee cup, and, after slushing it around a little, drained it.

STUMPED

"It 's durned strange! My city nephew said there was a poultry show goin' on here."

"I could relish a hunk of the mince, I guess," said John. "They don't expose us waiters to obesity much, the way they are feeding us in this joint."

Another hansom appeared at the door, and its driver entered. It was Stout.

"Stew and a tub and pie, John," he said, sitting down. "Hilloa there, Kerry! I've not seen you since the holy days."

"Don't get excited over it," said Kerry. "I have seen you, all right, and don't you think I haven't. We're all onto your new route."

"Nothing new for a cabby in this burg, Kerry."

"It's new for you to work with the Broadway squad, instead of letting the avenue be supporting ye."

"Broadway pays," Stout laughed, in great good humor. "But any of the streets'll pay a man when he smiles. You know that queer little way the ladies have of looking up at you when they're giving their orders? Whenever they do it, ah-ha! you ought to see your Uncle Jarge sum-moile back! There's no use talking, Kerry, it goes to their hearts. Why, to-day I was trundling along past a Broadway imporium, when I see a lady come through the doors with a three-masted hat on her, and the smile of me makes her hop aboard like a canary, twittering about how I'm to hike for the Ritz. I whipped up there in no time, and you'll not believe it, but my pretty bird hands me three dollars and a half, no less, and hopes it's right!"

"What did you do?" Kerry asked him.

"I thanked her very kindly and went back to my route."

"Stout," said Kerry, "lemme tell you something. I took a lady this morning to a Japanee place—that frill barn down on Broadway—what is it they call that place?—and I waited outside three mortal hours."

"Hope she paid you big money."

"She paid me nothing. I went off with the wrong skirt by mistake—there's no telling these cigar-shaped dames apart—and I guess mine must have gone with some other cabby. I was just telling John about it."

"Hard luck, hard luck!" smiled Stout.

"Never mind about the luck," Kerry answered. "Ain't you going to make good?"

"Make good? For what?"

"Aw, don't play boob! Didn't I do the waiting to-day and you get the money?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that, Kerry!" Stout said firmly. "I'm too deaf. I can't hear any of your Santy Claus plans till Christmas. But have some hot mince pie if you're sore at all. I'll pay for it."

"Hurroo!" cried the waiter. "You lose, Mr. Kerry!"

Progress

When Jones was getting five per week,
About his "grub" he used to speak;
But when they raised his pay for feats
Of modest skill, he called it "eats."
And later on, when making good,
He changed from "grub" and "eats" to "fōod";
But when he found that he was able
To make big pay, he called it "table."

We now have reached the final scene,
For Jones refers to his "cuisine."

—*H. S. Hoskins.*

The chameleon changes his spots more rapidly than the summer girl her freckles.

OPEN FOR INSPECTION

The Outcast Parent

By Walt Mason

YOU MEET him in the forest, you meet him in the town; and, feeling at your sorest, you long to knock him down. You have a wish to take him across your knees and break him, tie him in knots and shake him, and bash him on the crown.

You meet him in the taxis, you meet him in the jail; he holds you with his wax eyes and tries to tell his tale; but ere he gets to speaking, you flee, profanely shrieking, some quiet refuge seeking, where he can't hit your trail.

You meet him in the hallways and in the clanging mart, and everywhere and always he breaks your aching heart. In vain you try to crush him, in vain you "pish" and "tush" him, in vain you strive to hush him and beg him to depart.

It is his wild endeavor (and will be till he's dead) to tell you of the clever, bright things his Willie said—his sweet, precocious Willie, who drives the whole world silly. He'll tell you, willy-nilly, till you are seeing red.

"At breakfast time this morning," the outcast parent sighs, "without a bit of warning, my Willie ups and cries"—But ere he can unravel the tale, you hit the gravel; with frantic speed you travel, in which you're surely wise.

All rough and dark and hilly, the outcast parent's road. His yarns of little Willie he scarcely can unload; for people turn their faces and hit the higher places when with his tales he chases forth from his grim abode.

So total is his blindness, he does not understand why there's no human kindness for him in all the land. He wonders why we shun him and show desire to gun him, and sometimes try to stun him with words that should be canned.

He finds the whole world chilly, and still he tries to tell the things that little Willie gets off so passing well. His game's not worth the candle; we hold him as a vandal, and wildly yearn to handle an old-time chestnut bell!

Not Even To Save Her Soul!

Rector—I have missed you from the church services since you received your uncle's legacy. You surely cannot mean to desert our fold?

Mrs. Ships Inne—Why, I'm simply obliged to, Mr. Surplis! I love the church, but now that I have my gowns from Paris, I can't get down on my knees to save my soul!

Enough for Him

It was in the smoking-room at the club. The talk, as usual, had drifted around to the eternal feminine. The younger men were baiting Crabbleigh, the incurable bachelor.

"Do you think," said one, "that after a girl has been taken to a good show, given candy and flowers and treated to a good supper, she ought to have the fellow kiss her good-night?"

"I should think he'd done enough for her," growled Crabbleigh.

Latest News from Hogwallow, Ky.

RAZ BARLOW got down off of the fence yesterday to let a lizard by.

The editor of the Tickville *Tidings* says, if he can get a few more negroes to subscribe, he will run a colored supplement every week.

Fletcher Henstep has ordered a pair of shoes from a wholesale house in St. Louis. They wanted his size, and he has forwarded them two of his tracks.

Miss Flutie Belcher fell from her mule while en route to a musical entertainment, Tuesday, and knocked the breath out of her accordion.

Miss Hostetter Hocks spent Friday afternoon in the Gander Creek woods, communing with Nature. As usual, she did all the talking.

The Hog Ford Baptist Church will hold a social next third Saturday night. A large gathering is expected, as this is in celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of the congregation's attempt to pay off the church debt.

Slim Pickens went over into the Bounding Billows community the other day and returned with a whistle, which he took off of an old sawmill. He says, if he had some way to get up steam, he would blow it. —*George Bingham.*

Defended

"All scientists are minus a sense of humor."

"Nonsense! Didn't they call this the temperate zone?"

NUMEROUS RELATIVES

"Look mother! There goes a lot of cook's cousins."

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

Why?

"Pero por qué no me quieres dar un beso, Manolita?"
"No, no, que dice mi abuelito que tiene usted una lengua de vibora."

"But don't you want to give me a kiss, Manolita?"

"No, no! My grandfather says you've got the tongue of a viper!"—*Blanco y Negro* (Madrid).

Economy

Kochin—O, meine Gnädige ist sparsam, vorgestern sah sie wie ich Wegebraten machte, sofort hat sie die Masseuse abbestellt, und ich musz sie jeszt massieren!

Cook—Oh, my lady is economical! The day before yesterday she saw me making Hamburger steak and immediately gave up the masseuse. Now I must give her massage!—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

A Definition

"Was kannst du mir von der Wirbelsäule sagen, Adolf?"
"Die Wirbelsäule ist eine wellenförmige Linie. Oben sitzt der Kopf, und unten sitze ich."

"What can you tell me about the spinal column, Adolf?"

"The spinal column is a wavy line. My head sits on one end, and I sit on the other."—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

A Dark Outlook

"Zum Sterben langweilig ist das hier. Und morgen kommt auch noch mein Mann—!"

"It's mortally dull here! And tomorrow my husband comes, too!"—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

One Fault

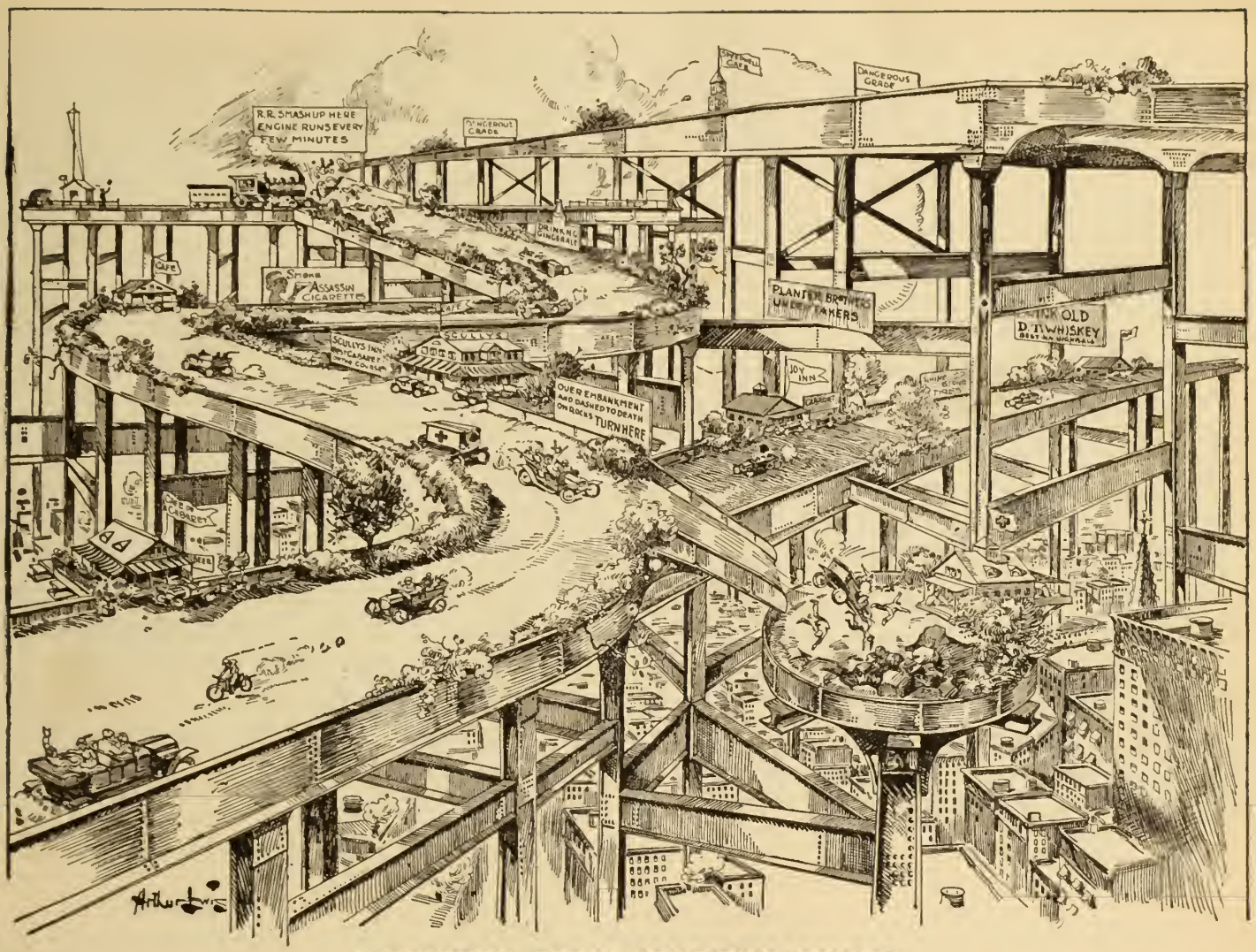
"Nun, Emilie—wie bist Du mit Deinem Manne zufrieden?"
"D—bis jetzt recht gut! Es kommt mir nur so vor, als wenn er sich etwas gar zu sehr an mich gewöhnte!"

"Well, Emily, how are you pleased with your husband?"

"Oh, so far very well! Only it seems to me as if he had become rather too much attached to me."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Suspicion

Suspicious wife—Now, do hurry up, dear! We mustn't lose sight of the luggage. I don't much care for the looks of that man.—*Punch* (London).



SUGGESTION FOR A JOY-RIDING COURSE

Foiled

SHE WAS flitting stealthily through the shrubbery, when a dark figure loomed up before her. With a little gasp of surprise, she drew back as she recognized her father.

"You are too late!" he said, chuckling.

"Th-there is some mistake," she quavered. "I am not Isolde, your daughter; I am Yvonne, the cook."

"You cannot deceive me, Isolde," he said. "You were about to elope with Henri, the chauffeur. Is it not so?"

"Yes." Her tone was defiant.

"Then you are too late. I have paid him to elope with Yvonne instead."

Faithful Servant

Testy traveler—Say, you act as if you own this car!

Porter (blandly)—Much 'bliged fo' de compliment, suh! If I does say it mahself, I tries to treat de passengers as if dey wuz mah own guests, suh!

Flora's Fan

COY Flora's fan
Is busy to-night—
There, it winks at a man!
Coy Flora's fan
All the arts that it can
Employs in plain sight.
Coy Flora's fan
Is busy to-night!

—*Stokely S. Fisher.*

Some Traveler

"Hemmandhaw is a great auto tourist."

"Traveled a lot, eh?"

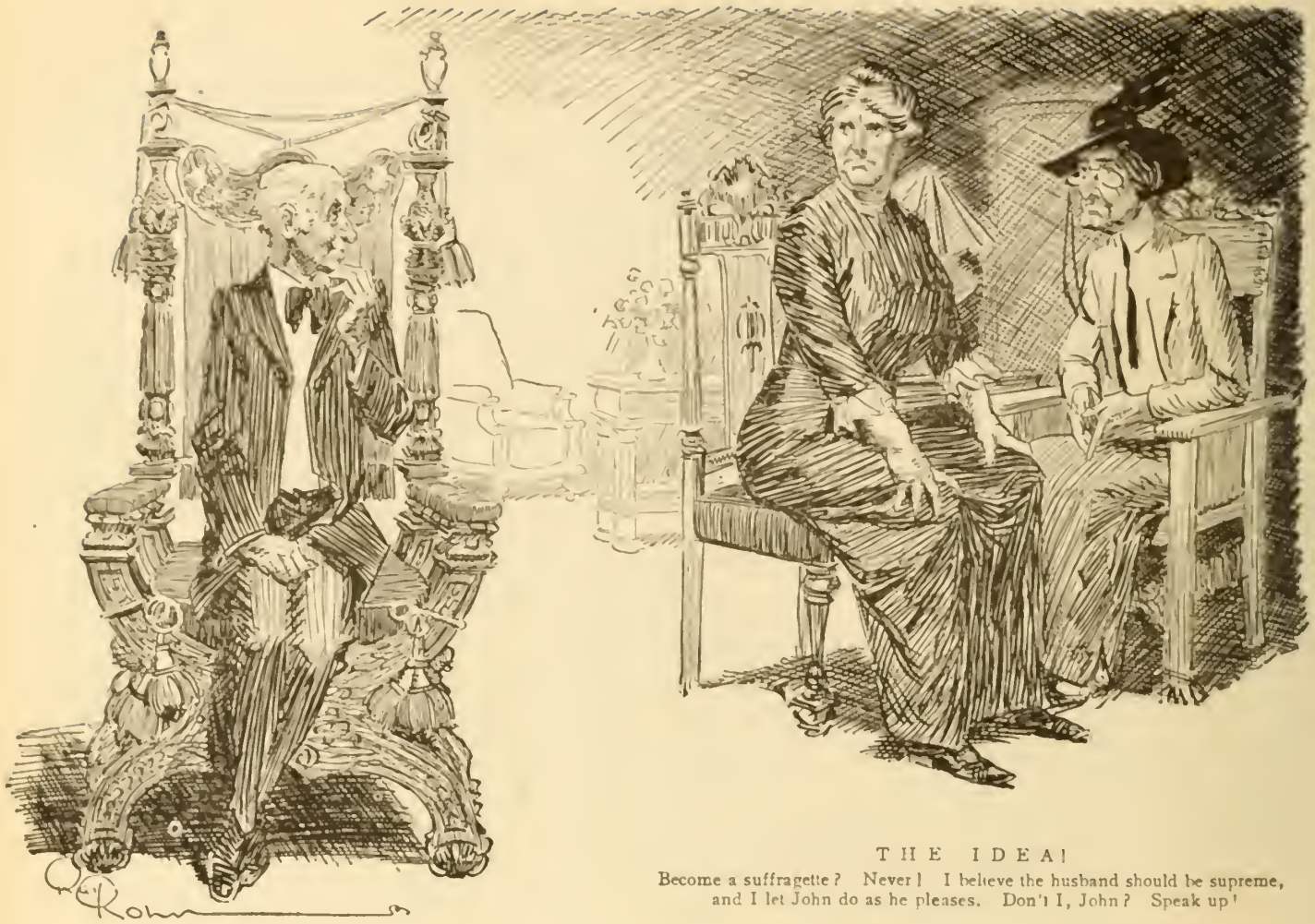
"Yes; he claims he can tell any State in the Union by the taste of its dust."

Now that a candy man has been nominated for Congress, there will be plenty of "taffy" in this campaign.

BETWEEN FRIENDS

Cynthia Sophat—Isn't it queer, whenever I sing my dog Tootles starts howling! Dogs are so sensitive.

Muriel Slym—Yes, dogs are very imitative.



THE IDEA!

Become a suffragette? Never! I believe the husband should be supreme, and I let John do as he pleases. Don't I, John? Speak up!

Her Wisdom

"GIRLS!" called good old Aunt Broadhead.

"Ma'am?" they answered, as they fluttered around her.

"Having in my time married and buried four husbands," quietly said the excellent dame, "I am persuaded that how a man conducts himself at the wedding is not half so important as how he behaves after that event. And I have found this recipe a sure one for the preservation of domestic tranquillity: 'Feed him and forgive him.' That is all, except that it is well to marry early and stay married late."

The Gaits

Thisisthewayhespeededalong,
Atfortymilesanhour--
This the pace he walked back home,
When busted was his power.

In a Way

Gladys—Did the hostess put you next to Mr. Verifast at the dinner last night?

May—Well, I should murmur! She told me his whole awful past.

His Ambition

I AIN'T a-goin' to be a soldier—no,
Not even a general, though it's great to go
To war an' kill a hundred men or so.

An' I ain't goin' to go away out West,
Where they is Injuns, cowboys an' the rest,
Though I uster think that that 'ud be the best.

Nor I sha'n't be the clown in the circus when
They all can't ride the mule but him, an' then
They all try to, an' get bucked off again.

No, sir! I'm going to run a picture show—
The very swellest kind they is, yo' know—
So's, whenever they feel like it, my kids can go!

—*Virginia Cleaver Bacon.*

Against Reciprocity

Good-by to our country relations!
Our grieving hearts break till they splinter.
Meanwhile we make firm resolution
To close the flat to them next winter.

—*McLandburgh Wilson.*

Poor Solomon

"KING SOLOMON was dictating to me to-day," said the court stenographer, "and he surely had a grouch. He said for me to get his words down just exactly as he spoke them: 'There is no new thing under the sun—no, not one.'"

"What got him in that mood?" asked the court chamberlain.

"He had been to four moving-picture shows a day for the past week, also had seen six musical comedies and a file of Sunday comic supplements."

Interested Her

"Well," sadly sighs the young man, "there is nothing left for me but to try to forget. I shall enlist in the army and go to Mexico."

"How splendid!" she exclaims. "And do this for me, Harold," she purrs, while his eyes begin to regain their gleam of interest; "when you get to Mexico, find out how they do that Mexican drawn work and send me the directions."

The great divide—Graft.

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC. WAR DECLARED—KITTEN UP A TREE

Oh, Dames and Damsels!

WHAT next, oh, dames and damsels, can
You do to startle modest man?
Just now the atmosphere revokes
Your skirts so thin and cries for cloaks;
But memories of summer's shows
Remain, and so the wonder grows
As to another season's code
And what will then be a la mode.
From ancient costume will you steal
Still more, and yet still more reveal?
Or will you fancy exercise
And leave less action for the eyes?
Imagination plays a part,
And thoughts more perfect will impart
Of maid and matron who'll disclose
Much less, while wearing far more clothes:
An ear of pink, a laughing eye,
A rosebud mouth—all will imply
Synthetic beauties in the fair
Who hides them from the eye and air.
Say, will you once more challenge gaze—
Though 'tis not easy to amaze?
Rejecting skirts diaphanous,
Will you still have the laugh on us?
When Beauty liberty has won,
Her sway has only just begun!

—*J. A. Waldron.*

Many people profess optimism for the same reason that a boy whistles going through the woods—to keep up courage

Stacked the Cards on Herself

"WHY ARE you so blue?" asks the first fair young thing.

"Charles was teaching me to play poker last night," explains the second. "We wouldn't play for money, so he suggested that we play that kisses were checks, and one hug was good for five kisses. Well, we played for a while, and then we had a jackpot, and I bet ten kisses, and he raised it five hugs, and I raised him a hundred kisses, and he raised me a thousand, and I raised him a thousand hugs—before the draw."

"Yes?"

"And then I discarded the three aces I was holding and drew to a deuce and tray, and he bet me himself, and—I lost."

The Ordinary Lot

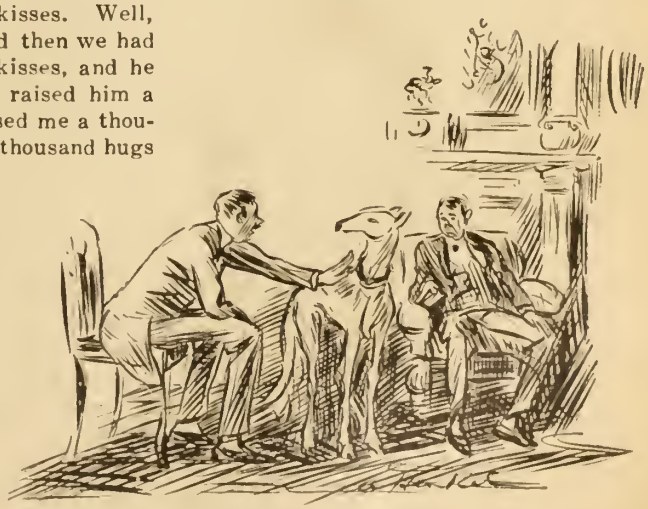
To know a little sweetness,
A little woe,
A little love and labor,
Then to go;
Remembered for a minute,
Soon forgot—
This is the ordinary
Mortal's lot.

—*Lucile Byerly Miller.*

The Limit

"AND IS she really homely?" we ask.

"Homely!" is the reply. "Why, she's so homely that if you'd go to Canada to make love to her they'd surely deport you as looney."



AN ÆSTHETIC NECESSITY

Host—My wife is positively infatuated with that beast. I can't understand it.

Guest—Why, my dear fellow, that is a handsome dog.

OH, BRING me a book to read, when the long, long day is o'er—a tale of heroic deed, with plenty of bright red gore; a tale for the inglenook, a yarn that will rest the mind, a rippety, snorting book of the Rex-E-Beachy kind!

I'm tired of the problem yarns, and really I wouldn't give a couple of misfit darns for all of such books that live. For problems have I to burn—they're making my fat head gray; the volume for which I yearn will chivy such things away. We fellows who sweat and bleed and totter beneath our yokes don't suffer a bit to read the problems of other folks. We read in the hope of rest, we read to be entertained, and don't give a tinker's jest for people whose souls are strained. So bring me a rattling tome, a novel by Conan Doyle! I'll read till the cows come home, and punish the midnight oil!

Oh, bring me a book, my dear, and if you are truly wise you won't come a-toddling here with sermon in thin disguise! I'm tired of the helpful books, with morals in them concealed, which dig in the dismal nooks and roam in the slums afield. I'm tired of the books that teach old lessons all trite and stale; I'm tired of the books that preach; I'm tired of the books that wail. I kick off my toilworn shoes and sigh for a book to read—a story that will amuse, a novel as good as "Queed." And hither you come and bring a book of the uplift sort! It's easy to see, by jing! that you are a ten-cent sport!

I'm tired of the yarns of sex, which no one regards as nice, by authors who'll break their necks cavorting on risky ice. I'm tired of the rancid tales composed in the method French, disclosing a group of males revolving about a wench. I'm tired of the books that drew their plots from the Greeks or Kurds; I'm tired of the highbrow crew, who bury a yarn in words.

So bring me a volume, Jane, that's strenuous, strong and good—a volume wherein the slain are piled up in cords like wood; a tale of the primal man who slays like an angered bull, for I'm tired of this modern plan of living in cotton wool.

Up to Scratch

"How shall I know if they want me to give an encore?" asked Mrs. Nuglory demurely at the amateur theatricals.

"That will be quite easy," explained Mrs. Korstic. "You will hear the catcalls."

To Whom Honor Is Due

By GEORGE BINGHAM

THE PUBLIC should rise up in admiration and give the Chautauqua salute or some signal of congratulation to the numerous house flies that have survived the summer that is just now passed. They have had much to put up with that the flies of other generations could not or would not have tolerated. They have been attacked from the front, the rear, and right and left. Generally there are some newspapers that take sides with the things their competitors are fighting, but no editor attempted to assist the fly in his fight for liberty and freedom. Scientists have tried in every conceivable and non-understandable term to prejudice the public against this victim. With all this opposition, many other insects, or whatever a fly is, would have given up the struggle and surrendered to the higher civilization; still the fly has remained on his job of trying to make a decent living by assisting the cook. Many a fly has been barred from communication with the person who operated the kitchen and has waited for days outside the door, only to get into a fight, once he or she did gain entrance, with persons who defended themselves with wire swatters. But now the fly is facing a season of rest, far from the madding swattists. A few, of course, are still hanging around on the ceiling and on the picture frames; but a majority have already retired for the winter and will come back early next spring, filled with renewed energy and bright hopes for a prosperous summer.

The quality of hash always relates to the cost of living.

HE SHOULD WORRY

"There, there, uncle! don't worry about the property. Just leave it to me"

Ecstasy Written in a City Restaurant

THE FIDDLERS homeward plod their weary way,
The taxis take tne tangoists from their tea,
The waiters with their tips are blithe and gay,
The place is left to silence and to me.

I'll have a steak without a turkey trot,
Hashed brown potatoes with no grizzly bear,
Some waltzless coffee in a silver pot,
A tuneless smoke to drive away my care.

Full many a man is born to sit unfed,
While restaurants make room for shuffling feet—
Praise heaven for the grace that kindly led
My footsteps where I'd sit in peace and eat!

—*W. D. Nesbit.*

He "Raised" It

Mr. Rural Hamlet (to ministerial guest)—Do have some more of the corn, Dr. Eighthly. It came out of our own garden.

Little Buttin Hamlet—Yes, 'n' the chicken came outer our own garden, too. Pa said he bet the folks next door would keep their hens at home after he caught a few more of 'em.

Life's fitful fever has been diagnosed as baseballitis.

PUTTING ONE OVER ON HIM

Mrs. Peck—John Henry, did you mail that letter?

J. Henry—Yes, my dear, I—er—held it in my hand all the way to the mail-box. I didn't even put it in my pocket. I remember distinctly, because ——

Mrs. Peck—That will do, John Henry. I gave you no letter to mail.

A DIVERSION ON THE NEW YORK-CHICAGO AIR LINE—FEEDING THE ALLEGHENY EAGLES

The Poet Lariat of Snaky Bend

'TWAS Bootleg Jackson from afar who told the bunch
at Casey's bar
About the melancholy end of poetry at Snaky Bend.
It seems that Bootleg just had read that England's laureate was dead,
So up he pipes, "It makes me think of such another poet gink,
Who said he was a 'lariat,' and that's the word we took him at.
Three-fingered Ike told him, 'I hope you know a lariat's a rope.'
And then the bunch closed in for fair, and poet stock fell off right there.
We hung that poet where he stood. We hung him high and strong and good,
And pinned a label to his hat: 'He Was One Poet Lariat!'
Which was the sudden start and end of poetry at Snaky Bend."

—*Morton Birge.*

Burglar Proof

"John—John, dear," whispered Mrs. Timmid, shaking her sleeping husband violently by the arm, "there's a burglar in the house!"

"Oh, well, let him burgle," returned John sleepily. "He can have the silver if he wants it, but the cuss isn't going to rob me of my sleep."

Ideal

"There's a queer case across the street," says the native. "Old Jim Fergus was struck by lightning last year, and he can't speak a word now, although he used to be able to make the whoopingest stump speech you ever heard."

"Why don't you folks boom him for Secretary of State?" asks the visitor.

Watching Our Funny World Go By

By HOMER CROY

September Morn

AT HARRISBURG, Pa., a few days ago, they put on "September Morn." A girl waded out into the Susquehanna and posed for the famous part. In a fit of abstraction, the girl left her clothes on the bank and took her position in the placid bosom of the historical river, with nothing to cover her except her elbow. The girl was dressed in the garb made famous by Miss Morn.

We wish it known that we are against such occurrences as this. We look askance upon the practice. No one is more willing to do the looking than we are. Our vitriolic pen shall ever be wielded against such affairs. We should like to have a chance to stamp a foot of disapproval on the custom. Nothing would please us more than to be appointed one of the judges to go to the river's brink and stamp our foot.

The Professor's Peripitus

A PROFESSOR at the University of Michigan has just returned from South America with a peripitus. According to the professor, this is the ancestor of the snake.

We are glad for the professor's sake that he got one, and we hope that he will be happy with it. No doubt that his life will be more full from now on; but as for ourself, we could get along surprisingly well without a peripitus. We wouldn't care how pleasing and charming a peripitus was, we feel certain in saying that it would never gain any great foothold in our affections. We would never wake up in the lone, gray hours of the morning, creep silently over to the box where the peripitus lay sleeping, folded in the arms of the great restorer, its stilled face turned to the expressionless ceiling, and softly tuck the covers in around its shoulders. We would never tie a ribbon around its neck, when company came, and ask whom it resembled.

We do not wish to hurt the professor's feelings, but as far as we are concerned he has made his trip in vain. As for making us any happier, the professor might just as well have left the peripitus to its own devices in its native clime.

BARRED

Prospective tenant—This apartment is too small. Why, there isn t room to swing a cat.
Janitor—Ve don't allow no cats in de puilding.

ONE FORM OF INVITATION

Algy—If I were to steal a kiss would it scare you so that you would scream?
Hebe—I couldn't. Fright always makes me dumb.

As It Passes

A POET has starved to death in Cleveland, without any one knowing that he was hungry until it was all over with. You can't tell, you can't tell—it may have been a plot!

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, whose name we are all familiar with, says that Eve was created before Adam. Even at this early period it seems that there was a general understanding that ladies should be first.

There are, according to the statisticians, fifteen thousand mentally defective persons in New York City. We don't believe this was a very accurate count, for we don't remember when they were around.

A French aviator is boasting that he flew at the rate of one hundred and forty-three miles an hour. He won't long—his relatives will soon have to be doing it for him.

YET ALL THESE MEN ARE OTHERWISE PERFECTLY HONEST

And He Walked

IT HAPPENED on a three-cent car line. The car was crowded. A man got on, evidently a foreigner. He bought a quarter's worth of tickets (eight). The conductor took one and handed him the others. When the conductor came around for fares again, the man gave him another. After a little, another call and another ticket, until they were all gone. "Py himmel," said the man, "I puy no more tickets! I valk!" And he got off and walked.

An Expert

"And does your daughter dance the tango?" we ask. "Does she?" repeats the proud mother. "Lillie has been warned ten times and arrested twice!"

UP-TO-DATE

Diner—Waiter, there's sand on this bread.

Waiter—That's to keep the butter from slipping off, sir."

Lines to a Young Lady

By a Lawyer

OH, FAIR Feme Sole, I've often sued
At Equity and Law;
To Love's Bar now a Suit I bring
That dare not have a flaw.

My Declaration here I file,
A Plea I offer, too;
Yea, all the Pleadings I would write
For both myself and you!

You've got Possession of my heart;
I ought to sue in Trover,
And yet I'll just Demur a bit,
So you may Answer Over.

Your hair is yellow as the coin
Now used as Legal Tender;
Your eyes—id certum est—are blue;
Your Corpus lithe and slender.

By Parol Evidence your voice
Excels the song of birds;
Your hand I ask in Terms Express—
Pray heed these binding words!

Feme Covert be! Assume the right
Of Dower in lands of mine!
Let your Identity be Merged
In me, Feme Sole divine!

—*Ivy Kellerman-Reed.*

Also

A man is also known by the company he promotes.

Dances

Dayton—I know the tango and the turkey trot, but what's the St. Vitus?

Doyle—It's the one you do with a trained nurse.

A COUNTER ATTRACTION

November

By JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD

THE MELANCHOLY days have come, of which the poet sings—the days of woolen underwear and other solemn things. The leaves have fallen from the trees, the sumac's lost its hue; the turkey's being fattened, for Thanksgiving's almost due. The ducks and geese hike overhead, forsaking marsh and lake; the frost is on the pumpkin and the buckwheat's in the cake. A purple haze is on the hills, and in the valleys eke; the furnace gobbles up the coal, the pipes are on the leak. The gasman dreams of bigger bills, the butcher's prices soar; the football oaf is on the field, in quest of human gore, and——

But what's the use? November is a melancholy month. The skies they are ashy and sober, and the wind wails eerily o' nights. There are some good points about November, of course, for no month can be wholly bad, even as no month can be wholly good. For one thing, pumpkin pies bloom in November, and apple butter is at its perihelion. For another, the nuptial rites of Mr. P. Ork Sausage and Miss Buckwheat Kake are celebrated in November. Thirdly, it is the month that made the Puritans famous. But this is about all that can be said in favor of the eleventh month. The good points do not overbalance the bad. We eat too much pumpkin pie and partake too liberally of apple butter. We are unwisely fond of the sturdy buckwheat cake and the portly sausage. We gormandize on Thanksgiving, and the pneumogastric nerve tortures us for many weary days and sleepless nights. Ah, yes——

The melancholy days have come, of which the poet sings, of wailing winds and cloudy skies and other mournful things.

DOMINANT

Cynthia—Did Mrs. Gaywidow ever succeed in breaking her husband's will?
Mrs. Enright—Oh, yes; long before he died.

LUNCH-COUNTER MATHEMATICS

Waitress (fortissimo)—Two three minute in the shell that 's four. One tenderloin, that 's two, roly-poly two that 's three!

Nine Parts of Speech

Broken English.
Pieces of poetry.
Bits of rhetoric.
Grammatical particles.
Fragmentary remarks.
Imperfect tenses.
Split infinitives.
Clipped sentences.
Scraps of conversation.

—*Geo. B. Morewood.*

Suspicion

"Everybody except his wife considers him an interesting conversationalist. I wonder why she doesn't."

"Because he never talks in his sleep."

Beguiling

Beware the promoter! His talk is as gilt-edged and alluring as the engraved certificate of stock—and as worthless.

PUZZLE PICTURE—FIND THE DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN PARLOR AND DANCE HALL

When Ethel Got Married

WHEN Ethel got married and left us,
Our household was plunged into gloom.

Her going of sunshine bereft us;
A sepulcher seemed her small room.

When Ethel had promised to follow
Her William to Hymen's fair land,
Our eyes and our voices grew hollow,
And grief filled our once happy band.

When Ethel got married, how badly
We missed her bright smile at the dawn!
At eventide, too, oh, how sadly
We thought of the one who had gone!

When Ethel got married and left us,
Our peace in her satchel she took.
That day the gods surely bereft us,
For Ethel, my dears, was the cook!

—*Lida Keck Wiggins.*

The Touchstone

Frost—What makes him so successful a theatrical manager?

Snow—He knows a bad thing when he sees it.

Ever Thus

Tommy—What are the seats of the mighty?

Father—The end ones.

His Religion

A COLORED preacher was making a house-to-house canvass, soliciting subscriptions for charitable purposes. Ringing at the home of a banker just as he was leaving for the office, the preacher made his usual appeal, concluding with the question, "What denomination are you?" to which the banker replied, "I am a Deep Immersionist."

Then the old gentleman scratched his head a moment, and asked, "Would you mind 'splainin' the definition uv that kind uv religion, sir?"

"Why, a Deep Immersionist is a man who believes in conversion. When you get a man converted, he's saved. That's the time to take him out into the river and find a spot about ten feet deep and hold him on the bottom about fifteen minutes. Then you've got him saved sure."

The colored dominie looked at the banker a few seconds with a twinkle in his eye and remarked, "Well, mister, frum some ob de experiences Ise had, I want to state dat I'm ob de 'pinion dat even den yo' ain't so allfired certain ob 'em."

Many times a winning smile is seen on the face of a good loser.

THE MASTER STROKE

From a Sinner's Diary

I ATTENDED a gathering of women a while ago. To be polite, it was fine; to be honest, part of it I liked and part of it was like a prayer meeting to me. The speaker told about the advantages of the honest, pure-minded old farmer, and mentioned the city woman as having to buy everything in a wilted and dislocated condition—"buying a dozen eggs and finding half of them bad, maybe," she said. "Some honest old farmer lugged them into town," I thought. Now, I myself am a pessimist as to farmers. For one thing, the way they work the roads has helped to convert me. A bridge or washout may be left a year, and if you sailed over it in the night, not knowing, you might break your neck or your kingbolt; but they'll fall in on a decent piece of road with an old grader and stack up sods till you're late to every appointment.

Frank said he got religion at night, and the next morning it was so dark up-stairs he lost it trying to get both feet in one pant leg.

I think it would be cute if I could get pa a little salt cellar, 45-70 caliber, chambering 308 grains of salt, with a little trigger to pull and bang salt on his potato, and that. Wouldn't he "wing" his pie, and make center shots in his tea, and shoot offhand at his butter, and with a rest at his pickle, till he'd eat so much salt he'd never be fresh again?

THRIFT

"That was a good idea of yours, 'Liza, combinin' our weddin' trip with bizness."

The other night when I came home a big brown bug lay in a saucer on his back by the lamp, pawing the air idiotically. It made me so mad to think a perfectly healthy and able-bodied bug didn't know any more than that, that I took and dumped him in the swill pail, thinking that, if he was pining so for trouble, I'd see he had some that was real.

With two oranges, a bag of wafers and three pints of brisk, hand-picked worms, Hyacinth—my black chum—and I went bullheading the other night. We brought home forty-eight to prove it. Don't bullheads heat all to swallow 'way back? I don't know how many times I had to mine with my knife among their works to recover the hook. I could count my wounds and tell pretty near, for each one stabbed me from eleven to eighteen times. Rooney remarked while we ate supper that the mosquitoes were the worst things about bullheads, and Hyacinth went on to tell what she'd suffered and endured while fishing. After Rooney went out, I said, "Why, they didn't bother me like you let on!" "They didn't me, either," she answered; "I just told her that to be sociable."

If pa is going to town alone, he togs all up and sits in front of Ambrose's; but if ma is going, too, he wears his same old breeches and loppy hat and goes and talks bear traps and "soigns" with Ike Norton.

Wouldn't it be tedious without the devil? I couldn't stand it. —*Lynette Freemire.*

THE HABIT

"I say, Mabel, if we aren't going to buy anything let's look at something more expensive"

Unstudied

Louise—Does your husband treat you with a studied indifference?

Julia—No; his unconcern is quite natural.

WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

The Good Intention

De dokter bad kamergymnastiek aanbevolen en Jansen besloot zich daar nu eens met hart en ziel aan te geven. Hij kocht halters, knodsen enz., en begon. Onze plaatjes geven weer hoe hij de gymnastiek beoefende op den eersten, op den tweeden en op den derden dag.

The doctor had recommended home gymnastics, and Jansen had resolved to devote himself to this, heart and soul. He bought exercises, clubs, etc., and began. Our pictures show how the gymnastics were done on the first, the second and the third day.—*Het Leven* (Amsterdam).

Her Convictions—and His

Prospective tenant (viewing house)—I think, after all, a flat would suit us better.

Care | *ter*—Well, sir, fer meself, I feel a flat s | much like a prison; but then, of course | all depends on what you're ac-

The Judgment of Paris

—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

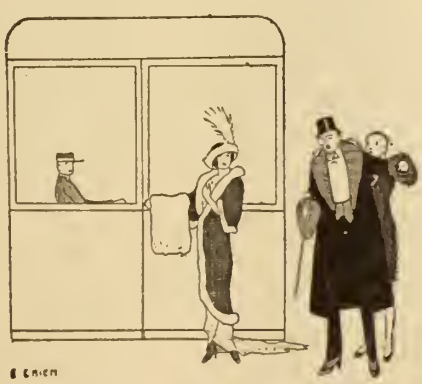
Anglomania

"Ca lui arrive souvent d'avoir des coliques dans les doigts de pied?"

"Mais oui; chaque fois qu'il mange du matelot anglais, il ne peut s'empecher de danser la gigue."

"Does he often have such attacks of colic in his toes?"

"Yes; every time he eats some English sailor he can't keep from dancing a jig."—*Le Rire* (Paris).



Jealousy

"Warum wolltest du so früh fort, Erna?"

"Es paszte mir nicbt, dasz deine frühere Verlobte da sasz."

"Die hat sich mächtig geärgert."

"So, — da bätten wir ja noch bleiben können."

"Why did you want to go home so early, Erna?"

"I wasn't pleased that your former fiancee sat there."

"But she was awfully angry!"

"Is that so? Well, we might have stayed a little longer."—*Meggendorfer*

A Bargain Offer

Tanito—Kovács Pista, ha elmondsz egy verset hiba nélkül, kapsz egy batost.

Greenbaum Aladarka—Tanitó úr, én egy batosért két verset mondok.

Teacher—Kovacs Pista, if you will recite a poem without mistakes, I'll give you ten kreutzer.

Aladarka Greenbaum—Please, teacher, for ten kreutzer I'll recite two poems for you.—*Borsszem Janko* (Budapest).

A Kind Suggestion

"Eh! monsieur! vous perdez votre cheval!

"Ha, there, sir! you are losing your

If They Were With Us Now

THOUGH in his day great Homer won a crown
For drama in which demigods competed,
The managers to-day on him would frown,
And Helen, far too chaste, would be deleted.

J. Cæsar in his time was quite a gink
At scrapping, writing, orating and bossing;
But would he last ten minutes, do you think,
Whitehoping or bestselling or ward-jossing?

Diogenes, who lanterned forth of old
An honest man to find for an example,
If here to-day with searchlight would be told
He could not find so queer a human sample.

If Ovid and his fair flames were alive,
Complaints of their amours he'd not be jotting.
Each might, indeed, have lovers four or five;
He'd worry most about their turkey trotting.

And yet if Noah, with a weather hunch,
Should come again, another ark erecting,
He'd raise another laugh and leave a bunch
Who'd swim about, a better boat expecting. —*J. A. Waldron.*

Great expectations are often founded on nothing better than a glass of fizz.

Latest News from Hogwallow, Ky.

A RAIN arrived in Hogwallow, Sunday. It was due several days ago, but got hung up somewhere on account of the dry weather.

Cricket Hicks has taken the job of watching Poke Eazley's team while Eazley goes into the Hog Ford still-house. Cricket will work by the day.

Luke Mathewsla was upset in the road just this side of Bounding Billows the other day, when he and a calf had a misunderstanding as to which side of the road it was proper for a person to take.

A wooden-legged man at Rye Straw would like for somebody to supply him with the address of a factory that makes only one shoe for each person.

A strange gentleman wearing good clothes has sold Yam Sims the United States for ten dollars. In the deal is embraced the privilege of selling a patent washboard in every State in the Union, and Yam is greasing his cart to start out on a general canvass.

The postmaster at Hogwallow is of the opinion that the government don't treat the postmasters right, and thinks a ruling should be made requiring the government to take back all unsold stamps at the end of each month.—*George Bingham.*

STARTING A ROOMER

WAS IT LIKELY?

His partner—Quick, Henry! come along, or some one will say you did it!

Still Expressive

The world of slang advances
Very fast;
Last year's pet phrase lies buried
In the past.
Yet there is one will linger
To the last.

For when you catch her ogling,
By surprise—
That maid whose glance is soft, yet
Rather wise,
Can anything compare with
"Goo-goo eyes"?—*Ibm Augur*

Congenial Occupation

"What's that friend of yours with the anarchistic tendencies doing these days?"

"He has a job in an automobile factory."

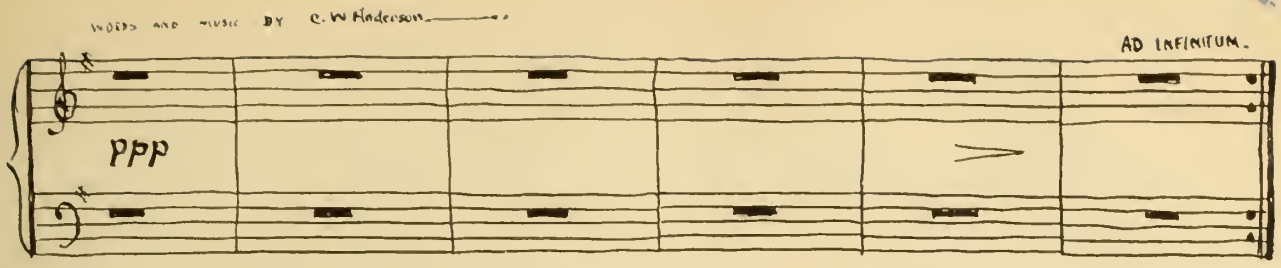
"Gee! I'll bet he loves his job."

"He surely does. All he has to do is to blow up the tires."

She Was Nearly Through

"Are you nearly through with your shopping, dear?"
He asked. "It is growing late, I fear."
"Yes; we've visited fourteen shops, you see,
And there's just one other in town," said she.

Criticism is a mild form of envy.



TRY THIS ON YOUR CLUB PIANO

OVERHEARD IN THE WOMAN'S CLUB

"HOW Lulie Peters has gone off—she's positively sallow!"

"That Ross girl! Why, she has a face like a clove-eyed marshmallow!"

"My *dear!* She's hired detectives, and—" "—well, that hat is the limit!

A landscape gardener laid it out, and got the cook to trim it!"

"—He saw her in the cab with him—" "—Yes, they are honeymooning.

Devoted couple? *I* observe that *she* does all the spooning."

"—She found it in his pocket, and—" "No! don't go near the creature!

Her husband's brother's daughter is my niece's music teacher!"

"Of course they aren't real! They haven't any sheen or luster—"

"She's mean and spiteful and two-faced—you'd be a fool to trust her!"

"Oh, they have money—but for class, they simply cannot touch us—"

"She put in six more bath-rooms when she entertained the Duchess."

"He hasn't half an ounce of brains! He's just a gilded loafer—"

"*My dear*, I *know* it's true, because her laundress told my shofer!"

"No, I can't get them big enough—even in extra sizes—"

"Her Bridge Parties are screams! She goes to Woolworth's for her prizes!"

"—Two cups of sugar and one egg—" "Yes, high, laced suède are smartest—"

"He went right to the dogs when May got mixed up with that artist."

"For all that sweet Madonna face, she is an awful sinner—"

"Good gracious! is it late as that? I must go home to dinner!"

—*Carolyn Wells.*

'Tis Folly to Be Wise

"TO BE happy," said the Curate, "a man should decide on one thing he would like to do well, and then perfect himself until he can do it better than anybody else."

"Another story-book virtue, my dear Doctor," said the Old Member, "that doesn't work out. There is Ivry, for example, the loneliest man in the club."

"And what about Ivry?"

"He plays such a good game of billiards that nobody will play with him."

And Gosh How We Dread 'Em!

Rosalind—The time of chivalry is past.

Roger—No; we still have ladies' nights.

He Didn't Have To

"DOES your husband ever tell you, when he stays out late at night, that it was because somebody gave an interesting talk at the club?"

"No."

"How interesting. Doesn't he ever give you any excuse at all or make any explanation?"

"Never. He works on a morning newspaper."

No Exceptions

He—My commission is twenty-five cents on the dollar.

She—On every dollar, Henry? How perfectly grand!

"Please, mister, how much is half of ninety-seven?"

Parodies of the Fair Green

Caddie

I WENT behind the seventh tee to try a mashie shot,
The Pro, he sez, "Clear out now, or I'll make your trousies hot"
The men awaitin' for to play, they snickered fit to die—
I went back to the caddie-house, an' to meself sez I

Oh, it's Caddie this, an' Caddie that, an' "Caddie, shut your guff"'
But it's "Won't you help me, Caddie?" when the ball's lost in the rough.
When the ball's lost in the rough, my boys, the ball's lost in the rough;
It's "Won't you help me, Caddie?" when the ball's lost in the rough.

I hood behind the sandbox just as quiet as could be,
A guy togged out in tweeds come up and sclaffed one off the tee.
He called me all the names he could, from "Devil" down to "Dub,"
But if they ketch *me* swearin', w'y, I'm fired from the club.

Oh, it's Caddie this an' Caddie that, an' "Blanky-blanky-blank"'
But it's "Out you go!" if I repeat wot's said by some old crank
Wot's said by some old crank, my boys, wot's said by some old crank;
It's "Out you go!" if I repeat wot's said by some old crank

They give a chap a bag o' clubs that weighs about a ton
They drag him twenty-seven holes, beneath the burnin' sun.
It's not *our* fault that they can't hit the ball, but just the same,
For every rotten shot they make the Caddie gets the blame.

Oh, it's Caddie this, an' Caddie that, an' "Let's play eighteen more"'
But if a chap gets tired an' slow, the players all get sore.
The players all get sore, my boys, the players all get sore;
Yes, if a chap gets tired an' slow, the players all get sore.

F. Gregory Hartswick

The Club Movement in Sandridge

"I SUPPOSE that a town of less than a thousand inhabitants, like yours, has very few organizations of any kind that bring the people together," said the tourist to the proprietor of the hotel in Sandridge.

"Well, of course we don't have as many as they have in the city, but we've some" was the reply. "Now the Knights of Pythias have a social to night in their hall and the G. A. R. is to have a lecture to morrow night and the Ladies' Relief Corps had a big time last night at their annual chicken pie supper. Monday night the Daughters of the American Revolution had a social and the women of the Eastern Star are getting up a fair and the Odd Fellows are to dedicate their new hall next week and the Masons have rented the hall the Odd Fellows have been using. We got a real active Good Samaritan Society and the W. C. T. U. will have a convention with our local union next week and our Onward and Upward Woman's Club has a waiting list of fifteen while the Epworth League and the C. E. young folks and the Baptist Young People's Union have a meeting to-morrow night to talk about starting a Boy Scout and Campfire Girls organization. Our Y. M. C. A. has a membership contest on and we've got a real active Men's League and a Good Templars Lodge and our Sons of Vet'rans is the latest organization of that kind in the county. Then we got a Merry Twelve Whist Club and a Sunshine Club to say nothing of about three church sewing circles and a Handicraft Society. The women are about to start an Equal Suffrage Club and we are going to have a Hughes Club and a Wilson Club. Take it by and large and we got more clubs than you would think for when you walk from one end of Main Street to the other and don't see a living soul but a dog or two." —*J. L. Harbour.*

Explicit

"TOO BAD you don't like the theatre."

"But I do! I'm very fond of the theatre."

"What do you mean? I heard you say, myself, that it was too rich for your blood and too deep for your intellect!"

"Oh, that's right, you did! My mistake. But I meant the box-office."

HER ANSWER IN THE NEGATIVE

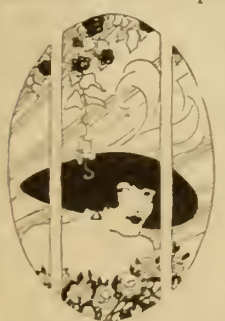
FOR THE CLUB BALL

"Thank Heaven my new hat and dance frock have arrived."

HIS KIND

By G. VERE TYLER

THEY were seated, each in the chair he most preferred, at the club. Morrison faced a picture he greatly admired and Allison had paid a high price for the cigars they were smoking. Allison, whose eyes were—recently, of course—none the best, had his back to the light. Having missed lunch through the press of business, he was looking forward to the dinner Morrison had suggested they would have as soon as he had seen the man for whom he was waiting. "And afterwards," said Morrison, "I want to introduce you to the cleverest—her beauty will startle you—little bantling who has by her peculiar flash dimmed the lights of the Broad White Way for some time."



"Oh, indeed!" remarked Allison.

"She is some clever girl, Allison!"

"I have no doubt," replied Allison. "So clever that barring my watch, an inheritance of my grandfather, I told her she could not only keep what she had rifled me of, but that I would add fifty per cent. to her plunder."

"Very generous," said Allison, recalling that Morrison's dinners attested this.

"Want to meet her?" asked Morrison.

"No," answered Allison.

"She's a beauty—you can take that from me!"

"I don't doubt it."

"Then what's the matter with you?" And Morrison peered.

"Don't want to meet her, that's all!"

"Not your style, eh? Afraid of getting your pocket picked?" sneered Morrison.

"Morrison," said Allison, "I'm not afraid of any possible

SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY

(His wife being a prominent club woman.)

thing any woman living on this earth can do to me! They've all been done."

"Do you mean to tell me, Allison," and Morrison seemed a bit awed, "that you don't like women any more—that you have gotten beyond them?"

"No, I can't say that, for there *is* a certain kind that still awakens within me a semblance of interest."

"And what is that kind?" queried Morrison, apparently deeply interested.

"Well," said Allison, "I suppose I might designate them as the well seasoned. As a matter of fact, Morrison, to engage my attention a woman must first of all be old. So long as she is hardened by experience, and has partaken freely and without stint of life's adventures, she may be able to cause a ripple on my iron-clad ossified surface. Given this first requisite, she may belong to the artificial sphere of society, to the business world, or even be an undeclared parasite. She must, in whatever position, be an adroit flatterer, and so saturated by the injustices practiced upon her by man that she meets every new one clutching an imaginary dagger that she is ready to plunge in his heart. Her own heart, through man's treachery, of course, must have become as false as any shade she has cared to dye her hair. She must be a fluent talker, an accomplished liar, and flagrantly an impostor. She must be, of course, full of schemes, want to open beauty parlors, or run an apartment house, or go into the automobile business, and any one of these things that you back her in will bring you in an income for life. Her satiated palate must be so rapacious in its demand for suitable flavors to arouse her gastric juices that you will have to hire a man to go lobster-hunting for her and stand by her side while she sees the finest specimen thrust upon burning coals. As to furs, she must be *positively* insane. Upon the subject of diamonds her reason must be questioned. She must have an inexhaustible supply of stories of men who have abandoned their homes for her sake or committed suicide or become drunkards. Not less than seven managers must have told her she would have made a greater actress than Bernhardt and that several moving-picture producers are imploring her to appear in the pictures as Cleopatra and the goddesses. Love she must consider solely from the standpoint of enterprise. On the other hand, she must be able, of course, to feign a grand passion from an emotional and artistic standpoint.

"To sum up, her defeats must only redouble her courage, making her little short of a monster and yet a plausible, entertaining, and diverting one. There, my dear Morrison, is the only kind of woman to awaken within me the least shadow of an interest."

Morrison laughed heartily and went forward to meet his man.

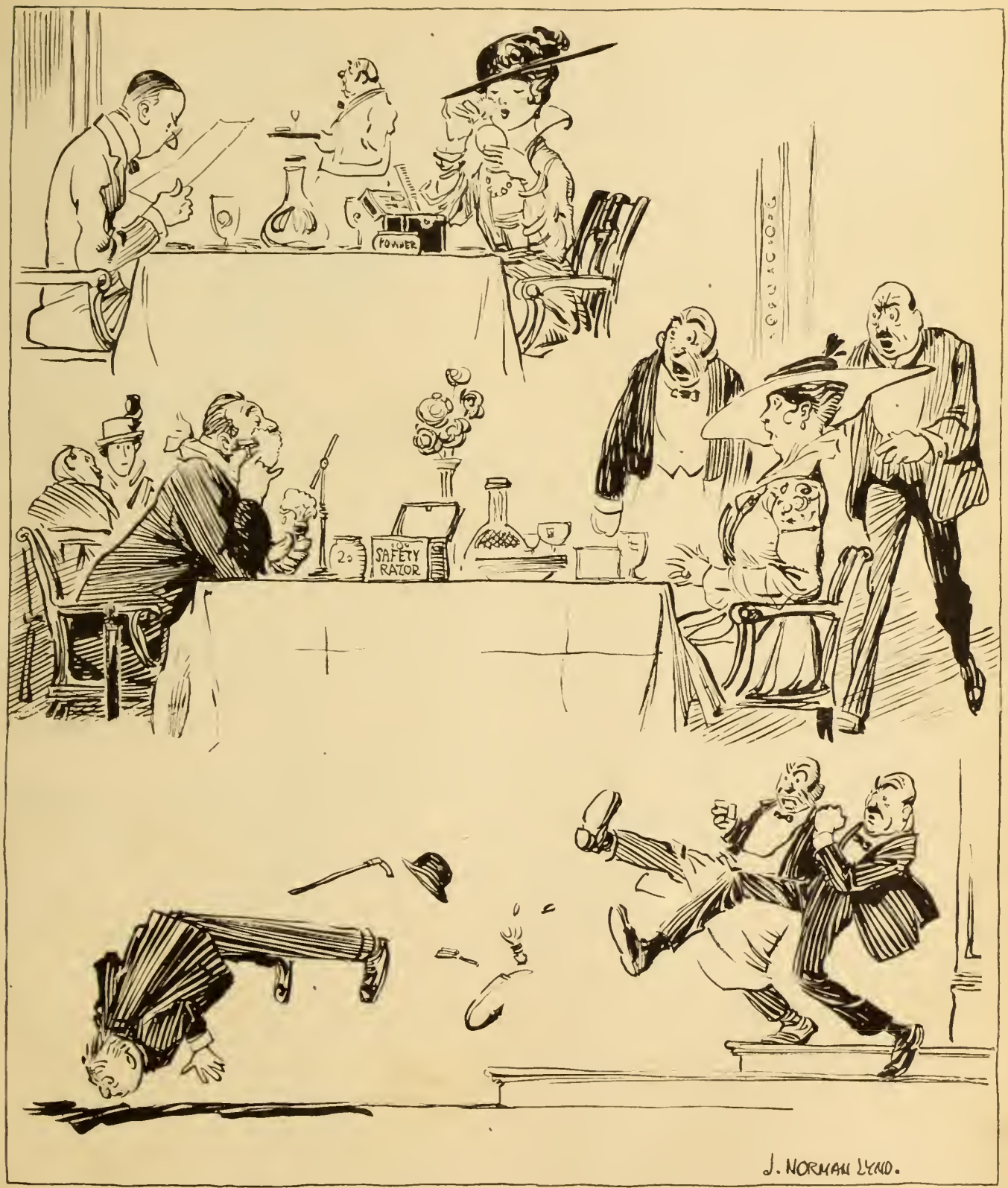
Let Them Go to It

Visitor in Court-room—What is this law-suit about?

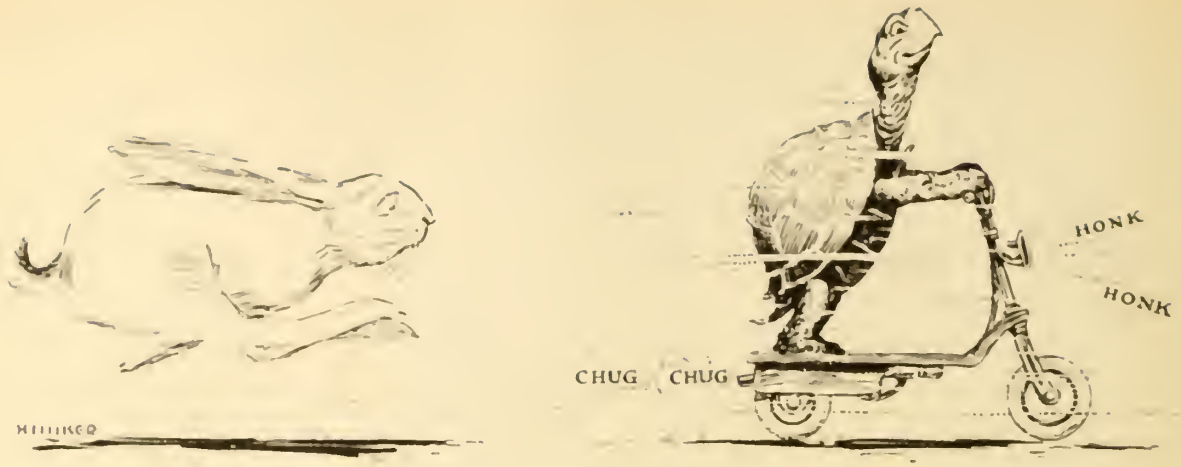
Stranger—The creditors of George Bump, Bankrupt, are suing his Trustee in Bankruptcy.

Visitor in Court-room—Are you interested in the case?

Stranger—Not in the slightest. I'm George Bump.



SUPPOSE A MAN SHOULD TRY IT!



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE UP TO DATE

WHY IS A CLUB?

By FRED LADD

CHOMLEY felt the need of joining a club. Suburban life with his bride—who was now a bride of a full year's standing—had been a very full year indeed for Chomley: his esteemed mother-in-law had made them a cute little visit of about a month and a half when the honeymoon had partially ended; Chomley's own mother had then dropped in for a month to see how the young couple were getting on, and this episode had speedily been followed by the vacationizing, at Chomley's home, of his father-in-law, a very fine old gentleman indeed who had lost his job. This vacation lasted two months, and Chomley barely lasted.

A dear, delightful maiden aunt of Chomley's, a lady with charming but marked eccentricities, had been in the bosom of his family from April first until June thirtieth, inclusive.

Just prior to the Fourth of July his wife's two sisters had dropped in for a month; these young ladies were active, agile, agitating, alert, conversationally strenuous, nervous, whimsical, assertive, and simply loved to be taken around by "brother." Brother certainly had his work cut out for him. The third day after these dear young ladies left the convenient domicile of Chomley, Myra's brother, a youth of an active, fertile and inquiring mind, blew in; blew in feebly characterizes this event. The boy had certain proclivities which would have made a tornado seem tame and lazy. Chomley thought he had been some young devil himself, in his early youth, but he was hurt and shocked to observe the way in which, indubitably, his own boyhood record went to pieces by contrast with the fierce and furious life that was regularly lived—without seeming effort—by his wife's brother.

Yes, Otis was some boy; Chomley could hardly believe that a boy named Otis could so belie his name; he had always conjectured that a boy named Otis would be a very quiet, thoughtful youth—a boy who would often steal away from his rougher playfellows and read good literature, and plan for his future; never had Chomley associated the name of Otis with a boy who would count it an achievement to be sought by the police, and consider it a crime to be well thought of by the neighbors. Otis's visit cost Chomley thirty-eight dollars, and a couple of anxious moments besides.

When Otis had gone, Chomley was what you might call weary, and, as it were, ready for a rest; nothing doing. The next day but one Mrs. Chomley informed her dear husband that the morning mail had brought a letter from one of her college classmates, the sweetest girl she had ever met, said Mrs. Chomley.

"Myra," said Chomley.

"Yes, darling."

"What does she look like?"

"Well, Gladiola isn't a really, in fact she really isn't a good-looking girl—but she's very intellectual."

"Say," said Chomley, in a hoarse tone.

"Well, dear."

"Er—nothing, dear—nothing at all."

"Yes it is—you were going to say something."

Chomley arose from the supper table and stood on his corn for about a minute. "I'm going down to the Club."

"Club?" queried Mrs. Chomley. "Why, I didn't know you belonged."

"I'm going to," said Chomley, with a ring in his tone. "All the men belong—that is, all the married men"

The Club Colors

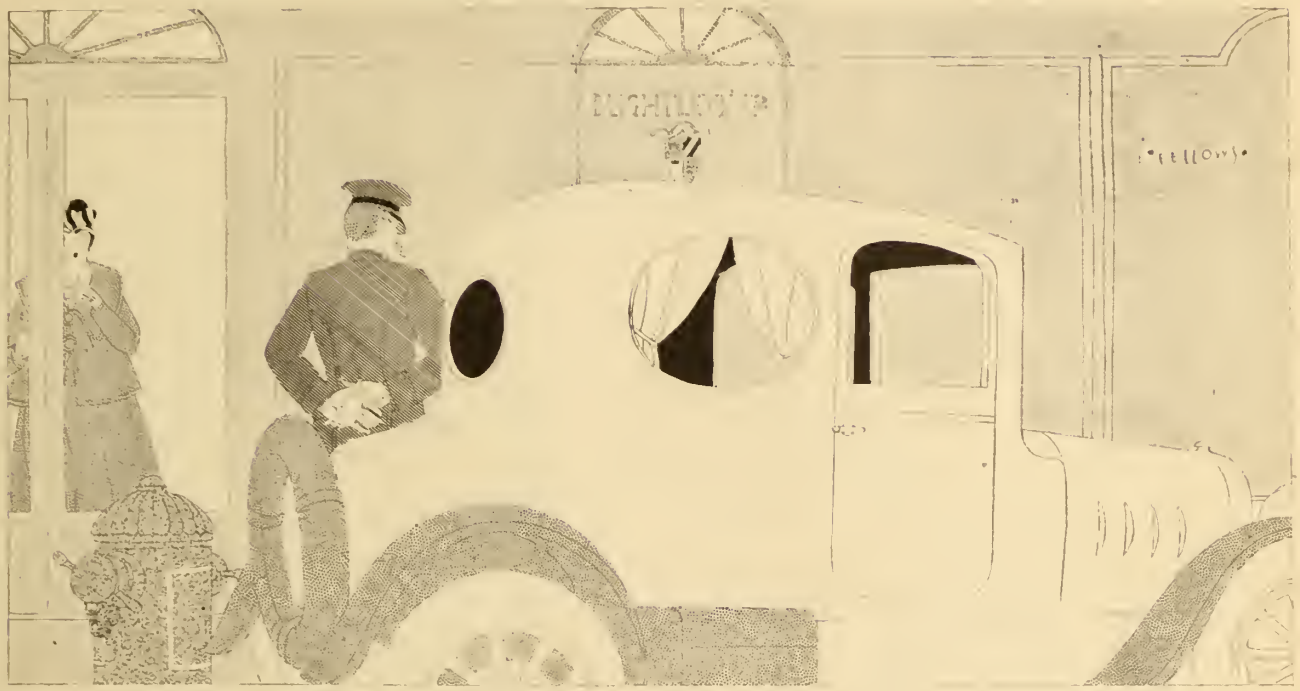
Ethel—Why does papa come home sometimes with such a red face?

Mama—That, my dear, is what is known as a club flush

MOTORCY-CLING!

PARING HIS EXPENSE ACCOUNT

By J. A. WALDRON



THE RISEDALES were at breakfast. Risedale had not been as cordial as usual.

"Anything the matter, dear?" asked Mrs. Risedale.

"Lots of things, always, Lavinia."

"Well, what is the particular thing this morning? You look as though you were harboring an embryonic grouch. Better scotch it before it develops."

"I will. When I made you an allowance I asked you just how large it should be."

"Your memory is faulty, Benjamin. You asked me how small it should be. Not in those words, of course. What you really asked was that I should tell you the least I could get along with for personal expenses—how much a month. You said you had to have a lot of money at work in business. Am I right?"

"Your mind, Lavinia, is exact as to some details though a bit lax as to others. You haven't a shrewd business sense. I suppose you remember what you replied. 'My dear,' you said—and I remember you looked charming as you said it—'I think I can get along nicely on a thousand a month.'"

"I remember. And you were generous enough to respond: 'My dear, I'll make it twelve hundred a month.' You've always been a liberal darling." She went over and kissed him, and then went back to her coffee.

"Thank you. But why should bills like this be sent to me?" He handed her a paper. "That calls for a hundred and fifty dollars for three hats. Aren't hats related to your per onal expenses?" She looked at the bill. ' But I was short, Benjamin. I had spent all my money. And the one thing you warned me about was my bank account. 'Never, in any case, overdraw,' you told me."

"I'm glad you remembered that. But you'll have to pay this bill out of your next month's allowance."

"Oh!" She thought a moment. "And I wanted to go shopping to-day!"

"But to-morrow is the first of the month. Can't you postpone your excursion?"

She thought another moment. "It's a bargain sale. And to-morrow I might not find a bargain."

"Well, I'll lend you a hundred until to-morrow." He wrote a check and passed it over. "But you must pay me from your allowance."

"What a dear you are! But I saved you twenty-five dollars yesterday, so I'll pay you back seventy-five."

"Saved me twenty-five? How?"

"It was the funniest thing! But it proved that I have an alert business sense, though you say I lack it."

"I'm anxious to be convinced as to that."

"You know when you bought my limousine you said it was a present, and you agreed to keep it up if I would learn to drive it."

"Yes."

"Well, I went shopping yesterday."

"Another bargain sale?"

"No. Just shopping. Though I did buy a new costume. That's why I'm short."

"But how did you save me twenty five dollars?"

"It was the strangest thing! I left my car in front of Blightley's, where I bought my costume. I was in the shop quite a while. When I came out, just as I was in the doorway, I saw a policeman standing by my car. I stopped, a little frightened. Thought something was wrong. I waited for him to go away."

"Just happened to be standing there, I suppose."

"I thought so, but he didn't go. Then I began tothink. All at once the truth dawned on me."

"Well?"

"I remembered reading there is a fine of twenty-five dollars for leaving a car within a certain distance of a fire plug."

Naturalist—Do you mind if I stand here a while to study the amusing antics of your playful little calf?

"And you had violated the ordinance, of course."

"Well, there was a fire-plug right by my car!"

"You got in bad, Lavinia. Paid the policeman, I suppose! That would be the woman's way."

"Wait. I took a street car home, leaving the policeman on guard. When I got home I called up Police Headquarters and told them my car had been stolen, giving them the number, etc."

"What a nerve, Lavinia!"

"Just good business, Benjamin. I waited a while, and they 'phoned that my car had been found standing in front of Blightley's and in half an hour a policeman drove up with it."

"And that's——"

"Yes. That's the way I saved you twenty-five dollars, dear!"

Otherwise It Could Not Have Happened

While Col. Niblick was addressing the ball it rolled from the tee, but nobody made the facetious remark: "Playing two." It was early morning in the middle of the week, and Col. Niblick was out practicing alone.

The Roll of Horror

Visitor—I suppose Scribbs, the poet, is the best-posted man in the club.

Member—Well, I wouldn't say best—but most.

Went Off Unexpectedly

Wallace (reading)—Great guns! I see that Swellbody, cashier of the 'Steenth National, has skipped out with $50,000 of the bank's funds.

Mrs. Wallace—My! Isn't he one of the big guns of society, John?

Mr. Wallace—Yes, but nobody seemed to know he was loaded.

Not Quite a Monopoly

"The world is full of poetry," exclaimed the Optimist.

"Yes, I dare say there is almost as much poetry in the rest of the world as there is in the wastebasket," added the Pessimist.

The Club Man's Love

SHE said that she feared he dissembled.
He pledged his affection anew;
She clung to him closely and trembled,
Still fearing it could not be true
Her lips to his own were uplifted,
And, clasped in his tender embrace,
Together in fancy they drifted,
Like patches of vapor, in space

"How can I be sure," she repeated,
"That all your affection is mine?"
"My love is most true and deep-seated,"
He said with an air that was fine.
"It is something you well may believe in,
'Tis love such as comes to the few;
I sometimes believe I would even
Consent to be clubless for you."

—*S. E. Kiser.*

My Club

[With apologies to the author of "My Mother."]

WHO takes me when I'm worn and weary
And thrills me with its comforts cheery?
My Club!

Where shall I find a genial glow
When elsewhere all is dark with woe?
My Club!

Where is the haven free of ills,
Like gas, and coal, and plumber's bills?
My Club!

Where is the only quiet spot
Where cares domestic vex me not?
My Club!

Where do I never have to can
A sassy cook or hired man?
My Club!

Where finds the soul its refuge true
When bill-collectors seek their due?
My Club!

When empty pockets make me sick,
Where can I still get things on "tick?"
My Club!

Where can I find the best of steaks,
And BETTER pies than Mother makes
My Club!

Where may I smoke with none to shrug
At ashes dropped upon the rug?
My Club!

Where do I never hear complaint
Because things are not as they ain't?
My Club!

Where is the spot that therefore I
Shall faithful be to till I die?
My Club!

—*A. Sufferan Mann*

BETWEEN CURTAINS

By CYRIL ANDREW

"I'D LIKE you to meet my friend, John Broadfield, of Swampscott, New Jersey," said the Tired Business Man to the Critic in the lobby of the Lyceum Theatre, and the introduction was negotiated.

"My friend likes 'Mister Antonio,'" continued the Tired Business Man, "because of the pastoral nature of the play. It makes him think of home. And he says they are as strict morally in Swampscott as they seem to be in Avalonia. The play is a bit slow to me."

"It is slow," put in the Critic, "because it has too little dramatic material for an evening's entertainment—and too little variety, you know."

"There you go again! You critics are always on hand with reasons for this or that. When I said it was a bit slow for me I didn't mean to criticise the play; it seems to please the audience a lot. I like more ginger, and all that. But I'm fond of Otis Skinner, and I think you'll admit he's some actor. As the Italian hurdy-gurdyist——"

"Very clever, I'll grant you. In fact, we have few actors on the stage to-day capable of the variety of entertaining work that Mr. Skinner can do. It is true that he is somewhat florid in style—some think him a little old-fashioned—but he has infinite grace and technique, and he clearly limns his characters. His art tends to the histrionic as distinguished from the modern or realistic——"

"What do you mean by realistic? To me he is the real Italian in this play."

"Oh, yes—in this play he is very clever—very clever. But don't you note in his work a sort of theatrical elaboration—a tendency to over-emphasis?"

"Can't say I do. Do you know any other actor who could play that part as well as he plays it?"

"As to that I am with you. There are so few real actors on the stage to-day that we must perforce be grateful that we have a Skinner. But there is another part in 'Mister Antonio' to which I wish to call attention."

"Another part? Why, there are several parts well played to my thinking. There's the *Milton Jorney* of Joseph Brennan. Isn't he the 'type,' as you call it, of the hypocritical big man in a small town who is just as likely to go astray in a big town as any of the persons he thinks are inferior?"

"A good actor. But the gem of the performance, to me," said the Critic, "is the *Joe* of Robert Harrison. His impersonation of the half-idiotic partner of the organ grinder is a work of art, as well as a psychological study of rare interest. And however little I may like Mr. Tarkington's work on the whole, viewed as a play, I must admit that in this character, thanks also to the actor's impersonation, he has projected a veritable creation."

John Broadfield of Swampscott, who had been a bit awed at the fact that he was standing in the presence of a veritable critic, conquered his diffidence enough to ask what we thought of "Flora Bella."

"I went last night," he said, "and I'll say this—I liked it. I'm no great hand at telling whether or not a play's good or bad; I only know whether or not I've enjoyed a performance. That little Lina—Lina——"

"Lina Abarbanell?" suggested the Critic.

"That's it—I never can remember that name. She was mighty cute, I thought. But there wasn't a catchy piece in the whole thing."

"You have discovered the secret of the success or failure of musical comedies," said the Critic. "To paraphrase a quotation which must be known to all of you, let me write a musical comedy's songs, and I care not who makes its book. To tell you the truth, I was not greatly impressed with 'Flora Bella.' It was no better than the average run of musical comedies, and certainly not as good as the best. But it is impossible to criticise a musical comedy, for the very good reason that there is nothing to criticise. There is no plot, there is no acting, there is no sustained dialogue. But there is one thing I hope to hear before I die."

"What's that?" inquired the deeply interested Broadfield of Swampscott.

"I want to hear an actor in a musical comedy pronounce 'circumstances' intelligibly," said the Critic. "In the course of the lightning-fast interpolations which unfold the apology for a plot, the word 'circumstances' is bound to occur; and it is equally bound to be pronounced 'ciremzsz.' It is almost a convention of the stage."

"I'll tell you something I liked about 'Flora Bella' besides Miss—you know," said Mr. Broadfield. "That was the finale. It's one of the few musical shows I've ever seen that didn't have the whole cast on the stage singing something or other at the last. And the scenery was lovely—now wasn't it?"

"The sets were very good," said the Critic, "but sets don't make a play, although some managers seem to think that they do."

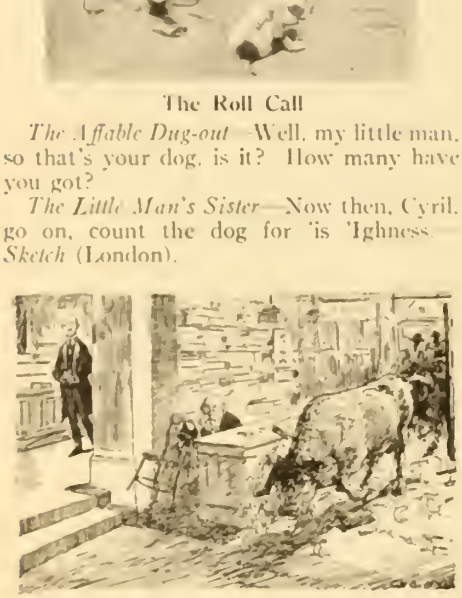
"That's where a play differs from some men and all women," chuckled the Tired Business Man.

Oversea Humor

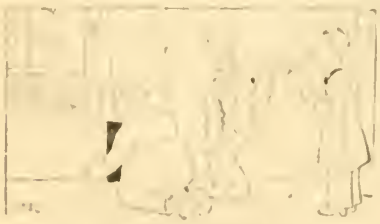
The Roll Call

The Affable Dug-out—Well, my little man, so that's your dog, is it? How many have you got?

The Little Man's Sister—Now then, Cyril, go on, count the dog for 'is 'Ighness.—*Sketch* (London).



Proprietor of Dullboro' Emporium (with admirable presence of mind)—Mr. Binks, forward!—*Punch* (London).



The Trench-Periscope

"Nous ne pouvons pas nous décider à l'envoyer au petit. . . . c'est si commode pour lorgner chez les voisins!"

"We can't make up our minds to send it to Sonny—it's so handy for watching the neighbors!"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

Arms and the Girl

"Fancy Muriel working in a munitions factory!"

"Yes, she says she likes to feel that there are arms all round her."—*London Opinion*

The Return From the Carnival

Das is aber gemeene, jetzt ham se mir die Entrectüre zugemauert."

"That was a mean trick. They've gone and walled up my door."—*Meggendorfer-Blaetter* (Munich)

The Penalty

Mother—Now, Betty, if you don't stop crying and go to bed like a good girl, Uncle Donald won't kiss you good-night!—*Passing Show* (London).

Unpardonable Carelessness

El Aviador—Bien podia usted mirar por donde va! A poco le atropello!

Aviator (to Bull-fighter who has been tossed from the arena)—Hey, look out! You almost made me run into you!—*Blanco y Negro* (Madrid).

Conscientious

"Ich habe rohe Milch getrunken. And man soll nur gekochte geniessen. Das werde ich jetzt nachholen!"

"I had fresh milk to drink. And one oughtn't to take anything but boiled milk. Now I've got to make up for it."—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

THE PLUMBER FINALLY CONDESCENDS TO COME

Choosing the Least

"LIFE isn't all beer and skittles," quoted the pessimistic person.

"Well, I guess I can get along without any skittles, whatever they are," replied the optimist with the impressionistic nose.

Here's Your Hat—What's Your Hurry?

He—I always fall into conversation when I'm out anywhere!

She—And I suppose you keep it shallow, so you won't get over your head.

Suzette

BEFORE

SUZETTE, you're just the girl for me,
With charm of person that allures.
I care not what the others be
So long as I am wholly yours—
Oh, Sue!

AFTER

Suzette insists on being free,
She chose the usual modern course.
Now, girl, as you are suing me,
For alimony and divorce,
Oh, Sue! —*George S. Crittenden.*

What Did He Know About It

"I BELIEVE that every doctor has his price."

"Well, I don't know about that, but I've noticed that a doctor never operates unless the patient has it."

Characterized

Willis—What sort of man is he?

Gillis—Well, if he had a country estate, he'd have the Katydids saying "Katy done it" before a week was up.

His Economical Action

"A YOUNG feller out my way went shopping tuther day and bought himself a marriage license," related Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "He aimed to marry a girl about thirty years old, but for some reason or ruther she asked to be excused. Nacher'l enough, he excused her. But he's a saving sort of a cuss, and the last I heered he was peroozing through an old family law book called 'Every Man His Own Attorney, or The Hangman's Delight,' or something that-a-way, to see if he couldn't get the license cut down to fit her sister, aged sixteen."

Romance

NOT a quarter mile from Broadway
Underneath a city roof,
(Less of moonlight than electric,
More of motor than of hoof)
I have met Romance, the olden,
Ivied castle, moat, and all,
When she held my hand (a little)
In her drab, near-marble hall:
All the happy dreams of Avon
And the castle-studded Rhine
Filled the thirty-per apartment
With the glow of malmsey wine.

Not a quarter mile from Broadway
Forth I hie me to the fight,
Bearing proud my lady's favor,
Just her wistful-sweet "Goodnight!"
And to-morrow in the tourney
I shall strike! "Demand a raise?"
If I get it—to the castle
There to win my lady's praise.
Love I'll woo her and I'll win her,
(That is, if she'll take a chance)
Not a quarter mile from Broadway,
On my income—and romance!

—*H. K. Bankhage.*

Club Rules

IT is very bad form, in a club where tips are taboo, to invite one of the board of governors to have something with you, and tip the waiter in his presence.

It *is good* form to refuse to tip waiters, because that gives the impression (to everybody except the financial secretary of the club) that you send in a liberal check every Christmas.

It is very poor form to treat a club servant as an equal if he is your superior.

Never be seen at the club with anyone who is your inferior.

This rule applies to everybody, so people should remain always separate while at a club. If the other man is your superior, you are his inferior and he breaks a rule by associating with you. Try to be almost as polite as you require the servants to be.—*Strickland Gillilan.*

Warned in Time

Son—Father, last night I ate a piece of mince pie just before going to bed and dreamed I was married.

Mr. Henpeck—Well, my son, I hope it will be a lesson to you.

Couldn't Be True

"WHAT makes you suspect Clarise isn't always strictly veracious?"

"Well, I caught her in one fib. I heard her say she'd never had the slightest ambition to go on the stage."

Solid Comfort

Luke—Has he got a soft job?

Paul—I guess so. He lies down on it all the time.

"Hobbs, we are going to have company this evening. Don't forget to change to a more elaborate livery."

WHEN MOTHER THOUGHT HE WAS INTERESTED IN "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"

MARKOWITZ AND HENRY *They Discuss Presidential and Other Elections*

By LOU RAB

"WHAT DO I care who's Hughes or what's Wilson?" cried Max Markowitz, the skirt manufacturer, glaring at Henry Shapiro, his bookkeeper. "What do I care if *weiber* will get a vote or not, or for who Abey or Jakey or Hyney will make a cross? I only care—and a man what's a bookkeeper by a business and a brother-in-law from the boss like you, should care more and speak more what the women will wear and what the buyers will buy, and not how and where and why the Progressives will vote this year! A business place is a business place and not a saloon. If you want to talk politics, Henry, go around the corner. May be there you will find people—loafers—time-killers, what will hand you good political arguments and sometimes a black eye on the side. But here in the business in the middle of a Monday, you got so much right to talk about election politics like I have to talk *shool* politics. Remember, Henery, *oder* stick to business like me or——"

"But Max," persisted Henry, "don't you want business prosperity? And how can you get prosperity if you don't vote for——"

"*Wieder* vote, *weiter* vote!" interrupted Markowitz with a gesture of disgust. "Notting but vote and vote. Somebody would think this was an election place. Henry, *oder* you shut up your mouth and open your ledger or you open the door and close it behind you forever! It's a shame; a young man like you with a big future in front of him and a fine family behind him, should have his head stuffed up with all kinds of nonsense. In the Spring season, goils and baseball. In the summertime, baseball and goils. And now when the Fall comes and the baseball comes to an end, I thought you'll throw the baseball from your head and attend strict on the job. But comes a new trouble—elections with politics! Henry, a young man has got so much right to mix with politicians like to jump in a boining building where they got a volunteer fire department. He gets crippled for life. If he's got a job and goes in politics for a joke, the end will be that the joke will be on him and his job by a regela feller, what don't spend his nights in the clubs. And if he ain't got no job and goes looking for one by politics, he will get a job when his grand-grandchildren commence to vote. Before a man is a millionaire, he should keep away from all politics. Not only political politics, but also *lodgen* politics, *shool* politics. Look at me, I don't mix in no——"

JUST AT THE CRITICAL STAGE

Fat vendor—Want any peanuts, chewing gum, chocolates, sandwiches, pop corn, peanut brittle, cigars, cigarettes?

Fan—I'd rather have a view of the game.

"But ain't it an honor," maintained Henry, "to be a senator or a president from a *shool?* Wouldn't you love to be president or vice-president——"

"Me?" questioned Markowitz shrugging his shoulders. "Do you think I want my business full with members and committees? Go on, I'll never have no kind of politics by me. But that's enough *schmuesink*. Get busy!" And Markowitz entered his factory through the "No Admission" door.

A few minutes later, a dignified middle-aged gentleman entered the office and in a confidential tone inquired for Mr. Markowitz. Henry asked the nature of the caller's business, thus following the strict orders of his boss not to tell strangers of his whereabouts unless they came strictly on business. Upon being informed that Mr. Markowitz was wanted regarding some *shool* or synagogue affairs, Henry promptly said that his employer was not on the premises, and the visitor quietly departed, leaving his card with Henry. Five or ten minutes afterwards, Markowitz returned from the factory and was given the caller's card.

"Where is he?" Markowitz inquired excitedly. "Is he gone? Why didn't you call me, you *schlemiel?* Mr. Michael Marks! Mr. Michael Marks! The president from the big Orchard Street *shool* does me the honor to pay me a visit, and you tell him I'm out! Fool, did you ask him to sit down? did you speak with him with politeness?"

"How should I know who he is?" asked Henry angrily. "He told me——"

"Told me, told me," repeated Markowitz mockingly. "If you wasn't so busy looking at the picktches from Wilson and Hughes what will be presidents away over in Washington, thousands of miles from here, and looked more at the presidents from your own neighborhood you wouldn't be such a *lomech*. He is a millionaire. Ten properties with small first mortgages on Division Street. A ten thousand dollar mortgage on——"

"He didn't come to give you away his property!" broke in Henry. "He——"

"Property he should give me!" shouted Markowtiz. "But I bet you he wanted me to run for vice-president with him on the same ticket by the elections to-morrow night. Oi! why did you tell him I ain't in? you *dumkopf!*"

"But ain't you said before you don't want notting but business by business?" demanded Henry.

"Who said it—I?" cried Markowitz, jumping over to answer the telephone. "Yes, Mr. Marks—that's me—Markowitz—how are you? Sorry I wasn't in before—I'll come over to see you if you want me—my Minnie feels fine, thank you, how's Mrs. Marks?—I ain't made up my mind yet, for who will you vote? Wilson or Hughes?—Going to make a new vice-president?—What! that cutthroat Katz?—What can I do for you?—You want a what? a what?—a contribution? Fifty dollars for a new chendalier! Ain't it light enough in *shool?*—Business is rotten, notting but cancellations—Sorry—I can't afford a nickel even—excuse me, Mr. Marks, a big buyer from Chicago just came in, I must say—good-by!"

"Such a noive that man has got!" exclaimed Markowitz, turning to Henry. "Fifty dollars I should give him! Bothers me for notting during business hours."

"If Mr. Marks comes in again," inquired Henry smiling, "what should I do?"

"Tell him I'm out!" retorted Markowitz as he banged the factory door behind him.

"Joshua, I've brought you to this lecture expecting you to enjoy yourself. See that you do!"

-AND I'M NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER EITHER
P-ST! GOT ONE!!
SAY! IS THAT A PACT! WELL! AHEM!
EVELYN PREPARED EVERY BIT OF THIS DINNER - SHE'S A WONDERFUL COOK
IF YOU FEEL THAT IT'S TIME YOU HAD A HOME OF YOUR OWN AND YOUR CHANCES ARE PASSING, DONT ACT NATURALLY AND GO OUT AND SINK A GAFF INTO THE ONE YOU WANT, BE NICE, BE NICE; PLAY THE OLD TIME STUFF — WITH MOTHER'S HELP.
J. NORMAN LYND.

THE OUTDOORS

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

THE outdoors is a sadly overgrown place that has had a hard struggle for recognition. Ever since people began to live in caves, the outdoors has had the worst of it. Architects have outdone themselves in getting up designs of houses that will lure people away from the outdoors. Consequently about the only acquaintance with the outdoors that many people possess is two weeks in summer, thirteen and one-half days of which are spent in longing to get back indoors.

City dwellers have little in common with the outdoors. In fact, they can scarcely be said to have been more than introduced. A city dweller's mental picture of an outdoor scene is a long stretch of sky, composed mostly of smoke, with side drops of brick walls.

The utter lack of reasoning power on the part of animals is shown in their foolish fondness for outdoors. If they had a fractional part of man's gift of sense, they would stay indoors most of the time. To be sure the few outdoor people that are left eat better, sleep better, laugh more and live longer than the rest of humanity, but such things are counted rather plebeian.

Pan is the god of the outdoors, but he finds business very poor, and some day he is going to die of lonesomeness. Steam pipes, and not the pipes of Pan, make the merry music in most ears.

Doctors are constantly prescribing the outdoors as medicine, but people seem to prefer the kind that is bought indoors in bottles. Eventually no doubt the outdoors will be abolished through legislation. Something of an indoor nature will be substituted for it. Just at present the outdoors is tolerated because it seems to be the handiest place in which men can make war.

From A Sinner's Diary

HOME is the soul's legs, love its wings. Woe when they're both broken!

'Twon't seem long after it's over.

I know a woman who wants fruit, yet she picks it all while in blossom to deck the piano half a day.

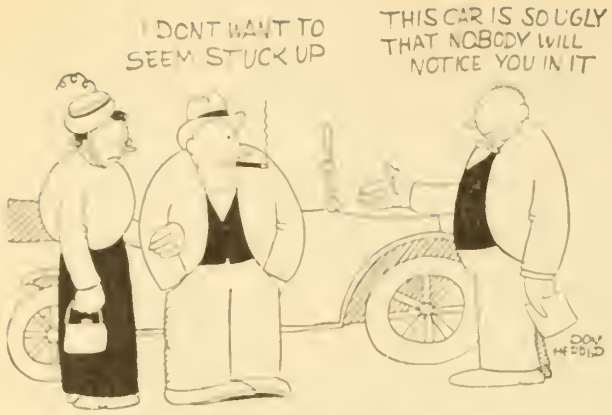
We'll think of you kindly when you're dead, whether you deserve it or not.

It's a good thing we don't know the grades ahead of us! We'd have more blowouts than we do now.

I've got such a canker that when I say anything smart I can't grin. I always grin first, most; soon as I hear it inside.

It must make parents feel old to see their children dying of old age.

Most anybody can spell wedlock, but it keeps some of 'em humping to pronounce it. —*Lynette Freemire.*



EXCUSE FOR UGLY AUTOMOBILES

By DON HEROLD

THERE is just one thing better than beauty, and that is universally accepted ugliness. This applies only to personal adornment, such as haberdashery and women's hats.

No man should wear a tie that stands out, and no woman should wear a hat that makes her obtrusive.

There is a good taste of inconspicuity. There are certain things in which it shows fine sense to hold yourself down to the tone of the background, instead of sticking out, like a lump, into the foreground.

There has been a good deal of bad taste about automobiles, and it looks as if *good* taste in automobiles were going to come in the shape of ugliness. There is going to be so much ugliness in automobiles that pretty soon the most refined person may purchase a car.

Automobiles are for locomotion, but there have been many of them built for exhibition.

Automobiles up to this time have been largely designed to parade on expenditure. There has been a lot of false pride in automobiles; people have taken pride in automobiles not because they would run, but because they displayed to the world a certain amount of purchasing power.

It looks as if this automobile situation were about to be saved.

It looks as if it were about to be saved by the ugliness of $500 cars—and under.

It looks as if there were about to be a big, gray background of ugly $500 cars, so that a man who would not wear a tie which would make him stick out conspicuously may soon be just as commonplace and modest in owning an automobile.

The ugliness of $500 cars made them conspicuous for a long time, but there are now so many of them that their ugliness has become almost democratic, and they are not as offensive, one way of looking at it, as five-thousand-dollar cars.

Men's hats have a democratic ugliness, but only men of very bizarre fancies will allow themselves to wear a picturesque, or more beautiful, hat.

If bright green hats were universally known to cost $7, there would be a great many men who would wear bright green hats to display their $7 purchasing power, but the majority of men would stick closer than ever to their present more or less ugly two and three dollar hats.

Pretty soon a person may own a $500 automobile and never be noticed. He will neither be noticed for the ugliness of it, nor for the $500 purchasing power of it.

This gray, democratic, inconspicuity in personal things, such as haberdashery or automobiles, is one of the best things in the world, even if it has to be ugly.

The Exceptional Case

I KNEW a woman who had always been told by her female friends that she was very nervous and hysterical. Therefore she felt obliged always to live up to their diagnosis.

Whenever a man said anything to the woman that was not in accordance with her own rather obscure ideas she would commence to cry and scream. Female friends would then hasten to her side, hold smelling salts to her nose, bathe her forehead in cold water, call her "dear," and declare that the man was a brute. It is thus that many brutes are manufactured.

One day, in Leap year, the woman took advantage of her prerogative and asked a man to marry her. When he refused she commenced to loosen up the exhaust in her vocal organs as of yore.

Her tears and screams, as usual, called numerous females to her side who commenced the cut and dried programme of restoring the lady to a semblance of quietness.

Upon ascertaining the particular cause of the variegated sounds, however, the *corps d'a sistance* did not call the man a brute.

Instead they thought him very sensible, and each woman added the mental conclusion, "Now if *I* had asked him——"

—*William Sanford.*

She Does

"Do you and your wife enjoy your evenings at home, generally speaking?"

"Well," said Jimson, "she usually does and is."

Nature's First Law

He—Thought you said you detested politics?

Fair Suffragette—So I do—but the way the men are running things, they'll tax alimonies next.

Spoke from Conviction

Crawford—Who was it said that all women are the same?

Crabshaw—Probably some fellow who married more than once.

"Great guns, Joe, we gotta detour."

\$. O. \$.

HUMANITY VERSUS SAFETY FIRST

By F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

IT IS A fine thing to be humane. To belong to the Little-Deeds-of-Kindness Club and scatter joy to he hearts of the dumb animals along one's path is a noble thing—an excellent thing. But it has its limitations. The dumb animals—awfully dumb, some of them are—don't always take the L. D. of K. as it is meant. I recall the case of a dear friend of mine who tried to be humane to a venerable mule. He noticed a hornet on the mule's portside stern battery, and brushed it off. Then he was brushed off himself, by the mule, and later brushed up by his friends. He was somewhat scattered, but looked quite peaceful. Another friend of mine had a perfect passion for humanity. He belonged to all the Societies for the Prevention of Anything and Everything Under the Sun. He worried himself into a decline over the question of how he could be humane to a dog, under the regulations of the Society for the Betterment of the Status of Canines, without breaking the rules of the Society for the Preservation of Our National Insects. And I know another man who saw a dog with a can tied to its tail being pestered by a small boy. The man saw his chance to kill two birds with one stone—figuratively, of course—and got hold of that dog's collar, and held it while he administered a corrective lecture to that boy. The boy howled, and his father, who was a bricklayer with very little sense of the humane, arrived on the run. During the subsequent mixup the dog bit my friend on the ex post facto, and the boy's father

NOT FROM JUDGE

Chubbs—Have you heard Brown's latest joke?
Dubbs—Yes; it's rather worse than the other one he had.

gave him two or three black eyes. He narrowly escaped arrest for attempted kidnaping.

Now, I believe in humanity. I think we men ought to be kind to the poor dumb beast. Poor dumb beasts have only us to look to for protection, and we should discharge our moral duty by being kind to them. But I think that, in the main, our kindness should be restricted to negative acts. I would never, for instance, take into my house a poor, helpless, cold, hungry skunk. Not that I am hard-hearted; but I just wouldn't. Nor do I with cheerfulness give myself to be a pasture for the homeless mosquito. I do it, but not because I want to. I can't help it. The same applies to fleas and alligators. If I met an alligator on the street, and it looked at me as if to say "I'm hungry—take me in, or let me take you in," I should not stay and parley with it. Nor with a flea. Experience has shown me that fleas are much easier to acquire and infinitely harder to get rid of than alligators. If you are afflicted with an alligator you can shoot it, or put it on the railroad track, or something; but no one can shoot a flea. The only way to get rid of a flea is to take a bath in kerosene. I knew a man once who did that. He tried it once only. In fact, there was only the one time to try it. He was smoking when he entered the bathroom, and when the fire-department finally got him out, he was still smoking only more universally. Yes, a flea is a hard dumb animal to be kind to.

Then, there is the cat. This beast is alluded to in the many works on the subject as a domestic critter. It is domestic, but not domesticated. It is particularly domestic at mealtimes—ours was so domestic that she knew when the milkman came as well as I did. But that cat never was domesticated. It sat on the hearth and purred, as do all well regulated cats in the books. It partook of its bowl of milk three times a day with apparent content. It was a great hand to rid us of objectionable animals, too. It fearlessly attacked a ten-year-old hen who wandered into our garden one day, and killed it. The hen was hardly alive enough to crawl, anyway, and was toothless with age. I had to pay my neighbor eight dollars for that hen. But once a rat got into the kitchen, and Thomas distinguished himself. He got rid of that rat by the simple process of running away from it. When last seen Thomas was heading in the general direction of the horizon, with the rat behind, gaining at every jump. I have never heard of either of them since.

So when I am inclined to be humane to dumb animals, I pause and reflect. I look at the homeless dog with his cargo of not at all homeless fleas, and I kick it into the next county. Then I humanely give it Christian burial. I do not create asylums for sick and otherwise incapacitated cats; I chloroform 'em. My soul is not moved to pity when I see a fly struggling in the web of a spider. Nay; I am filled with joy, for I see one more disease-carrier off the map. The ailing mule finds no champion in me; the downtrodden tiger in the menagerie moves me not at all; the ill goat moves me, but only farther away, to windward. I murmur "Safety First," and go my way rejoicing.

ELASTIC

Magistrate (who has taken a dislike to prisoner)—Six months at hard labor. *Counsel* (astounded)—But the statute doesn't permit more than sixty days. *Magistrate*—The prisoner broke the law—I'll stretch it.

A SUPERFICIAL CONCLUSION

By J. A. WALDRON

THE SERVANTS of the Melfords were trained to a silence more submissive than usual, though like other servants they let their tongues wag below stairs. Those of them that had to do with breakfasts especially might have passed with the dumb, for at breakfast Mel ord was irascible if speech happened to interrupt his analyses of the financial pages. Even Mrs. Melford, who made it a point to come down to breakfast with Melford, was usually a silent partner at that function. This morning, dressed with care, as always, she was so alluring that no man but Melford could have perused financial pages while he might have scanned her. She was ten years younger than her husband.

"Do you remember about the Dells?" she asked.

He was negotiating his coffee, and apparently dissatisfied with its heat. "The Dells? What about them?"

"You promised me you would go to their affair to-night."

"What affair?"

"Why, they entertain. And they have engaged several notable artists to assist."

"Dell has nothing else to do. I have. I'm too busy."

"But you promised me. And you never go out with me nowadays."

"I give you full liberty to amuse yourself, don't I? And plenty of money and all that. I have two or three deals on that take all my time. I'm about the first man down-town in the morning, and you find me at work in the library when you come in at night. I don't even go to my clubs."

"But isn't it your place to go with me once in a while—at least for appearance's sake, even if you find no pleasure in my company?"

"Nonsense! I'm known as a busy man. One of these days, when I've carried through the plans I'm working out, I'll try to be what they call 'a model husband.' Then I'll go with you as much as you like."

"Would you, really? I fear the habits you are forming will never be broken."

"But you're having a good time, anyway. You go to this and that constantly. You have a box at the opera, the theatres are open to you, with dances and what not to fill in during the season. And you play tennis and golf and go about in the summer."

"Yes. I have to do these things for mental relief—and to forget I lack your company."

"Yet you must meet persons—as other women do—who are natural cavaliers—men who have nothing else to do. I like you to enjoy yourself"—he looked up to see a strange expression on her face—"and you must permit me to go my way. Let me out of these social inanities. They would put me off my stride. By and by, maybe, I'll even descend to golf, which some fools think they can play while they are playing the market."

"But people talk when they see me about so much without you."

"People talk about everything that doesn't concern them. Where's young Bloomer? You used to have him to dinner quite often, and he used to squire you about. Why can't he still?"

Mrs. Melford turned white and rose. "I haven't seen him for weeks," she ventured.

"Well, look him up, and please let me attend to my business." And Melford, who had wasted valuable time, hurried out to his motor and was away.

A month afterward Melford entered a Wall Street buffet early one afternoon in an abstracted state. He recognized no one, although the few about all knew him or of him. He ordered a sazarac cocktail, put a twenty-dollar gold piece on the counter, walked over to the refectory display, took a sandwich and walked out of the place, holding it in his hand. The barkeeper with a handful of bills looked at him as he disappeared and then at the cocktail, too bewildered to call after him. Two brokers who saw him pass in the entry abandoned the subject they had been discussing.

"There goes a man hard hit," said one. "You've noted that his pet stock, Orient Mining, slumped this morning?"

"Almost to zero," said the other.

"Have you been caught in any of his misadventures?"

"No. I had a hunch, I guess. No other reason."

"He's surely losing his grip. That's what a woman can do even when she's out of the market."

"Yes. Women are to blame for a lot, even when they seem to be bystanders. Isn't it strange Melford didn't see his wife's game before it was too late?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, she traveled with that young sport, Bloomer, a long time, afterward pretending, so the women say, that she had broken with him for cause. Pulled the wool over Melford's eyes."

"And then eloped with the fellow! Can you beat it?"

Answered

"Papa," asked Rollo, "what do those cannibal head hunters do with the heads after they get them?"

"Make noodle soup, of course. Now it's time for you to go to bed."

A Problem

The Sphinx propounded a problem.

"How could America make peace with a nation that couldn't read and write?" she asked.

BUTTONS

BUTTONS are small disks of metal, wood, bone or similar materials. They make it possible for the human race to go about its business without holding its clothes together with its hands. Buttons were invented shortly after the discovery of trousers. For a time a persistent effort was made to hold up the trousers with small pieces of string, bits of wood and rusty nails. Owing, however, to the structural peculiarities of these articles, it was soon discovered that they invariably lost their efficiency at most embarrassing moments for the trousers-wearers. Fishermen were bothered by having their trousers-strings break just as they were about to pull in their largest fish; thus making it necessary for them to let go of the fish and hold up their trousers. After-dinner speakers, just as they were in the midst of their most amusing stories, would feel the rusty nails slip out of their waistbands, and would have to rush for the coat-room in order to save themselves from eternal disgrace. Thus a nervous world was forced to invent buttons. Buttons are of three different sorts—large, medium and small. They all come off with equal facility; and the only thing that saves everybody from being arrested for overexposure at some time or other is the fact that nobody ever depends on one button. It is estimated that 56,728,050 fingernails are broken yearly in attempting to master recalcitrant buttons, and that 142,331,678 buttons come off and are lost annually. People who spend a lot of time groaning about the weather and other unregulatable matters should give a little thought to their buttons and rejoice that they have them.

K. L. Roberts

Son—Mother, can I go with pa? *Mother*—No, Willie, you are too young to listen to your father play golf.

Marcus—How's the air here—and the scenery? *Lucas*—Search me! I came here for the golf.

The Superfluous Mass Meeting

ONCE upon a time a prominent citizen of Tywoppity issued a clarion call for a Grand Mass Meeting to be held on the following Wednesday evening. At the appointed time the beauty and chivalry of the hamlet assembled en masse and Gashwiler's Hall echoed and reechoed with the strains of the Silver Cornet Band, the strainings of the Glee Club and the braying of various ambitious Hon's, who felt that they must be heard. After the hooraw had reverberated for two hours and it had been unanimously decided that Something ought to be Done, a dyspeptic at the back of the hall unfolded his weary length and plaintively asked,

"About what?"

It then appeared that nobody present knew. Search was made for the original up-getter of the meeting. He was not in the hall, and when he was finally found and aroused from where he was peacefully sleeping beneath his own vine and fig tree, he answered the anxious inquirers by saying that he knew no more than the rest of them what it was about which something ought to be done. But, as it was customary to call mass meetings every once in so often, and as something always ought to be done about something, and as mass meetings never accomplished anything, anyhow, and were useful only for the purpose of giving opportunity for band-clattering, glee-clubbing and silver-tongued orating, he had duly called the meeting, and now considered his whole duty done. Was he not a highly sensible, though somewhat pessimistic, person?

—*Tom P. Morgan.*

Quick Workers

THE moment he saw her he felt in his heart
Just as sure as could be it was love at first sight.
You may laugh as you please at Dan Cupid's sly dart,
But when he's transfixed you it's useless to fight.
So he started right in without any ado
And vowed he had ne'er loved a maiden before;
While the girl also promised that she would be true.
And those she had loved she would care for no more.
No doubt you may think when you happen to court
That it isn't quite right to make love in this way,
But you see this took place at a summer resort
Where the man and the girl were just spending the day.—*J. J. O'Connell.*

How They Differ

"PAPA, what is the difference between a president and a vice-president?"

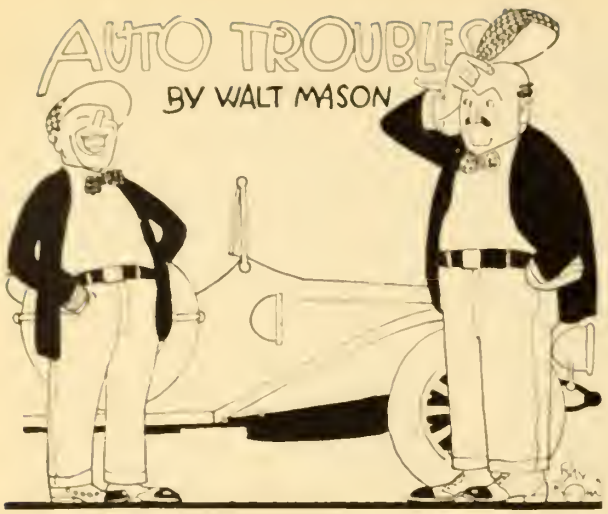
"A vice-president is surrounded by obscurity when he takes office and a president is surrounded by it when he leaves."

Nowhere Else to Go

"Seems to me there were an unusual number of women at church on Sunday."

"Yes. The golf links is so crowded that they let only men play on Sundays, so there's nowhere else for the women to go."

Wife—When will the car be out of the repair shop, Jim? *Husband*—The wolf will be at the door again to-morrow.



I DRIVE my car a thousand versts, and nothing breaks, and nothing bursts. That is, at ordinary times she runs as gay as wedding chimes; I junket near, I jaunt afar, and nothing happens to my car. It's wonderful how fine she'll run when I am jogging just for fun.

But t'other day my wife fell sick. She cried, "Go, fetch the doctor, quick!" I jumped into my chug machine, turned on the sparkling gasoline, and gave the highway such a jolt it thought I was a thunderbolt. But ere I'd gone a half a block the engine gave a thud and shock, and went as dead as Adam's mule, and then with wrench and other tool I fussed around for half an hour before I could restore the power.

Away, through dust and sand and mire! And then I stopped to change a tire, and when I got the changing done, once more the engine wouldn't run. When I got home my wife was sore. "The doc's been here three hours or more," she told me, with reproachful sigh; "you wouldn't care if I should die. I know you scorched all over town, while I by pain was stricken down. Go, run your car around some more; I know you think your wife a bore."

I like to brag how I can fly up steepest mountain-sides, "on high." And I can do it when alone; my car, without a grunt or groan, will clamber up the dizzy hills—which fills a driver's soul with thrills.

But when I take along a friend some tough old mountain to ascend, and show him that the boast I make is not related to a fake, the engine's pretty sure to die, and bring the briny to my eye. And then the friend, disgusting bloke, tells all the town the silly joke, and I am joshed for weary weeks by all the village bores and freaks.

The auto fan has many woes; the tears of grief run down his nose; his heart can show full many a scar—yet what is life without a car?

Standing In

"Get thee uh-hind me, Satan," said Brother Bogus, "whuh it'll be handy for yo' to whispuh in muh ear if yo' knows of anything good dat's gwine on. No use in takin' de whole town in on it, sah."

According to Score

Esta—Not married? Nonsense. Why, Monsieur Pellini must have been married more than once.

Daisy—But he told me he was single

Esta—Go on. Musical directors do everything by the score.

ZONES OF INTEREST

IN GOING about anything that means much to you, it is best to choose a middle course. Hence the importance of the encircling concavity which occurs three-fifths of the way up the female figure—that delectable circumambient groove, the cynosure of neighboring arms. It is essential to good form, and so one should put special stress on it. For has not Aristotle proven that the true philosophic course is to *strive ever for the happy medium!*

With some women, alas, the waist is merely a junction, a meeting place of clothes, where the shirtwaist and skirt are united, under the auspices of the belt. Just how perfect this union is remains to be seen. The closest alliances may come to grief. Catastrophes, disintegrations may take place behind one's back. Skirts and waist-bottoms that seemed inseparable may draw apart until there is a breach between them. This may be patched up with pins, but there will never be the same feeling of security that there was before.

In the case of extremely stout ladies whose contour is innocent of a single hollow, the waist is to a great extent hypothetical. It is an equator, an imaginary line at the level of greatest circumference. While purporting to be an isthmus, it is really a continent. Intrepid would be the adventurer who should undertake to explore such an uncharted waist. The very thought of it requires a stretch of the imagination.

Yet even the slenderest means may prove baffling, elusive. For the location of the waist fluctuates. It varies as the height of fashion, ranging all the way from a situation just above the knees to bewildering altitudes.

Nevertheless, wherever they betake themselves, waists are eminently worth seeking after and encompassing.

—*Lawton Mackall.*

An Exception

Parker—I suppose everybody was upset by the bank failure?

Tucker—All but the cashier. It set him up.

You Couldn't Blame Him

Young Berty McNatt,
Would ne'er lift his hat,
To a lady, regardless of station.
He admitted 'twas rude,
But said that he felt nude.
A bald, though quite just, explanation.

AT BROWN UNIVERSITY

Charlotte—Who's your most famous living graduate? *Edgar*—We won't know till after election day.

BETWEEN CURTAINS

By CYRIL ANDREW

"YOU remember that nice old theatre down on Irving Place?" asked the Débutante. "The German one, I mean. They've moved uptown to the old Bandbox. I'm so glad—it's much easier to get to."

"You mean they have expanded," corrected the Critic. "They are keeping the Irving Place Theatre going as well as the Bandbox. I am very glad to see them succeed. There is room in New York for such a movement; we have had the Theatre Français, but it always seemed to me that the German drama and actors were overlooked a bit. Their expansion is a step in the right direction, and I wish them all the luck in the world. Did you see the play at the Bandbox?" he added to the Débutante.

"Yes—and I enjoyed it ever so much," replied she. "It was awfully well acted, and very pretty. I'm going there often this season."

"I was pleased with their work," agreed the Critic. "The company was excellent as a whole, though I think Heinrich Marlow and Margarete Christians rather outshone the others. The real value of the German and French theatres is that they enable people to see and hear the best in foreign drama without the medium of translations, which almost always lose something of the original spirit. In English we hear through a glass darkly, if you will allow me to mix metaphors."

The Tired Business Man approached us, with a comrade in tow.

"This is Mr. Brett, of Chicago and the West," he said, "and we're going somewhere to-night, and we can't make up our minds. What do you recommend?"

"'Betty,'" replied the Critic, without hesitation.

The Suburbanite, who had been studying Mr. Brett closely since his introduction, murmured "'Marvelous, Holmes, marvelous!'" The Tired Business Man looked at him suspiciously, but Mr. Brett's question stopped any comments he may have been inclined to make.

"Pretty girls?" inquired Mr. Brett.

"Lots of them," replied the Critic.

"Good music?"

"Plenty of it."

"Funny?"

"Raymond Hitchcock as good as ever."

"Then that's settled," said Mr. Brett with a huge sigh of relief. "We'll have to hustle if we're going to get dinner and the seats. Glad to have met you!" And he and the Tired Business Man disappeared in a metaphorical cloud of dust.

The Suburbanite grinned. "You sent 'em to the right thing," he chuckled. "I was just on the point of recommending 'Under Sentence,' but I hadn't the heart."

"Why—didn't you like 'Under Sentence'?" asked the Débutante in surprise.

"I saw it last night, and I've never been so thrilled in my life. It was so *intense!*"

"I thought the last act was absolutely funny," said the Suburbanite. "I didn't like all those pink-tea plans for the betterment of the poor prisoners. But I'll admit that there were a lot of first-class thrills in the thing."

"I was glad to see 'Under Sentence,'" said the Critic, "on account of the opportunity of seeing Janet Beecher in an emotional part. And I think she did well—remarkably well. For that matter, the rest of the cast played better than I expected. A great many people did not care for the play, but it seemed to me to be headed for success."

"But wasn't that scene in the library just *thrilling!*" exclaimed the Débutante. "I just adored that awful bank-president. He was so—so—wicked and wonderful! And then, what a clever scheme to get him convicted! I think the whole thing was splendid!"

"You see, my judgment was correct," said the Critic to the Suburbanite. "The play has made a sensation. Of course, the authorship would have something to do with it—Irvin Cobb and Roy Megrue are good names to conjure with—but there are intrinsic merits in the play which lift it above the glamour of its parents. I mean intrinsic merits from the box-office point of view, which is the only point of view in these degenerate days. There are suspense, a wronged man, a weak woman pitting herself against a powerful capitalist, and the final victory of the right, together with some effective prison scenes. With these as capital, I see no reason why 'Under Sentence' should not enjoy a long and useful life."

"Useful?" asked the Suburbanite.

"Exactly—to the box-office," replied the Critic.

THE MODERN WOMAN

Suffrage Facts and Fancies

By ANNA CADOGAN ETZ

Offers No Job to Women

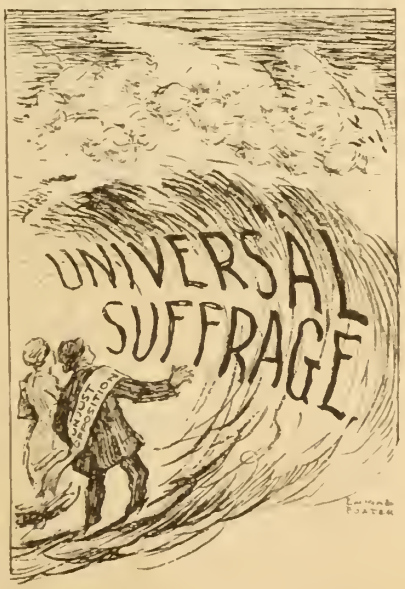
IT IS not true that men have ever tried to keep women out of industry. From barbarian days in which man was wont to kill big game and leave it on the ground for the woman to drag home and convert into food and clothing and shelter, man has encouraged industry in woman. The sociologist tells you that in the beginning the only sex division was that of work; that "to drudge" was female, and "to hunt and fight," that was male.

It is not because she is working that man scowls at woman in industry, it is at the kind of work she does. She is perfectly free, as far as he is concerned, to work away from sun to sun and then some—at any of the jobs he does not want or hasn't the time for. This being so, we can understand just why women in England are rushing easily through industrial doors that were erstwhile locked and barred to them. The men are gone and the job lies about for anyone to do who can, and woman is proving, in a most disconcerting way, that "she can."

But there is a place where the scampering of women's feet is halted right on the threshold. The Established Church of England refuses to lie down and let the woman invasion roll over it. Whether or no the preachers have left the preaching job lying about while they fight in distant lands for the flag, we do not know. All we know is that when, the other day, a Church Mission was planned which among other things was to teach "the equality of men and women in the sight of God," the High Church Wing arose as one man and denounced it as a "pestilential heresy calculated to make the Church a laughing stock throughout Christendom."

Quoting St. Paul as authority the bishops refused to let the women speak in the churches under any circumstances. The job of preaching was not marked for women "vacant and to let." Let the women confine themselves to agriculture and munition making; the preachers, if they had gone soldiering, should not return to find their pulpits languishing under the blight of feminism; their jobs should not be found pre-empted by women. "But," you say, "how do you know that the preachers were protecting their craft and were not in fact moved by pure religious zeal to obey the behest of Paul?"

Because: St. Paul, so eminent divines who are not averse to feminism assert, denounced equally the talking of women in the churches and the eating of chicken by the ministers. Yet through long centuries ministers have placidly munched away at the fowl even as they denounced all exercise of the vocal chords of the "sisters" within the sacred portals of the House of God. We'll believe it when the press reports that the English clergy are equally devoted to vegetable diet and the woman who sits mute in the church pew.



THE RISING TIDE

Suffrage Snapshots

By IDA HUSTED HARPER

THE BARof Georgia have risen as one man to protest against the slur cast on the fair name of their State in saying that its women may not practice law. "Two months ago," they declare, "the Legislature gave them this right and now many members of our bar are women." That's what they got for watchful waiting, and Georgia has no longer the proud distinction of being the only State to bar women from the bar.

♣

As the price of baker's bread ascends the cry goes forth that the housewives must make their own bread, but it is declared at once that they could not possibly compete with the bakeries in price. Perhaps not, but who stole the work in this instance? Whose domain was "invaded" when men took the baking out of the home?

♣

The women of Great Britain believe that their enfranchisement is very near at hand and that they will come into the kingdom with the soldiers and sailors, who are not now allowed to vote. It is remarkable that any body could struggle with politicians as long as those women and still have a particle of faith in them. If it proves to be well placed, American women will begin to polish up what little they have left.

♣

The Ladies of the Maccabees, a fraternal benefit order, announces that since its organization it has paid out $2,058,312,537. Just think of women bothering their pretty little heads with all that money when there are so many men who would have been willing, even glad, to handle it for them.

♣

A Colorado Judge the other day climbed down from the bench, gave an insulting witness a sound thrashing and fined himself $25. It looks as if twenty-three years of woman suffrage had not entirely feminized the men in that State.

♣

Last year in California one thousand men and fifty-four women were inmates of the jail in Sacramento. Voting for five years doesn't seem to have developed criminal instincts among the women, but they have to pay taxes to keep the jails going for the benefit of the men.

♣

A hen-laying contest has been in progress in Storrs, Conn., for forty-seven weeks with an output of 152,894 eggs. The roosters are very much exhausted from having had to crow continuously, for almost a year!

♣

The people of Abyssinia have deposed their Emperor and put his aunt on the throne. Lucky she didn't live in the United States where the very thought of a woman ruler would be fatal.

Oversea Humor

Practical

Der alte Herr Registrator findet bei der Rückkehr aus der Sommerfrische in seinem Zimmer unerwartet elektrisches Licht vor, welches die Wirtin inzwischen anlegen liess. "Das ist praktisch," sagt er erfreut "da kann man wenigstens schnell die Streichhölzer finden, wenn man abends nach Hause kommt." Geht dabei zum Schreibtisch und zündet seine Petroleumlampe an. "So, und nun können Sie es wieder ausdrehen, Frau Müller!"

The old gentleman finds on his return from a summer resort, an electric light which his landlady has installed during his absence. "That's practical," he says with satisfaction, "now we can at least find the matches without any trouble when we come home late at night." Then he goes to the desk and lights the kerosene lamp. "There, now you can turn it out again, Frau Muller!" —*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

New Taxes

En matière fiscale, je suis pour un impôt nouveau sur les parfums.

In financial matters. I'm for a new tax on perfumes.—*Le Rire* (Paris).

Humours of a Remount Camp

Remount officer—Afraid he wouldn't suit you—he's rather too gay.

Modest but ambitious trier—Don't you think that kind would teach me to ride all the better?

Remount officer—More likely to teach you to walk! —*Punch* (London).

The boy up the apple tree—P'r'aps if I 'ang 'ere quite still for an 'our or so, 'e'll think I'm some sort of scarecrow to keep the birds off!—*Passing Show* (London).

After the Storm

Sohnchen—Papa, gib mir einen Groschen, ich will mir das Skelett vondem vorsundfluthlichen Ungeheuer anseh'n!

Vater—Geh' zu Mama!

Little boy—Papa, give me a penny? I want to see the skeleton of the monster before the flood.

Father—Go to mama!—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

In Deep

Tochter des Hauses—Was sagen Sie, der Blumentopf ist vom Balkon gefallen und gerade meinem Verehrer auf den Kopf? Grosser Gott!

Dienstmädchen—O, beruhigen Sie sich, Fräulein, ich glaube, es hat ihm nichts geschadet! Er sitzt auf der Treppe und zupft Orakelblumchen.

Daughter of the house—Oh, what do you think, the flower pot fell down from the balcony and hit my suitor? Great heavens!

Maid—Calm yourself, Miss; I don't think it hurt him any. He's sitting on the step now pulling off the petals to see if you love him.—*Meggendorfer-Blaetter* (Munich).

A Bit of a Facer

Mrs. Shortsight (rather behind time!)—I want a respirator, please.

The Chemist—Yes, Madam. What kind do you require?

Mrs. Shortsight—Oh! One like you're wearing will do.—*Sketch* (London).

Little Binks (only lately suburban, but doing his best)—Hackney stock, you think? H'm, well—maybe—p'raps a touch o' Airedale and Ayrshire blood in her, too!

Told in the Smoker

"SAY, I got a good one on Jimsby last night."

"How so?"

"It was raining hard when we got off the train, and he asked me to share his umbrella."

"Well, what of that?"

"You see, I'm quite a bit taller than he, so I offered to carry the umbrella."

"Yes?"

"And when we came to my house I walked up the path and left him to get rained on."

"A pretty mean joke, wasn't it, keeping his umbrella?"

"His umbrella nothing! It was one I'd been missing for a week."

Progress

Knicker—Jones watches the clock.

Bocker—His father never got further than listening for the whistle.

A Game Winner

"I HEAR that Huggins sat in at the club poker game last night—does he appear to be a good sport?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, but he is one of the gamest winners I ever met."

Pangs of Conscience

Jess—Jack is so conscientious!

Bess—How now?

Jess—The poor fellow can't decide which he ought to pay first—his gambling debts, or his alimony.

Wanted a Rest

Teacher—This makes four times I've had to punish you this week, Bobbie. What have you to say to that?

Bobbie—I'm glad it's Friday, teacher.

Good Backing

Simmons—Blowpop thinks his boy is the smartest in the world.

Kimmons—Well, why shouldn't he? His boy seems to be of the same opinion.

Life and Art

HE WRITES of the white lights, the actors and bright lights
Of stage and of film and finance,
Of lobster place sinners and nice little dinners
In joints where the fast people dance.
He skilfully handles the intimate scandals
And gossip of naughty Broadway,
And thus makes his living by merrily giving
The tales of this thoroughfare gay.
—Yet never, by day or by night, does he roam
Two blocks from the little Bronx flat he calls home.

He writes of lush gardens and sweet Dolly Vardens
Afar from the whirl of the town,
He revels in phrases regarding the daisies
Which people the meadow and down,
His essays on farming are perfectly charming,
And many a citified band
Allured by his diction has formed a conviction
That they must go back to the land.
—He lives close to Rector's on Longacre Square,
And as for the country, he never goes there!
The moral is—any old moral you please,
We can't furnish morals with verses like these.

—*Berton Braley.*

A SUBTLE CURE

By J. L. HARBOUR

SPRIGGINS was so palpably "in the dumps" when he came down to breakfast that his wife wisely forbore to mention that the cook had almost struck bottom in the flour barrel, and she knew that it was no time to refer to the fact that she must have a new hat for the DeSmythe-DeLancy wedding the following Monday. Spriggins found fault with the coffee and sneeringly asked his wife if the biscuits had not been made of marble dust instead of flour because of their weight. His good-by to his wife and family and the way in which he slammed the door on taking his departure caused his wife to say with a sigh,

"These men, these men! What *does* possess them to act as they do sometimes? Crosser than a bear with a sore head and no one knows why—dear me!"

Approaching the station Spriggins met a friend who said gaily,

"Hello, Spriggins! You're looking fine to-day!"

"Oh, thanks!" said Spriggins, smiling for the first time in twenty-four hours.

Turning from the window after buying some tickets he faced a neighbor who said,

"Morning Spriggins. You look fine this morning."

"Thanks," said Spriggins with a beaming smile.

While reading the paper on the train, another friend came along and said to Spriggins, "Hello, Spriggins—that you? I hardly knew you, you look so young and fit."

"Think so?" said Spriggins with concentrated sunshine in his face.

Riding up-town in the subway he encountered a woman acquaintance who said sweetly,

"Why, Mr. Spriggins, I was not sure it was you. Really, you must have discovered the Fountain of Youth, judging from the way you look."

The smile on his face was almost sickening when Spriggins said,

"Oh, I guess that is all in your imagination."

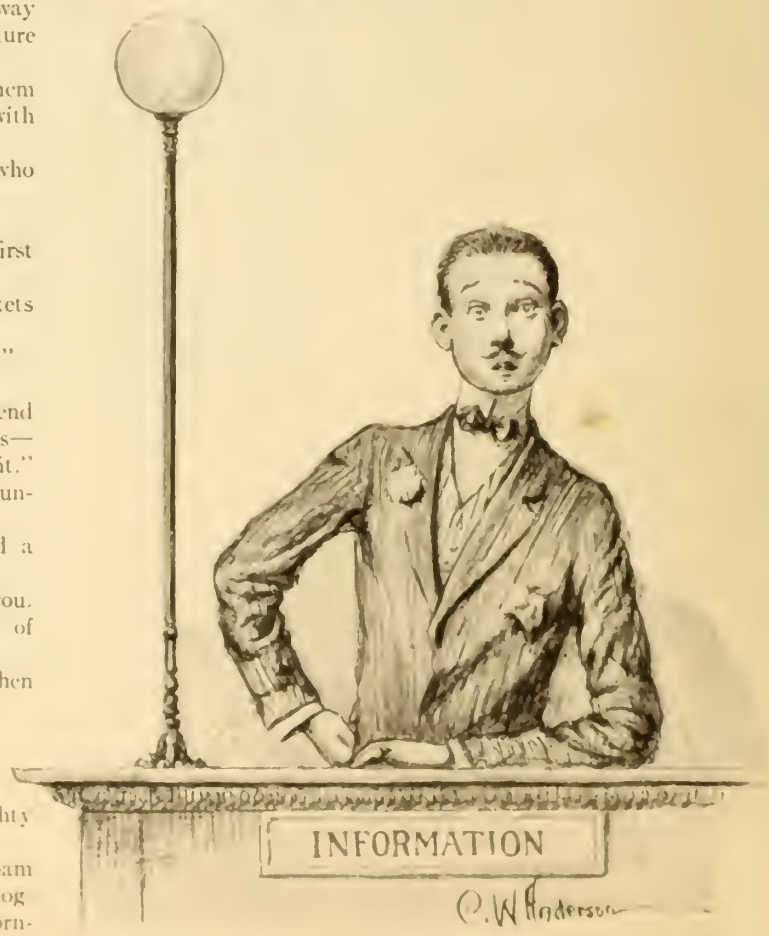
Entering the building in which his office was, the colored janitor tipped his hat and said,

"Mawnin', Mistah Spriggins. Yo' is lookin' mighty well dis mawnin', sah—jess like a boy, sah."

"You just imagine that, Sam," said Spriggins, but Sam got a dime just the same. Entering his office, his stenographer looked up from her desk and said, "Good morning, Mr Spriggins. You are looking well this morning."

A customer came in later and said, "Good morning, Spriggins. How are you this morning? Fine? Well, you look it. Holding your age mighty well. Never saw you looking better." At ten o'clock Mrs. Spriggins was called to the telephone to hear her husband say, "That you, Belle? Don't you want to run down-town and lunch with me and then go out and get some of the fol-de-rols I suppose you'll have to have for the DeSmythe-DeLancy wedding? Come along, dearie."

And when she hung up the receiver Mrs. Spriggins said with a look of wonderment on her face, "These men, these men! There's no telling which way the cat will jump when it comes to one of them!"



DO YOU BELIEVE IN SIGNS?

Office boy—Gee Whiz! An' when I ast him to raise me wages fifty cents a week he said he couldn't afford it!

McFEE FINDS FRIENDS

By ARTEMUS WARD UTTING

"REMEMBER the house I told you I'd bought?" asked McFee, the astute. "It's a one family, detached affair, with a garden like the one you wrote the poem about—was it you or Tennyson? We've got it inlaid with lettuce and embroidered with rambling roses. Every night before I say my prayers I put out the cat, count up my children, and see the doors are all locked. Everything's fine, and I'm learning to have neighbors.

"The chap who owns the house on the right of my house"—and McFee italicized those last two words—"has a wife who is a real neighbor. We discovered that as soon as we moved in. She came to the front door as soon as the furniture van departed. Of course we were upset, but she said she hadn't expected us to be set up yet; she'd only called to show us we were in a neighborhood where neighbors were friends; that as she had lived there some time it was her duty to call first.

"She explained that she wasn't in the habit of gossiping, for which I heartily thanked her. Gossipy neighbors are trouble makers, dinner delayers and progress preventers. Still, she said, the family in the house ahead of us had arranged their furniture in so nice a style she thought we might like to place ours the same way.

"Mrs. McFee was waiting in the kitchen, where I had cleared a path, with a frying pan in one hand and a coffee pot in the other and a bread knife between her teeth, to give me a bite to eat. But I could not politely shoo Mrs. Neighbor out of the place, so stood there while she suggested that my writing desk be placed in a corner of the dining-room, my reference books under the front window of the living-room, my filing cabinet behind the door in the living-room, and my smoking outfit in the back bedroom, upstairs. My library pictures, she said, would look nobby in the parlor, and my humidor would look well on the buffet in the dining-room, where the knives and forks could be placed. Finally I smelled something burning, and excused myself. Arabella accused me of already flirting with the women of the neighborhood! But she was fooling, of course.

"That was only the starting of this woman's neighborliness. I soon discovered that she wanted to spend most of her time in our house, and that her pleasure in life was trying to mind other people's business. And when I mentioned this fact, in a quite casual way, to some of the men with whom I had occasion to ride home, I was told she had been that way so long she had got on the nerves of every one. Somebody, they agreed, ought to give her a lesson.

"Old scout, you know me! Although, because, perhaps, I am a married man, I am afraid of no one. So I tried a brilliant scheme; I couldn't have thought of it in a million years, but I read of it somewhere some years ago. Whenever I intended doing anything I sent Mrs. Neighbor a note, asking for her advice in the matter. Did she think 5 o'clock in the afternoon too early for dinner, as I got home at 4:30? Did she think it was going to rain? Were strawberries and cream all right to eat after a lettuce salad? Would a dog injure the rambling roses? Would —oh, I can't begin to remember the questions I asked her. And when I couldn't present myself at her door, I had one of the boys take notes to her.

"At the start-off she was complimented; but after a while she saw through the scheme and refused to answer the queries. I didn't stop; note followed note, when she didn't answer they were tucked under her door. And finally her husband—poor wretch!—bought me a cigar and told me they were going to exchange that house for one somewhere else.

"We moved there only a month ago, but we've scores of friends all over the neighborhood—friends who let us mind our own business."

His Waterloo

"WHEN my favorite niece Gladys Mae went crazy over moving-picture stars I did not give her case the serious attention that I ought to have accorded it, trusting that it would wear itself out in the course of time," confessed old Festus Pester. "And when she married young Herb. Flickers, who was afflicted with the same disease, I regarded the matter philosophically, feeling that it was just as well not to spoil more than one family with two such rattle heads. But now, in due and proper season, when they have bestowed the name of Charles Chaplin Flickers on their first-born, who is said to be the very image of me, I feel that it is really too much!"

SPENDTHRIFTS

Maid—Won't you buy a raffle ticket for a poor wounded soldier? *Matron*—Yes, but gracious, I wouldn't know what to do with a wounded soldier if I won one.

TALK IS NOT CHEAP

By TOD CHEVENIX

QUITE the contrary. Of all common things, Talk is the costliest. In the end it ranks with the expensive luxuries. It displaces larger sums of money than anything else, excepting "Nine-rooms-and-six-baths," an indulgence that for the present may seem to be equally seductive. The guiding ambition of every new-fledged American is to become a good talker, which, surmounted, is speedily followed by success.

Talk comes in all styles and sizes. Nobody can complain that the market is ever cornered, or that Talk of any grade is scarce. The maximum price maintained ever unabated is, therefore, the more remarkable.

Professional Talk is rated at the head. Here, either the doctor-man or the lawyer-man controls the stock, for his advice consists of Talk reduced to its highest terms. If it is good Talk, but not heeded, the money is thrown away. If it is bad advice and yet taken, more than money is thrown away. The heavy financial outlay is a fact in whichever light you see it.

All negotiable commodities are as so much deadwood without Talk. No power on earth can stimulate it but Talk. Any judgment that insists that matter does not exist, but only mind, wofully underestimates the power of mind, which is quite able to move any bulk of matter any day in the week. Ever since that colloquy in the garden anent the enjoyment of fruit in general and the apple in particular, Talk has been competent to handle all questions involving the disposition of things material. For this purpose, Talk defies logic, morals, justice; and it surpasses any mechanical apparatus from the prehistoric down to Edison.

The extensive assortment of New Thought is not to be compared with just Talk. One is theory, the other accomplishment. New Thought without Talk is unthinkable, just as Talk with the inspiration of New Thought is untalkable.

Talk persists for all sorts and conditions of men and women. It is distributed more or less usefully, but under the best regulations mistakes will sometimes happen. The most disastrous is when the Talker is not suited to the disposition and need of the Talkee. In such a case violence has been known to result.

This shows that it takes at least two to make Talk successful. So there is a movement on foot, when an audience is concerned, to order an examination of each candidate for admission. If he be a proper subject for the Talker or Talkers to talk to he shall be let to buy a ticket, but if non-absorbent, he shall be turned away.

Notwithstanding somebody said—was it Shakespeare?—"One word is as good as another," implying that Talk is cheaper than can at present be admitted, it is a fact that considerable verbal waste is going on all the time.

EASILY SATISFIED

Modern débutante (to fiancé)—Do you know, dear, I could be perfectly contented in a little home like this?

MARKOWITZ AND HENRY DISCUSS A UNION OF MARRIED MEN

By LOU RAB

"BY EVERYTHING they got strikes this year and by everything they got unions," commented Max Markowitz, the skirt manufacturer, while glancing at the headlines of an evening paper.

"Sure," jested Henry Shapiro, Markowitz's brother-in-law and bookkeeper, "even when two people get married there's a union and pretty soon they got little walking delegates running around making demands."

"You're laughing and by you it's a joke," continued Markowitz earnestly, "but believe me if you was a manufacturer or a married man, you would laugh from the other side of your face when you even hoid the woid 'UNION.' And I mean the marriage union too. Only yesterday night I was playing a little 'auction' with Grossman and Louis Marcus; it was only eleven o'clock and I was out more than four dollars, but what does Minnie do? She hollered that we should be ashamed of ourselves gambling so late. I was ashamed myself the way she was acting in front of my friends—high class business men with swell ratings—because I wouldn't go to the movies with her and kept my appointment by pinocle. She looked like she wanted to see us shoveling coal a million feet under the oith, instead of dealing cards on five floors upstairs. Believe me, it ain't the woikingmen what has real griev—griev—what does Davis the union delegate call it?"

"Grievances," replied Henry.

"Yes, grievances," affirmed Markowitz. "It's the husbands what's got real big ones. They are notting but errand boys and check writers while the *weiber* are the bosses and money spenders! It's about time there was an end to women stopping our pleasures."

"Nu," suggested Henry, "why not form a union from husbands, an Independent Husbands' Protective Union, and——"

"That ain't such a bad idee," interrupted Markowitz half in earnest. "Is it?"

"Soitenly it ain't a bad idee," replied Henry smilingly. "If the unions help all the people what are bossed too much, why shouldn't the organizing a union help the husbands? 'In union there is strength,' like my night school teacher said. Let the husbands get together, make out a full list of demands like the skoit makers' union, and if the *weiber* do not give in, let them go out on strike and refuse to sign checks. Everybody has been striking excepting husbands; why not them? Let them demand increases too! Increases in the hours of pinocle!"

"Ah, that would be great!" approved Markowitz longingly.

"With midnight as a minimum," continued Henry.

"What's minimum?" inquired Markowitz.

LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

"What's ailin' you, Pa Sedley? Can't you keep yer feet?" "I'm keepin' 'em all right; but gol ding it, they can't keep me!"

"Min-i-mum, min-i-mum," stammered Henry, "what's the difference what it is; I can't tell you exactly—but it's in all union demands—it's the least what you'll take and the most what'll you'll get. But that ain't all what you must demand. Even if you only want one thing, ask for a dozen and maybe you'll get one. Ask also for a reduction in the number of your wives' hats and gowns a season."

"That would be grand!" exclaimed Markowitz, nodding his head.

"That ain't all," maintained Henry. "You must demand the right to be absent from home one night a week without explanations and come home late a couple times without lectures!"

"Fine—fine!" mumbled Markowitz.

"And you must also stop," continued Henry, "by putting with your demands, *weiber* from going through their husbands' pockets and reading their husbands' mail."

"Right—right!" agreed Markowitz.

"And you must be allowed," asserted Henry emphatically, "to smoke any amount, any time, any place and any brand!"

"Wonderful—wonderful!" repeated Markowitz.

"And *weiber* should stay where they belong—in the home!" cried Henry oratically. "They shouldn't run around hole day! You must demand that stay in the house and make their dresses, their own skoits, their——"

"hat do you mean, make their own skoits?" broke in Markowitz with surprise.

"Just what I said," asserted Henry.

"And kill the skoit business!" cried Markowitz angrily. "Not for mine! I never did and never will believe in unions. Skoit Unions or Pants Unions—*Suffragiskes* or Husbands' Unions—I wouldn't join a union even if I could play pinocle from Saturday night till Sunday morning. What are you sitting around doing notting, Henry? You think you're a union maker? You're a notting!"

Un { Wept / Honored / Sung

Jinks—Of all public servants, the vice-president of the United States is least known and soonest forgotten.

Binks—What about the chairman of the house committee?

He Ought to Know

Hynx—Jove, that fellow Borrows is a clever chap; he knows more about the clubs in this town than any man I know.

Jynx—Yes, the fellows say he's well posted everywhere.

Would Help Some

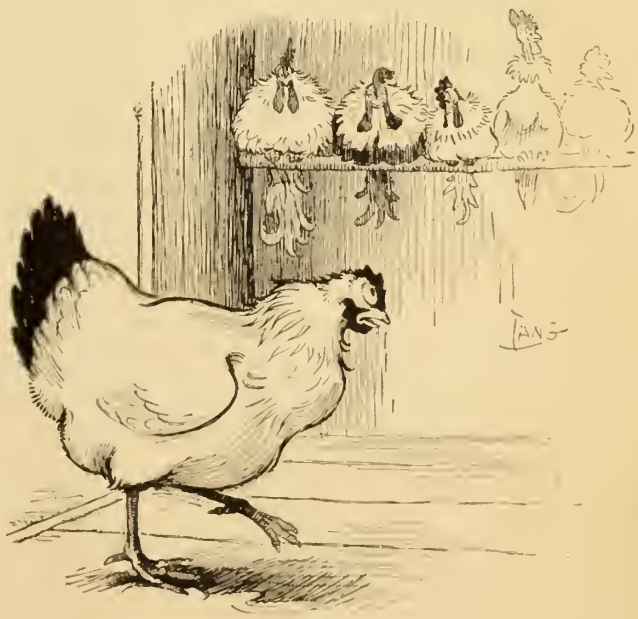
"WE SHOULD all do something to make other people happy," said the sanctimonious person.

"Yes, even if it is only to let them alone," added the unregenerate one.

Respectfully Referrred

Pater Familias—Cheer up, little son—you'll be President some day!

Little son—Aw, tell that to sis!



A LONG-STANDING GRIEVANCE

Hen—I've been scratching hard all day, but not one of these gentlemen will offer me a seat!

I'D LIKE to be a belted earl, with pedigree majestic; I'd have a charm for every girl, the foreign and domestic. For well we know that modern girls will turn down sterling merit, if they can land some belted earls—statistics all declare it. I'd like to be a belted duke, a belted prince or markiss; but all such longings are a fluke—no blue blood's in my carcase!

I'm sad, and weary of my grind; I'd like to be a preacher; for every one is good and kind to that uplifting creature. While I am peddling dippy pomes, and walking on my uppers, the preacher goes to cozy homes, and tackles chicken suppers. If I go to a farmer's shack and ask him for a sinker, a lot of wood I have to whack, and labor like a tinker. But if the pastor ambles there, with joy the women greet him; they lead him to the easy chair, and to fried chicken treat him. Oh, nothing is too rich or good or costly for the pastor; while I am sawing knotty wood, and sweating fast and faster.

I'd like to be a millionaire, and have the rich man's guerdon; though moralists may preach, and swear that riches are a burden, I feel quite sure it's better far (though such thoughts may seem shocking) to travel in a motor car than be forever walking. All day I tramp the dreary street, to gain an honest nickel; I'm wearing out my trusty feet, and I am in a pickle. I see the idle rich go by, in cars that whiz like thunder; and you'll forgive me it I sigh, and wish I had their plunder.

Ah, put such longings on the shelf, for thoughts like these are yellow; I'm really glad I am myself, and not some other fellow. For while I envy t'other chap, who drifts into my vision, no doubt he thinks I have a snap, and that my life's elysian.

The Bright Side

"IT WAS indeed terrible," we said, "to have the dynamite blow the other man into small pieces and the Great Beyond and you yourself almost into the middle of the subsequent week, instead of blowing out the stump which you were desirous of eradicating from the hillside."

"Yes," he replied, "but it was not as bad as it might have been. You see, he was telling a funny story that I had heard many times before, and the explosion came just when I should have been compelled to laugh heartily or have him sulk all the rest of the afternoon."

It Depends

"When do you cover your furniture?"

"Depends upon how much company we have."

THEIR PROBABLE INFERENCE

"I MET a group of about a dozen persons down the road apparently greatly perturbed and running for their lives," said a motorist who had halted his car in front of Gap Johnson's gate, to inquire the way to Torpidity. "What was the cause of their actions?"

"Well," replied the best known citizen of Rumpus Ridge, Ark., "them's some of my wife's kinfolks that have been making us a nice long visit, interspersed with eating us out of house and home, differing with me on politics, religion, the management of children and dogs, and several other little matters, and borrowing my money and wearing my clothes—such of 'em as were created by nature for that purpose—and so on and so forth. I got sorter tired of it after a while, and when wife 'lowed I ort to give 'em a hint I incidentally cracked down on the bunch of 'em with my gun, and says I, 'I don't want to hurt your feelings, nor nuth'n' that-a-way, but if the last contaminated one of you ain't off'm the place in five minutes I'll fill you so full of holes that your hides won't hold anything thinner than hazel brush.' I reckon they thought they wasn't wanted."

Ambiguous

Blondine—Did you say Bennie Beanbrough married a model young woman?

Brunetta—I said he married a young woman model

"Mother, will you please buy me the cake with the embroidery on it?"

The MODERN WOMAN

Suffrage Facts and Fancies—*by Anna Cadogan Etz*

The Suffrage Worker a Wily Deceiver

WHEN the suffragist is asking the man in the street to vote for woman suffrage she blandly assures him that she is not trying to take anything away from him or to do anything but make him glad that he was born. Since 9,070 men way back in Kansas in 1867 showed that they believed her by going to the polls and indicating that they were willing to take a chance that votes for women would not in any way interfere with the facts of comfortable living, not far from three million men in various States at various times have followed the notable example of those pioneer Kansans.

Is the suffragist's contention all wool and a yard wide? Recent facts from Denmark indicate that while woman suffrage may not be the gold brick its enemies claim, yet it is not true that it takes nothing away from men or that it changes in no way the status of comfortable living dear to men through long custom. What adds significance to the news from Denmark is the fact that while the women of that country were given the right to vote over a year ago they have never been given the chance to vote. Why? Well, the men say that an election in the feverish state of the public mind due to the war would be a risk too great to take.

And what do the women say? They say that it's a poor compliment the politicians are paying the people of Denmark and they insinuate that the men have cold feet, as they say, on the question of woman suffrage; and that, while once given, the vote can't be taken away, yet by dilly-dallying the men wish to put off the evil day.

In fact the men of Denmark have already found out that in giving women the vote men have lost something precious from their lives, and that the women are not at all the same as they were during the countless years of their political incompetence.

The women, so the report runs, though never having cast a vote, yet spiritually exude as they walk along the streets an impression of power and dignity. In short—they know they are some pumpkins and they show it. Instead of staying meekly in the home and taking their political opinions from their menfolk they are buzzing about organizing study clubs in which they ponder for themselves the science of government to the end that if they ever do get the chance to vote, something will drop.

More than this: Men who prided themselves on "never talking politics to a woman" are seen everywhere doing exactly that thing but with an expression on their faces which plainly tells the observer "Hang it all! I don't like it but I have to do it!" Why do they have to? Because if they don't their womenfolk may be led astray and vote with the wrong party. Horrid thought!

And this is the last straw: The women refuse to take the men's say-so that, one and all, they should walk lamblike into the folds of the established political parties. They even declare that they do not see why they should join any political party whatsoever.

The lesson of Denmark is plain for those who run to read: When the suffrage worker tells you in her most insinuating manner that you will lose nothing by giving women the vote, don't believe her, Mr. Man. If the comfort and satisfaction of your life depend on having your womenfolk take their opinions hot off your griddle; if you like to run politics to suit your own masculine instinct with no reference to what the mother-half of the community thinks about it—you are riding for a fall when you vote "yes" on the woman suffrage amendment.

If, in short, if you are not, as John Stuart Mill long ago said men were not, ready to live with an equal—then hustle to the polls and vote "no" while the opportunity is yours. The time is short.

Again the Husband Is the Panacea

"I'LL TELL YOU what, fellers," said the leading oracle of the hamlet as he drew his chair into the circle that daily surrounded the stove in the general store of Mugville, "we farmers don't begin to get the number of Congressmen we ought to have. I was reading in a magazine just last night how thirty out of every hundred voters are farmers yet only three per cent of the members of Congress ever owned a farm or pitched a load of hay. But the lawyers! My, they own Congress. Sixty per cent of the Congressmen are lawyers and there aren't but 12,000 lawyers in the whole country. It's a darn shame."

"Oh, you needn't feel so sorry for yourselves," piped in the village seamstress, who was waiting for her change at the calico counter. "Why don't you farmers use your votes to elect farmers to Congress? There's nothing to stop you," and she tartly added: "It isn't for farmers to worry about not being represented in a country where, save in a few Western States, fully half of the adult population hasn't any representation in Congress at all or any way to secure any."

And as she picked up her bundle, counted her change, and trotted out of the store, the men with one accord exclaimed: "My, isn't she the sour ball! What she needs is a husband."

TIME

By OREOLA W. HASKELL

IF ALL the time the women take,
On streets throughout the States,
To plead for powers political,
From their enfranchised mates;
If all the hours they spend indoors,
In meetings where they plan
New ways to win the vote they crave
From too reluctant man;
If all the minutes spent in calls
On voters and their wives,
And given to letters and to pleas,
And pestering people's lives;
And all the long and dreary times,
Besieging halls of state,
Where legislators show them how
To meekly beg and wait;
And all the seconds spent in thoughts
On how to gain the goal;
If all this could be garnered up,
In one stupendous whole,
And lavished on some problem great
Of sin or lack or wrong,
It might wrest wondrous good from ill,
And make some weakness strong.
And so the wonder grows that men
Can let the golden hours
Go by in waste while women use
Their proved and splendid powers
In fighting for the simple rights
That Justice metes to all,
While greater problems to the race
With dire insistence call.

HUMOR FROM FOREIGN LANDS

Clear

"Was wurden Sie tun, Fräulein, wenn ich Sie jetzt plötzlich kussen wurde?"
"Ach, das wäre dann nicht mehr plötzlich."

"What would you do if I were to kiss you all of a sudden?"

"It wouldn't be all of a sudden—now."—*Meggendorfer-Blaetter* (Munich).

Sweep (who is to be called up in a few days, pointing to staff uniform)—I shall be wearing them things next week, mate.—*Punch* (London).

On Their Honeymoon

"Was fehlt Dir heute, Liebster? Du bist so wortkarg."
"Verzeihe, ich fuhle mich wirklich sehr krank. Muss mich gestern sehr erkaltet haben. Kopfweh, Zahnschmerzen, mein altes Rheuma——"
"O, dann ist ja alles gut, ich hatte schon Angst, Du warest wegen etwas bose auf mich!"

"What's the matter to-day, dear, you're so silent?"

"Pardon me, but I really feel ill. I must have caught cold yesterday. I've a headache, toothache and my old rheumatism——"

"Oh, then it's all right, I was afraid that you were angry with me."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Child—Doesn't it make the fish awfully cross, us washing in their water?—*London Opinion.*

Enjoying Life

"Zu bequem ist er im Sommer! Da nimmt er sich eine Laute mit, die er nicht spielt; drei Bucher, die er nicht liest; und eine Frau, die er nicht kusst!"

"Oh, it's almost too comfortable in summer! You take a guitar with you that you don't play, three books that you don't read, and a girl that you don't kiss."—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

The Fixers

"C'est très joli de changer l'heure. . . ."
"Qu'attendent-ils donc pour changer le baromètre?"

"It's a fine idea to change the time. . . ."
"Why don't they go ahead and change the barometer?"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

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